CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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March 15, 1949
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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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EDITORIALS

Our Worst Enemy Is Fear Itself

THE report that Quito, Ecuador, had been thrown into violent panic by a radio version of H. G. Wells' old thriller, "The War of the Worlds," was much too familiar for comfort: mobs in the streets; women and children fleeing to the hills; terror spreading like a prairie fire, and all because of a radio show that was not even deliberately prankish.

It recalled the days when Orson Welles panicked New York by the same means. It recalled the mood of Munich, when we hung around our radios in a hypnosis of fear.

It also recalled, with harsh emphasis, that human nature in the 20th century doesn't vary much from continent to continent.

Why are we so easily frightened?

What are we scared of, we humans of the 20th century? Of the atom bomb, yes. Of attack in the night, of fire from the sky, germs in the water and blight on the crops—all these threats are real enough. We do well to be concerned about them, to do all we can in reason and determination to avert them. But, as Roosevelt once said, the one thing we should fear most is fear itself.

Every generation since Adam and Eve shared the apple has had to face fear. Life is a perilous experience. All through history it's been the sick and moribund nations which have given way to the fear of it. The successful peoples have been the risk takers who have been the conquerors of their own fears.

Fear never made a nation safe; it multiplies danger. Fear is driving us even now in the direction of another war—filling us with thoughts of dropping atomic bombs on the Russians, filling the Russians with plans to spread bacteria, both physical and spiritual, among us.

When the mob in Quito found out its mistake, it took a simple vengeance—killed half a dozen of the people who'd put on the radio show and burned their studio to the ground. But if panic again gets whole nations in its grip, it will sweep us far beyond either revenge or repair. This time there might not be much left to burn.

A Serious Omission

IN THE second volume of Winston Churchill's war memoirs, as published in the Montreal Standard, Mr. Churchill tells at the very outset "the scale and force of the contribution which Great Britain and her Empire, whom danger only united more tenacly, made to what eventually became the Common Cause of so many great States and nations."

His summary is brief but illumi[illegible] July, 1944, Britain and the Commo[illegible] more divisions in contact with the [illegible] the United States. Britain and th[illegible] wealth lost 412,000 men killed. [illegible] States 398,000; that's without cou[illegible] British civilians and 30,000 merch[illegible] who lost their lives. Until the e[illegible] British discharge of bombs upo[illegible] exceeded the American by eight to[illegible]

"This is all set down," said Mr. Churchill, "not to claim undue credit, but to est[illegible] footing capable of commanding [illegible] respect the intense output in every form [illegible] war activity of the people of this small island, upon whom in the crisis of the world's histor[illegible] the brunt fell."

It seems unfortunate that in the condensatio[illegible] carried to American readers by Life Magazine the 10 paragraphs containing this informatio[illegible] have been omitted.

No one understands better than a magazi[illegible] editor the exigencies of space; Life had [illegible] problem of abridgment, in handling th[illegible] Churchill book, which we do not envy. Bu[illegible] this particular passage runs to only 128 lines o[illegible] type. Surely, in seven installments, it migh[illegible] have been possible to find room for a set o[illegible] facts which would be most valuable, becaus[illegible] least familiar, to Life's 5½ million Americ[illegible] readers.

Unmask the Taxes

COCA-COLA advertising has been using [illegible] good idea lately. Its price is advertised a[illegible] "five cents—plus two cents tax."

Why don't more companies state th[illegible] prices this way?

Seems to us it would be a good idea if aut[illegible] mobiles, for example, were quoted to the buyer [illegible] two separate figures, the actual cost of the c[illegible] and the amount the buyer pays to the Govern[illegible] ment. From the manufacturer's point of vie[illegible] it would help to explain price increases sin[illegible] 1939—and also the margin between Americ[illegible] and Canadian prices for the same car. Fro[illegible] the general public's point of view it would be a reminder of the cost of government.

Finance departments are fond of the sal[illegible] tax, because it is invisible and therefore pai[illegible] less. This is the very feature of the tax tha[illegible] makes it least desirable to the taxpayer. Le[illegible] insist on taking taxes without anaesthetic.

There'd be less enthusiasm for pub[illegible] spending if we were reminded, day in and da[illegible] out, who's paying the shot.

THE

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

WITH THIS issue we're happy to announce the appointment of John Clare to the post of associate editor of Maclean's. A seasoned newspaperman and magazine executive with 15 years' experience in city rooms from Saskatoon to Toronto, a former war correspondent (Germany and Japan) and RCAF officer (France, Italy, Libya, Syria and points north), Mr. Clare has been staff writer, fiction editor and article editor on Maclean's. This means he has pretty well run the gamut.

In his spare time Clare writes short stories, some of which have appeared in this magazine. In the fall he becomes a rabid football enthusiast. He loves chile con carne and chow mein, but despite this managed to knock his weight down to a lean 200 pounds after a fierce diet that left our office shaken.

The article editor's chair, vacated by Mr. Clare, has been taken over by Pierre Berton. Mr. Berton, who has written some 30 articles for us, has often winced under the blue pencil of merciless former article editors. He has shown that he can take it. Now he's being given a chance to dish it out.

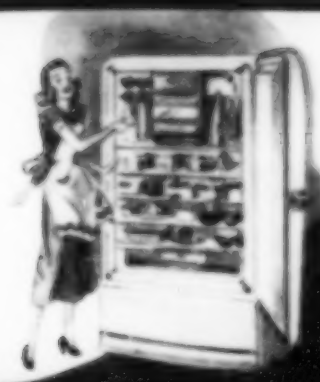
●Bob Kesten, free-lance broadcaster and newspaper columnist, says he wrote "Jing-a-low for All That Dough!" (page 22) to get back some of the money he lost on the ice-away tables at Whitehorse, Y.T. Not only did the upkeep of the dice come high, Bob reports, but less exciting items such as food were expensive. Just to give you an idea, a roast beef sandwich cost a dollar, a glass of milk 25 cents and Winston's favorite 10-cent cigar was [illegible] cents a copy.

Kesten, who comes from Winnipeg, is a former manager of CJBC, Toronto, one of the CBC's Dominion network outlets. He was with a radio unit of army public relations during the war and remained in England after VE-Day to do special events broadcasts for the BBC. On one assignment he described efforts to St. James's Park to remove an unexploded bomb while standing on top of the bomb itself.

●Malak's photographs of Canada's Supreme Court on pages 8 and 9, illustrating the article "Seven Wise Men," are the first ever taken of the present complete court on the bench. Malak, an Ottawa photographer, was deeply impressed by his assignment from Maclean's to picture the justices in their formal robes of scarlet and ermine. He said of his experience: "Photographing the Supreme Court was the realization of a childhood dream. As a child in Armenia I had read of the judges in Canada who were appointed for life so they could render justice uninfluenced by politics or money. In the country of my birth justice was, for many years, almost all the time on the side of those who could pay the most. Canada then became to me a lamp of justice and I always hoped that one day I would see the country and its courts."

The Editors

JOY WINCH, who is in her final year of Arts at the University of Toronto, was a working model the day the sugarbush picture on the cover was taken by Ken Bell. She helped the photographer carry his gear two miles through the melting snow into the bush on the farm of Frank Bumble, who lives, appropriately enough, at Maple. Ont. She was rewarded, however, when Mrs. Bumble served pancakes swimming in syrup to the expedition on its return. Miss Winch won't be posing with any more sugar maples for a while since she plans to marry after graduation and go to England for two years.



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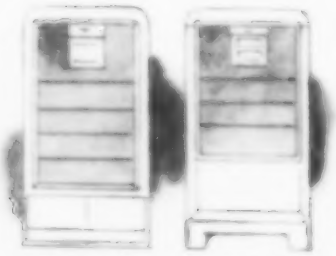

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MACLEAN'S
MARCH 15, 1949

ARE WE A GODLESS PEOPLE?

By HUGH MACLENNAN

A FEW years ago, while I was still teaching in a boys' school in Montreal, I had occasion to mention during one of my classes that the oldest writings in the New Testament were the Epistles of St. Paul, and that the oldest gospel was that of St. Mark.

When the class was over, one of the boys waited behind to speak to me. He was 17, a good student (especially in the sciences), gentlemanly, good-natured, imaginative and courageous. He was the son of one of the most eminent medical men in the city.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "something you said today reminded me of a question I've been wanting to ask for some time, only I forgot. Those men Paul and Mark you were talking about—who were they?"

From the expression on his face I knew he was not being flippant, nor was I as astounded then as I am now when I recollect this incident. When one works with a generation which draws most of its cultural food from comic strips and the radio, one finds one's self prepared for almost anything. I asked him if he had ever heard of the Bible.

"It's a book, isn't it?"

"Haven't you ever been to church?"

"My father says only ignorant people and Roman Catholics ever go to church."

"Did your father ever go to church himself?"

"He did when he was a boy, but he didn't like it."

"How old is your father?"

"Forty-seven or forty-eight."

I explained to him briefly who Paul and Mark were, and let the matter drop. A few days later he came to me in a state of some bewilderment.

"Sir," he said, "you were talking about the Bible the other day. Well, I've been reading it. Why is that book famous?"

"Why do you think it shouldn't be?"

"But those people were very ignorant."

"Who were ignorant?"

"Most of the people in the book." He looked at me as though an idea had struck him. "Did all that happen?"

"How much of the Bible did you read?" I asked.

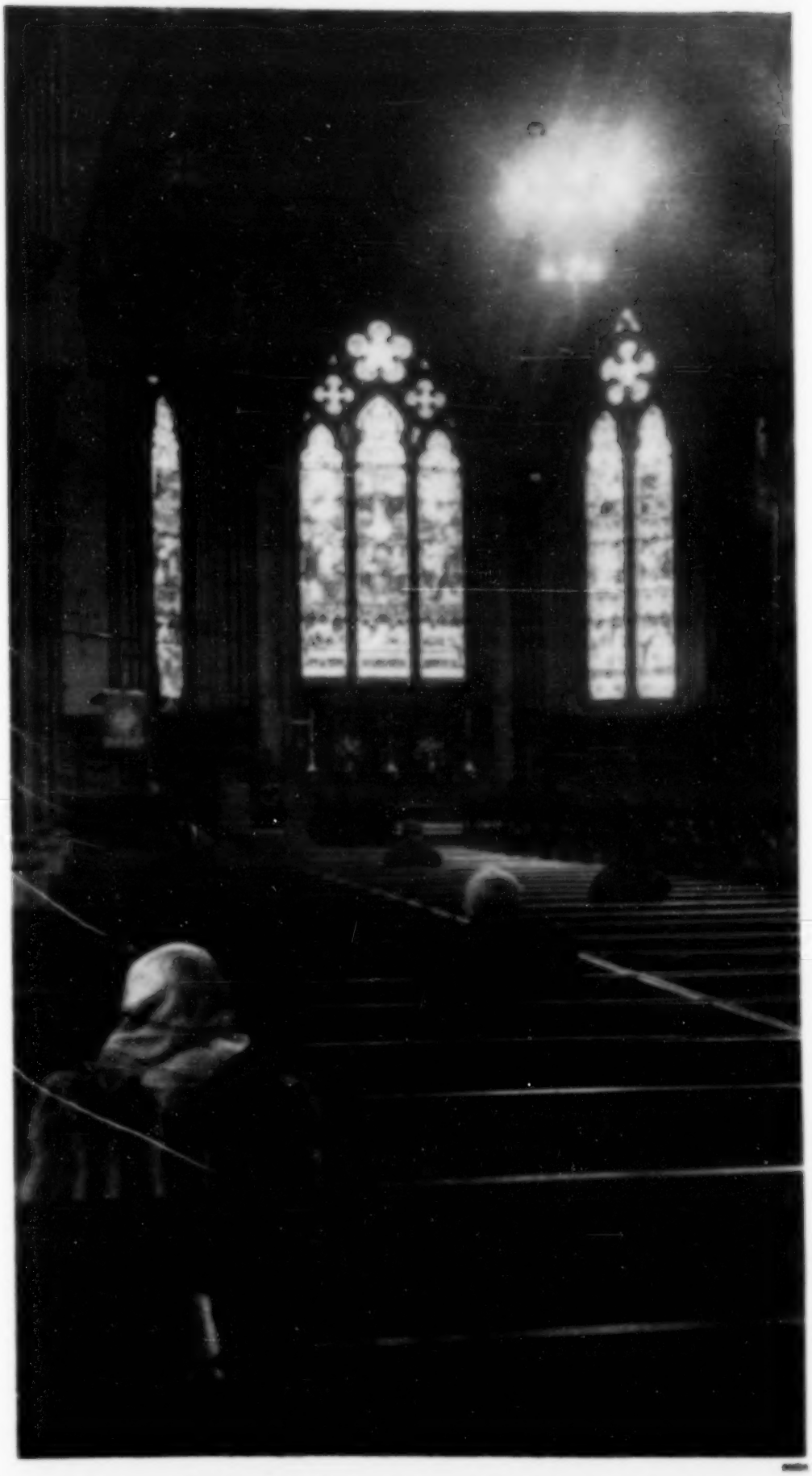
"I read some of the new part. I mean, was this man Jesus killed like that or is it just a story?"

"He was really killed like that."

"Was He God's son any more than I am?"

"He said His disciples He was."

He was silent and seemed to be thinking hard. "It keeps saying you've got to believe that or you'll be damned. That Continued on page 71



"Who were Paul and Mark?" a 17-year-old asked Hugh MacLennan. That's symbolic, he says — we're Christians without a religion

Rotunda, Supreme Court Building: until four years ago the justices sat in a converted stable.

Seven Wise Men

PHOTOS BY MALAK

By GRATTON GRAY

A FEW minutes after 10.30 in the morning the high double doors behind the Supreme Court bench swung open. A clerk shouted "order," and everyone in court—two clerks, two black-gowned lawyers and one spectator—stood up. In walked the seven men who, with the abolition of appeals to the Privy Council, will be the final arbiters of the law and the constitution in this country.

This is the Supreme Court of Canada—supreme in name for all its 74 years of existence, and this year for the first time supreme in fact. In our federal state it's a body second only to Parliament in importance.

Since the 1880's Privy Council decisions in London have virtually recast the Canadian constitution. Some of the Fathers of Confederation, including Sir John A. Macdonald, intended provincial legislatures to be little local governments of steadily decreasing stature. The Privy Council declared them to be, within their own field, "supreme and (having) the same authority as the Imperial Parliament or the Parliament of the Dominion." So they have remained for more than 50 years.

Such key decisions, turning points in the course of Canadian history, will be made by these seven men in Ottawa.

On an ordinary day only five judges would be present, and they'd wear black silk gowns. Today they are hearing a capital case, the appeal of a man convicted of murder. So, as is customary, the full court is attending, wearing formal robes of scarlet trimmed with ermine.

It is an impressive scene. The chamber itself is two stories high, paneled in mahogany over a base of veined marble. The judges sit at a curving row of well-fitted walnut desks, doffing their three-cornered black hats as they sit down. Their high-backed chairs are upholstered in scarlet leather that matches their robes. The over-all effect is one of almost oppressive splendor.

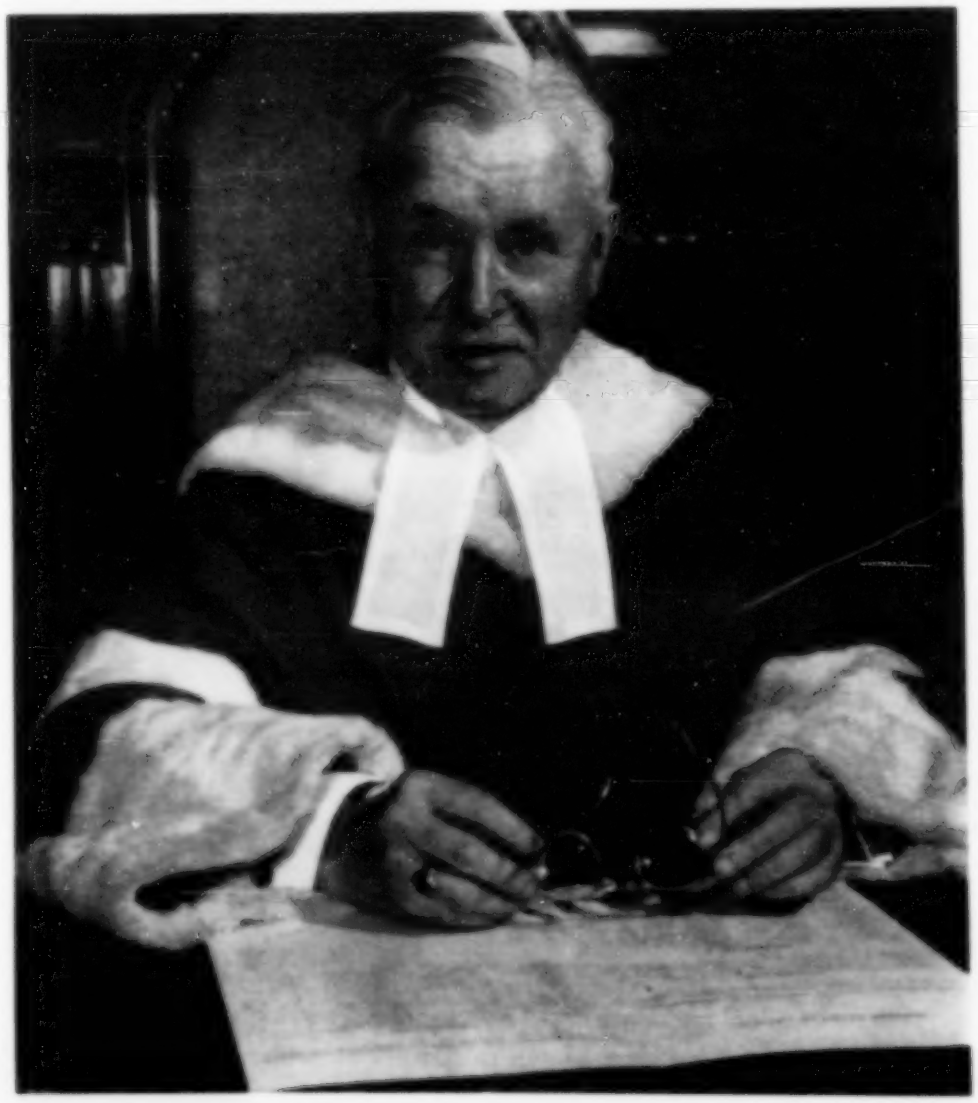
However, the dignity of the court does not depend on its physical setting. Its new $5 million palace of white marble is probably the finest public building in Canada, but the Supreme Court has had the use of it only since war ended. Until then the court sat in a rickety old building at the west gate of Parliament, originally designed as a coach house and stable.

All Canada Represented

THE DIGNITY of the court proceeds from two things—the work it has to do and the men who make it up.

"They're a varied lot, as different in background as men of the same profession could well be. By law, two of the seven must come from the Province of Quebec, which has its own civil law inherited from France. By custom, the other five also represent the various regions of Canada—two from Ontario, two from the West, one from the Maritimes.

Chief Justice Rinfret: one taxpayer thinks he set the price of margarine for Canada.



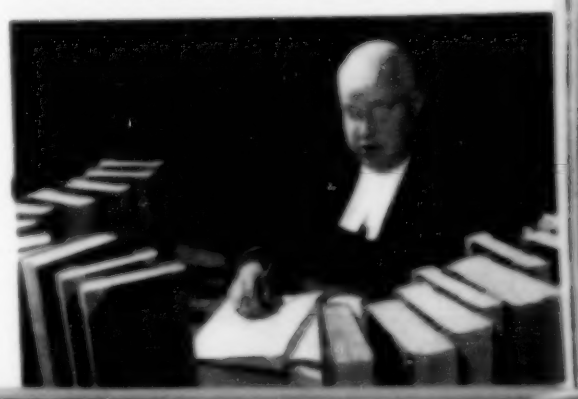
Mr. Justice Estey writes a judgment.

With Privy Council appeals ended Ottawa's seven men in scarlet will be second in power only to Parliament

The Chief Justice sits at the middle desk. The others, from left to right: Justices Estey, Rand, Kerwin, Taschereau, Kellock and Locke.

White marble and scarlet leather cost $3 millions.

Mr. Justice Kerwin was an Ontario high court judge.



One thing they do have in common: none of them, prior to his appointment to the Supreme Court, had more than a brief experience as a judge. Four of the seven had none at all.

Rt. Hon. Thibaudeau Rinfret, who since 1944 has been Chief Justice, had two years in the Superior Court at Montreal, before he came to the Supreme Court 25 years ago. Mr. Justice Patrick Kerwin had three years in the Supreme Court of Ontario before taking his present post in 1935. Mr. Justice Roy Kellock went to the Ontario Court of Appeals in 1942, and to the Supreme Court in 1944. The rest came to the highest court in the land directly from the practice of law or, in one case, of politics.

The ex-politician is Mr. Justice J. Wilfred Estey of Saskatchewan. He was 10 years in a Liberal Cabinet out there—seven years Minister of Education, five years Attorney-General. For two years he held both portfolios.

Others have had some political experience. Mr. Justice Ivan C. Rand was a Liberal Attorney-General of New Brunswick in 1924 and 1925. Mr. Justice Robert Taschereau of Quebec City is a son of ex-Premier L. A. Taschereau, and sat in the Quebec Legislature from 1930 until the first Duplessis landslide of 1936.

All but Mr. Justice Kerwin were appointed by Liberal governments, but not all are of the same political complexion. Mr. Justice Charles Locke, who came to the bench in 1947, was a prominent and active Progressive Conservative in Vancouver.

In age they run from 52 to 69; average, 59½. In appearance, all the way from short and stout to tall and thin. None looks like the stern, aloof judge of popular conception.

Chief Justice Rinfret is a short, round man of 69 who needs only a white beard to double for Santa Claus—apple-red cheeks, bright blue eyes and a general air of jollity. He sits up very straight, never seems to relax, and questions counsel with an interest so keen as to be rather intimidating.

Mr. Justice Locke, by contrast, often looks as if he were asleep. He sits bolt upright, his face expressionless and his eyes closed. You realize that he's paying attention only when he cuts in, every once in a while, with a penetrating, clarifying question.

Author of Rand Formula

THEY all impress you as unpretentious men. All look a bit uncomfortable in their scarlet robes, great sweeping gowns that cost about $400 apiece and are worn at the opening of court sessions in February, April and October, and between sessions when judgments are delivered, as well as in cases where a man's life is at stake. They are also worn sometimes, though not always, at the opening of Parliament. Then the judges' role is peculiarly embarrassing: they must sit back to back on a great red hassock, the woolsack, in the centre of the Senate Chamber. They look equally miserable in this plight.

Continued on page 65

NO HUNTING ALLOWED

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

DAVE had taken his foot off the gas and was coasting to a stop when it happened. WHAM! He ducked and slammed on the brakes and stared with astonishment at the web of cracks crowbarring out from the chipped hole in the windshield. It looked very much the way he imagined a bullet hole would look.

The bullet, if it had been a bullet, could have come from the heavy timber on either side of the road, where the small creek was belted thickly with oak and elm trees interspersed with poplar, and everywhere scarlet clumps of sumac. It didn't matter where the pellet had come from. The salient point, he decided, was simply this: a guy could get hurt around here. He had no desire to be perforated with lead at this late date. Only a chump would venture into the woods where lurked a careless squirrel hunter, a fool with a gun. "I'll be moving along," Dave said to himself, shifting into low gear.

As the car started rolling forward, something whanged into the car door just under his elbow. There had been no sound of a gun being fired. Just the object, traveling at a high rate of speed, smashing against the metal of the door with a terrific impact. Reacting from instinct, he had slammed on the brakes again, and now he sat there trembling and running through his vocabulary of profanity. He was running out of pungent phrases when he became aware of a wild peal of laughter, coming from the left side of the road.

Dave glared at the scarlet sumac thicket from whence the laughter seemed to emanate and presently he made out the laugher. A crew cut the color of mildewed wheat stubble stuck up out of the sumac—a familiar crew cut, topping a familiar freckled face. Dave let out a mighty roar. That kid! That—that—that *kid!*

He yanked open the door and lunged out of the car and the sumac quivered with the passing of the crew cut as Leroy Bates, potential public enemy number one, fled from a formidable type of justice. This being no time for meditation, Dave set out in hot pursuit.

Crossing the road and vaulting the three-strand fence, he was not aware that he was clutching his rifle. A part of his mind recorded the fact that on the first tree he passed was a large white placard bearing the information that this was posted land, and No Hunting was Allowed. It scanned not, since Dave was browned off like a piece of Aunt Callie's toast. Later, of course, he would remember having the rifle in hand as he set out on a vengeance trail, but he would never be able to recall exactly whether he actually intended using it or not—although for a long time he would secretly believe, with more pleasure than compunction, that he had intended using it.

"I'll break the little hoodlum's neck," he thought as he crashed through the dense sumac. When he reached the bank of the spring-fed gully he stopped and listened for sounds of a ten-year-old gangster running for dear life. There was no sound but the raucous cawing of crows overhead, and poplar leaves rustling in the cool breeze, and a distant baying of hounds. In fact, he decided warily, it was much too quiet. A brooding silence, and somewhere ahead was Leroy Bates, probably hiding. Probably even watching his pursuer with a derisive grin. Maybe even drawing a bead. Dave dropped silently into the wash, getting his shoes muddy. He was irritated at the thought of the little ruffian setting up an ambush for him.

Dave bent forward and began advancing silently along the muddy gully beside the shallow brook and it struck a familiar chord in his memory. It took him back several years. Change this wildwood scene to Italy and you'd have any number of places where he'd seen fit to crouch low and work his way forward in stealthy silence.

A bush quivered ahead and to the left and Dave

came [illegible] of the gully swiftly, bent far forward, [illegible] tree to concealing tree. Ten yards, [illegible] and then he skidded to a stop, feeling [illegible]

The [illegible] registered surprise and then indigna- [illegible] Recognition flickered in her big brown [illegible] scorn curled her lip. "You!" she said [illegible]

"[illegible]," Dave said. "What are you doing out [illegible] jungle, teacher?"

"[illegible] one of your business," she said coldly. [illegible] call me teacher. In fact, don't even [illegible] please."

"[illegible] bad suggestion," Dave told her. "How- [illegible] question. Which way did he go?"

She [illegible] dressed in slacks and a sweater which [illegible] took smaller, in a way, but in another [illegible] She regarded Dave icily. "Which [illegible] go?"

"[illegible] monster," Dave said. "That juvenile [illegible] you encourage in his budding career of [illegible] kid you and the fat cop saved from me [illegible] yesterday. The chief of police's [illegible]

"[illegible]?" She looked at him uncertainly. "Why, I was looking for [illegible]" She stared at him with [illegible] "Why do you wish to know?" Suspicion was suddenly replaced by horror. "What are you going to do with that gun? You wouldn't—oh, my goodness?"

Dave lifted one eyebrow and gave her what he hoped was a sardonic leer. "Oh, wouldn't I now?" [illegible] "This time the Keystone Cop isn't around to interfere with justice, teacher. Which way did [illegible] go?"

The schoolteacher looked bravely determined, if not very. "You leave him alone," she said in a voice that quavered. "You'd better not lay a hand on Leroy, you—you child beater." She took a breath, an uncertain, gusty breath, and her eyes flashed. "And don't call Elwood Bates a [illegible] Keystone Cop, or fat, or—or—" Her voice wavered into silence and she stared at him as birds are commonly believed to stare at approaching snakes. With dreadful fascination and a kind of paralysis.

Suddenly Dave didn't like himself very much for scaring this poor, shapely little schoolma'am. "Aw, shucks, teacher," he said. "Don't look at me like that. Listen, I was driving along out there minding my own business, when suddenly [illegible]"

Suddenly something went WHUNK! into the tree above his head and snarled away into the crisp fall atmosphere. Ducking instinctively, he caught a flash of movement from the corner of his eye as Leroy exploded into action off among the

Public Enemy No. 1.

trees. Still crouching, with the chill not yet gone from his spine, he eyed the girl levelly.

"See what I mean, teacher?" he said. Then he took up the chase once more, carrying with him the sound of the girl's helpless wail.

This time he could hear the brat running up ahead. When he came to the gully there were Leroy's footprints slithering along the muddy bottom. Dave went down the steep bank and set out grimly along the plain trail. The footprints left the main gully and angled up a tributary gully, a narrow and tortuous dry ditch heavily overhung with bushes and weeds and twisting back toward the road.

Since it had been a chilly morning when he left Aunt Callie's house, Dave had dressed warmly for still hunting, and now, what with all that running and stuff, he was perspiring freely. He slowed down to a creep as the ditch grew increasingly narrower and presently he was forced to abandon the ditch altogether.

As he climbed out, he was somewhat taken aback to see a man's head thrust around a tree, watching him in a wide-eyed manner. Furthermore, there was an arm and hand thrust around the tree, and the hand, which trembled visibly, clutched a large pistol.

"Drop that gun and put 'em up," the man said, his voice quavering.

"Wait a minute, pal," Dave said, thinking this chap was the owner of the land on which he was trespassing with a gun. "I can explain everything." He shifted his rifle to his left hand and the man ducked his head behind the tree and started firing the pistol jerkily.

Even after almost four years of civilian life, Dave reacted instantly like a battle-wise soldier. He hit the deck, rolling, and he didn't stop. A couple of convulsive, clawing leaps and he landed in the bottom of the narrow gully, running. He didn't stop until he reached the muddy creek bed, where he sprawled against the bank and mopped sweat from his face, breathing heavily.

"My aching back!" he said to himself. "So all right, the guy doesn't allow hunting."

He thought about the situation and the more he thought about it the more ridiculous it seemed. Did he want to catch Leroy this bad? No, he didn't. Chasing Leroy always led to trouble. Like day before yesterday, when the little manic depressive had let the air out of the tires on Dave's car, and then had thrown a very ripe egg, missing Dave but not the coupe. Being quick-tempered and impulsive, Dave had chased Leroy right into the schoolhouse and had just grabbed him by the scruff when along came Uncle Elwood and Mildred Noble, both of them aghast. Elwood was especially aghast.

"But even being in jail for chasing Leroy isn't bad compared to getting shot," Dave said to himself, "and I will get the heck out of here." Pairing the thought with the deed, he clambered out of the gully and took to the denser cover of the shrubbery, heading for the road and his car.

Halfway through a clump of sumac, he stopped abruptly. This time he was gaping into the twin black maw of a sawed-off shotgun held firmly and convincingly in the hands of a dark, unshaven, but withal capable-looking man who was sitting comfortably propped against a rotting stump.

"Drop the peashooter," the dark, unshaven, but withal capable-looking man suggested quietly, and Dave dropped the peashooter without hesitation. There was that in the man's narrowed eyes which made dropping the peashooter seem a fine idea at the time.

"Sit down," Dave sat down, careful to sit away from the peashooter.

"A lot of people out here today," the man said, leering—or maybe he always smiled that way. "Like a convention, isn't it, bright-eyes?"

"Why, yes," Dave said. "I had noticed that myself. You might say it's congested."

"I might, but I doubt it," the man said. "You one of the boys from town?"

"Not exactly," Dave Continued on page 38

The kid and the convict had this in common: they were both catastrophes looking for someone to happen to

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

LISTEN HERE, BOSS

By ELLEN McCORMICK

ILLUSTRATION BY NORRIS

Memo to bosses —— So you think you're a tin god to your secretary. Prepare for the truth, brother

I'M LEAVING next week to get married. For the first time in 10 years I'll be able to wake up in the morning without thinking about the boss, or the million other things a secretary has to think about. I'll miss a lot of things about going to business. I'll miss a lot of things about you, too, but some of them I'm going to miss the way I'd miss sand in egg sandwiches.

I was a good secretary. I have a medal to prove it: a little bronze thing that says, "To Ellen McCormick for unselfish service and outstanding efficiency." I keep it in a trunk down the basement with old dance programs and folders on Bermuda. And I'm proud of it.

Looking back over my years of unselfish service, I think any women who could work for you for more than a week without bouncing your onyx ash tray off your head deserves a medal. The fact is much of the time you were a headache in spades.

You were like most of the bosses I worked for before I took a job with you: about as confused as a person can get. You wasted enough manhours daily to jack the world over on another angle. You're not below average intelligence; they don't pay the kind of money you're making to people below average intelligence. But what made you act as if you were? As you used to say, it's a good point. I've given it a lot of thought in the past few weeks. I've given a lot of thought to all the bosses I worked for in the past 10 years, and I think I have the answer. You just didn't know your job.

Hold it! Remember that blood pressure. I admit you knew your job in spots, but you didn't know it in the spots that count, with the gal behind the typewriter. That's the trouble with a lot of bosses. You should listen to some of the stories I'm able tell at those [illegible] sessions in the [illegible].

There are two sides to every boss: the side that deals with the men who pay his salary, and the side that deals with the hired help. A man may be a hot-shot on one side. But on the side where his secretary sits he may be, and often is, in a fog. Sometimes the sharper he is on one side the thicker the fog is on the other.

Take you, for instance. You came up through the ranks of another firm. If you had come up through the ranks of the one you're with, you would have absorbed a certain amount of routine automatically. But you never were the executive type and never will be.

You liked to picture yourself as a smooth-operating Hollywood character with a battery of buttons and a polished desk: directing, solving, commanding, quick decisions, everything at your finger tips. Actually, the only thing you ever had at your finger tips was a fairly heavy nicotine stain and a genius for increasing sales.

You were taken on at a nice fat salary for one reason, and one reason only: you'd proven that you could produce business. So they put you inside with a staff and a personal secretary and turned you loose among Dictaphones, filing cabinets, push buttons and correspondence. Brother!

I can see you now, sitting there wondering what it was all about, a nice, fellaw kind of a guy with cigarette ashes on your vest, who always reminded me, for no (quite) reason, of Sunday morning at the cottage.

While you hated that filing systems baffled you, you did your own filing, in the top middle drawer of your desk. You filed all really important letters there. Then you'd go out of town and not be to know where to lay hands on them. [illegible] until I'd been with you a couple of years that I learned not to give up hope when I [illegible] that drawer and saw a lot of brass one-inch [illegible] tobacco pouches, catalogues on outboard motors and picturesque but unsmoked briers. [illegible] learned that you used to file your important letters under those things.

You could go out and wangle a carload of fittings or knock tough old Joe What's-his-name over for a $10,000 order, but when it came to putting your thoughts down on paper you suffered! And how I suffered! Those letters you squirmed over when you didn't know what about what you wanted to say, but were convinced that it was just a matter of getting the right word. And those important ones: the ones you used to change, one word at a time, with a complete retyping job in between.

Why could you never see the word [illegible] paragraph two at the same time that you saw the word wrong in paragraph one? I mean why did I have to do a complete retype job before you read the second paragraph? Sometimes, when the letter was important enough to really have you scared, you'd just concentrate on the one word in the first paragraph, changing it one draft at a time. I'd go back to my desk each time and sit there for a minute talking softly to myself and making quick slashing motions with my nail file.

Just out of curiosity, where did you used to hide? I mean those times you'd breeze in from New York, throw your brief case on the desk, grab the phone and put through a long-distance call with instructions for the operator to call every 10 minutes, then disappear. Where

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Cripps — Labor's Unloved Genius

By MATTHEW HALTON

Maclean's European Correspondent

Editor's Note—In the Feb. 1 issue of Maclean's, Beverley Baxter predicted that Britain's next Prime Minister would be Winston Churchill. Here Matthew Halton, CBC European correspondent, examines the man and personality of another candidate of whom he says: "If another crisis strikes this country, Cripps will be the man of the hour."

PAUL HOFFMAN, the American administrator of Marshall aid, was asked recently what he thought was the most important factor in Great Britain's striking economic recovery. He replied: "Sir Stafford Cripps."

Britain's recovery would have been impossible, of course, without the good sense, patriotism and almost dour self-discipline of the British people themselves; without the toil of her workers, the skill of her artisans and inventors, the acumen and enterprise of her manufacturers and businessmen, and the pride of a race which is determined still to be great. But the magnet that pulled all these forces together and gave them cohesion, form and direction was the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Cripps.

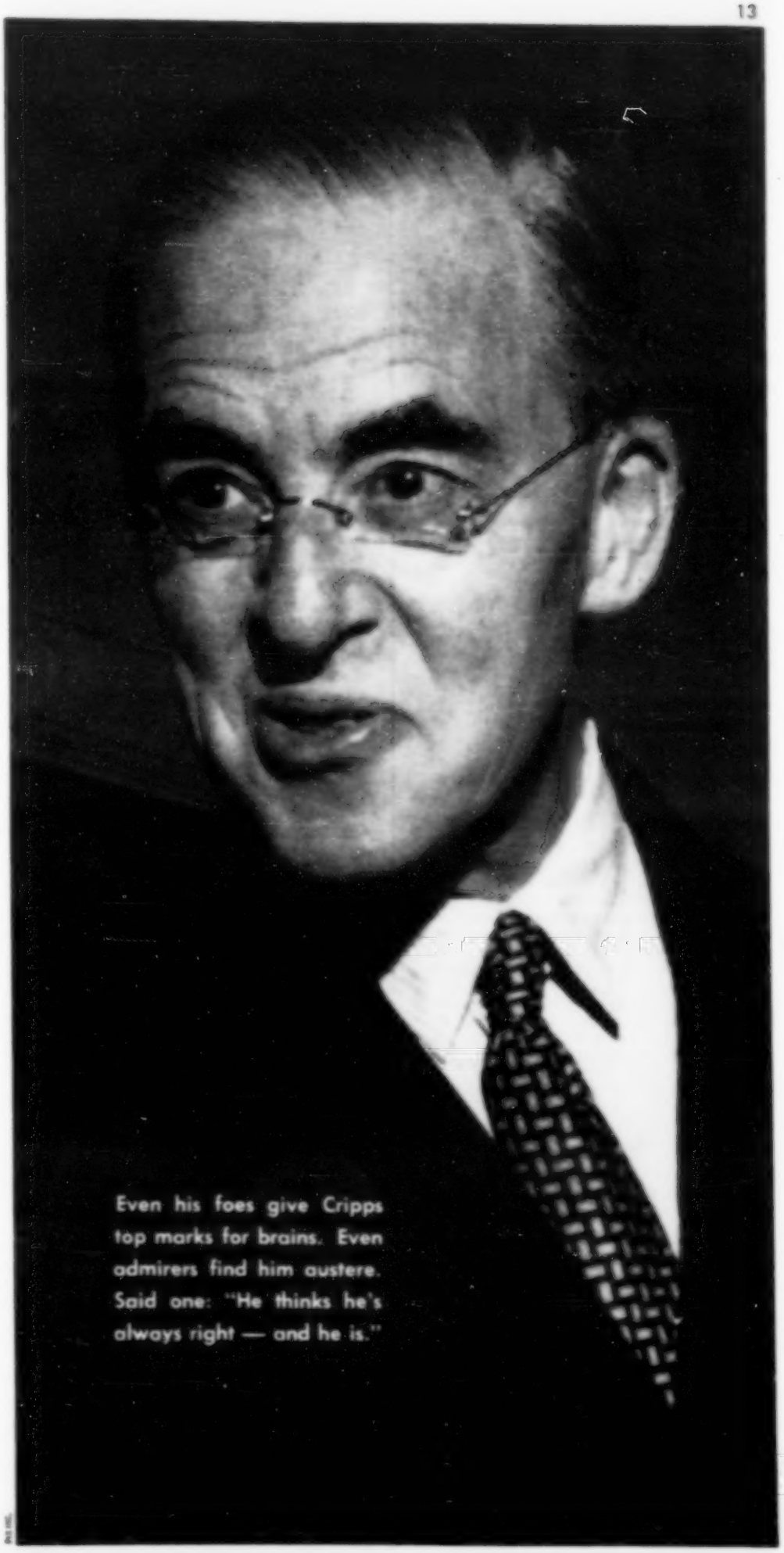
"He's the brainiest man in Europe," says Hoffman, "and one of the finest administrators in the world."

A year and a half ago Britain's affairs were on the edge of disaster. The American loan had run out; the adverse trade balance was running at the rate of some $3 billions a year; Britain's last reserves of gold and dollars were melting away and exports, though higher than ever in history, were not nearly high enough.

At that moment Cripps was promoted from the presidency of the Board of Trade to the new post of Minister of Economic Affairs. "It is pleasant to think," said Winston Churchill then, "that we have at least one first-class intelligence brooding upon our affairs." And the intervening period has shown that Cripps certainly brooded to good effect.

Britain's exports are now about 50% higher than in 1938. The pound sterling has regained prestige—it is in demand once more in most of Europe. And Britain is now in sight of an over-all balance of payments—that is, though she will still be short of dollars, by 1952 she should be living technically within her means, exporting as much as she imports. The transformation, says the financial newspaper, The Economist, often the most incisive critic of government policy, has been almost "a miracle."

The man chiefly responsible for the transformation, naturally regarded *Continued on page 48*



Even his foes give Cripps top marks for brains. Even admirers find him austere. Said one: "He thinks he's always right — and he is."

LONDON LETTER

The trawlers want quantity now, not quality.

The Battle Of Beliefs

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

THERE HAS never been a period in history which compares with the present in the battle for men's minds. It is going on in every country in the world and in territories which were out so long ago mere jungles and forests.

We are seeing the rise of subject races in Asia, races which seemed content to be ruled and guided by the West but which are now demanding freedom and the right to make their own laws and commit their own blunders. Indonesia is in torment, so is Malaya, and Africa is feeling the stirring of new impulses and new dreams.

But the battle for men's minds is not confined to the subject races. In France, in Germany, in Britain and the Dominions, and in the United States the struggle becomes more intense.

We all know that wars are supposed to accomplish nothing, but that is not true. Wars not only hasten the development of scientific invention but loose forces which would have remained frozen and inert for decades of normal life. It was war which opened the dikes to the torrent of the Russian revolution. It was the chaos of war which gave birth to Hitler and his empire of blackhearted villainy. It was war which swept Britain into the present bloodless but significant social revolution. Therefore, it is historically untrue to declare that war accomplishes nothing. Before its unleashed violence the strongest tree can be uprooted and the mightiest cliff hurled into the sea.

In a recent Maclean's article I discussed the prospects of the next general election in Britain and ventured to predict a Conservative victory. Nothing has happened to change that opinion but even if the Conservatives attain a working majority no one imagines that we shall go back to things exactly as they were. A few optimists recall that after Cromwell's puritanical rule the British people again put a king back on the throne and made of his reign one vast prolonged

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

They Dished the Dirt at Nicolet

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

THE PAST month the ghost of Arthur Gilbert has been stalking the government lobby in Parliament.

Arthur Gilbert was a humble French-Canadian farmer, little known even in his own day. But he was the obscure Nationalist candidate who on Nov. 3, 1910, defeated Sir Wilfrid Laurier's candidate in Laurier's home riding, Drummond-Arthabaska. It was the first sign that the Liberal fortress in Quebec was crumbling. A year later, in the general election, it crashed to the ground and sent the Liberals into the wilderness for 10 years.

Last month in Nicolet-Yamaska, a rural riding on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, another obscure French Canadian beat the chosen candidate of another French-Canadian Prime Minister. Now Grits and Tories alike are asking, "Will history repeat itself?" The parallel is too close for the Government's comfort.

Then as now the issues in Quebec were not the issues in the rest of Canada. In eight provinces the fight was on reciprocity; in Quebec it was on Laurier's bill to create a Canadian Navy. In 1910 Alfred Sevigny, later a Borden minister who stayed in the Cabinet through the conscription crisis, asked the voters of Drummond-Arthabaska: "What has England done for you? You must protest against helping England in her wars; unless you do, conscription will come next."

In Nicolet-Yamaska in 1949 the Progressive Conservative candidate, Renaud Chapdelaine, called on the voters to show the Liberals how the people of Quebec disapprove the conscription of World War II, instituted in spite of the solemn promise to the contrary which the Liberal Party made during 25 years.

Announced as one of the [illegible] Conservative campaign speakers in Nicolet-Yamaska was Jacques Sauriol, who a few years ago was a firebrand of the Bloc Populaire. None of Mr. Sauriol's speeches in the recent campaign was reported in papers available here. However, he was amply covered a few years ago.

On one occasion he's reported to have said, "The British Empire is so nefarious an institution, so condemnable that it needs a war every [illegible] years to maintain it." I heard him myself, in the summer of 1944, tell a crowd, "We are against the war—law or no law, police or no police. The RCMP will have a hard time persuading us, at pistol point, that England is fighting *pour la civilisation Catholique*."

On the last day of the campaign Mr. Chapdelaine told an audience in Nicolet:

"I am not a candidate of Mr. Drew. I am not a party candidate, I am an Independent candidate like my good friend the member for Argenteuil" (George Heon, Independent Conservative MP who was the only Ottawa man taking part in the Progressive Conservative campaign).

Previously, though, he had said, "If George Drew is good enough for Maurice Duplessis, he's good enough for me." Mr. Chapdelaine apparently regarded himself as primarily a Duplessis man; his election posters carried Chapdelaine's picture in the centre of Premier Duplessis' Quebec flag, surrounded with fleurs-de-lis. But he said he was happy to run under the official banner of a party headed by George Drew. "A man who stood beside Premier Maurice Duplessis in safeguarding the autonomy of our province and the right of French Canadians."

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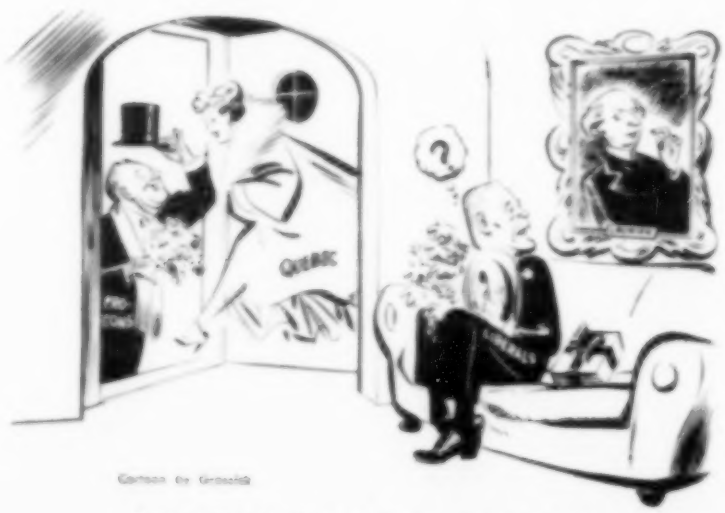

Cartoon by Grosskopf

Quebec jilted Laurier; will St. Laurent lose her too?

Clay model helps car designers visualize their dream child. Once a new style is decided, it's too costly to turn back.

It may take years for gadgets to become standard equipment. This 1888 Benz had rear engine, gearshift on steering post.

Swing Low, Fleet Chariot

By RONALD WILLIAMS

AFTER one look at the 1949 car styles and prices, one Manitoba motorist sat down and wrote a letter to the Ford Motor Co. of Canada.

"What this country needs," he said, "is a good cheap car again. For years you have been making cars just a bit longer and a bit bigger until there isn't a good small car left.

"I'm certain there *are* a million men like me who want a good small car. You had one once. Why don't you make one like the 1930 Model A, with a few changes?

"Put the gearshift lever on the steering column; use hydraulic brakes; give it a little streamlining. Make three models—a pickup, a coupe and a station wagon. The pickup should sell for $750; the coupe for $800; the station wagon for $850 . . . laid down in our town."

The Manitoban's dream car could scarcely be farther removed from the models currently being hustled from factory to dealer to customer. Instead of being smaller, 1949's cars are as large or larger than ever before. Following the lead of Studebaker and Kaiser-Frazer (which scooped the industry two years ago with the first major postwar renovation), body lines on nearly all models are bulging outward to swallow the old-fashioned fenders, the running board has become almost a museum piece and chromium trim is being laid on thicker and thicker. The Ford and Hudson lines have joined the streamliner parade; new General Motors and Chrysler-Dodge-Plymouth models for 1949 reflect the same general trend, but with their own distinctive modifications.

Chrysler, for instance, has announced "common sense plus imagination" as its policy in body design. While adopting the "bustle back" common to most new cars, the Chrysler cars are using this style to give greater head room and seat width, as well as to achieve a slick exterior appearance. While rear fenders reflect the popular "teardrop" tendency, these are bolted onto the body for cheaper repair and replacement costs rather than made a part of the body itself.

As for price, the wishful motorist's $800 represents no more than a comfortable down payment on the cheapest standard Canadian-made family car now on sale. Chevrolet's "Styleline" two-door $1,802 f.o.b. Oshawa—heater included. Ford's new custom two-door retails for $2,074 at the Windsor factory, stripped of extras. If the gentleman in Manitoba really wants a small car he can get a bargain at $1,325—the American-built Crosley, but he'll have to go to Toronto to get it at that price.

A Cheap Car? Not Yet

IS THE Manitoba man right and are the manufacturers all wrong? Is the public getting the kind of cars it wants or being taken for a ride on the tail end of the sellers' market?

Sixty per cent of the U. S. motoring public voiced a definite preference for a car of "nearly standard size" but priced no higher than $1,000 to $1,300, when polled recently by Forbes Magazine.

Ford's own marketing research department has discovered in another poll that more Canadians put low operating costs first in a car than any other feature—26 out of 100 motorists, as compared with 15 who rate comfort most important, and another 15 who demand appearance above all.

Again, safety, cheapness and simplicity were the new-car qualities mentioned most frequently by 70 leading Canadian engineers, businessmen and automobile association executives queried by The Financial Post.

It would seem, then, that the salesman who wrote to Ford isn't the only driver who has failed to find what he thought he wanted at current new-car showings. That the manufacturers have not been entirely deaf to such sentiments is revealed in the fact that Chrysler Corporation has a roadster ready to present as the cheapest car under the Dodge label; economy measures include side curtains instead of windows and a canvas top that you have to raise yourself instead of just pushing buttons to make it.

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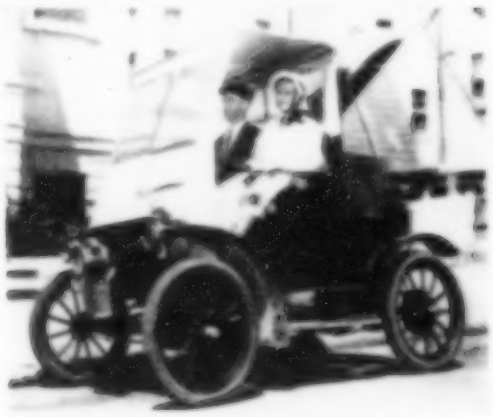
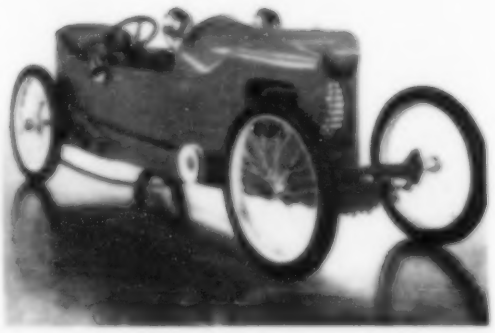


By 1904, carpenters had added the first windshields, umbrella makers the tops.



This Scripps-Booth was a 1913 entry in the light car field. It didn't last long.

The new models hug the road, fill the eye and represent a bet of half a billion that the public wants a big car

"No porter can afford to be surly," says Ruffin. Monthly tips average $50.

Three Thousand Nights On Wheels

By McKENZIE PORTER

PHOTOS BY RICE AND BELL

IF Curtis M. Ruffin had not been born with a brown skin, crinkly hair and a broad nose he might today have become a prosperous businessman or a successful lawyer. But because most of his ancestors were brought to this continent in chains from the West African jungle he is a porter on the Toronto-Vancouver run of the Canadian National Railways.

Ruffin is one of 30,000 Canadian Negroes. He came to this country 22 years ago from the United States, where there are 13 million Negroes. Negroes know that life for them is better north of the Mason-Dixon line and better still north of the Canadian border. The fewer they are in proportion to a white population the less prejudice they encounter.

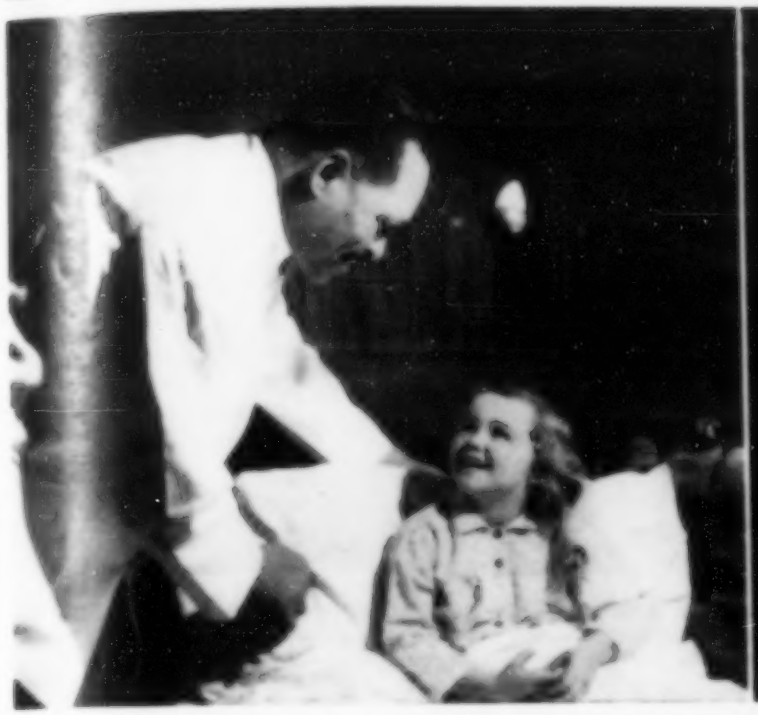
In England, where they constitute no racial problem, Negroes from the West Indies have built up lucrative practices as doctors. In South Africa, where they outnumber whites by four to one, the best job most Negroes can get is pulling a rickshaw. Before slavery was abolished in the United States a steady stream of runaway Negroes escaped into Canada. Their descendants make up the majority of this country's colored population. Their number are occasionally swelled by fresh immigrants from the United States and British colonies.

Ruffin came to Canada from Chicago in 1926. On Nov. 14, 1932, he became a Canadian citizen. "It is a date I shall never forget," he says. "I could tell you the exact time the postman brought the papers."

Ruffin is 46, stands six feet tall, and weighs 198 pounds. His resemblance to Paul Robeson is striking. He had a white great-grandfather and there is a strong dash of cream in his coffee complexion. Another great-grandfather was an Indian.

In 1865, when United States slaves were freed, most Negroes took the name of their last owner. But Ruffin's paternal great-grandfather couldn't bring himself to do this. His last owner had lashed him. So he called himself Ruffin after an earlier and kindlier master who had been forced through bankruptcy to sell him.

As a porter, Ruffin works on a 16-day cycle. On the first day he leaves Toronto, reaching Van-



On the 3,000-mile Vancouver run, Ruffin is nursemaid, valet, housekeeper and confessor to his charges. He snatches five hours a night in berth 13. Seven days out of every 16 he's at home, relaxing with his neighbors or being waited on by his wife. When they step out, they watch out for snubs.

ouver on the fourth day. On the sixth day he leaves Vancouver, arriving back in Toronto on the 10th. From the 10th to the 16th he has seven days holiday at home. He has been working on this run for 20 years, and that adds up to 3,000 nights on wheels.

His wage, plus free food en route and uniform, is $105 a month. He averages another $50 in tips. He is in charge of the S.C.B.L. car (Sleeping-Compartment-Buffet-Library). It has four two-berth staterooms.

He is one of 585 porters in the CNR. Of these 340 are Canadian-born, 96 U. S.-born, 118 are British West Indians and 31 are British subjects from various parts of the Commonwealth.

During the four nights and three days between Toronto and the coast, Ruffin is on duty from five in the morning until midnight. He gets five hours' sleep in tourist car berth Number 13, which is not sold and is kept for the porter's use.

His routine is never the same. Some people sleep late, others rise early. Occasionally men will sit up all night yarning in the club car and go to bed just when others are shaving. He is kept on the hop. Yet to look at him, you would think from his bland smiling composure that he is your personal servant, wishing you would find him something to do.

Generally he begins his day by cleaning the shoes of his stateroom passengers. Around six some of these are calling for coffee. Often he has a couple of mothers who give him baby formulas to prepare. He knows every infant food on the market and how to adjust quantities to every age. Between 6 and 7 a.m. he dusts the club car, polishes the woodwork, and tidies up the magazines. While passengers are breakfasting in the diner he transforms their compartments from bedrooms to sitting rooms.

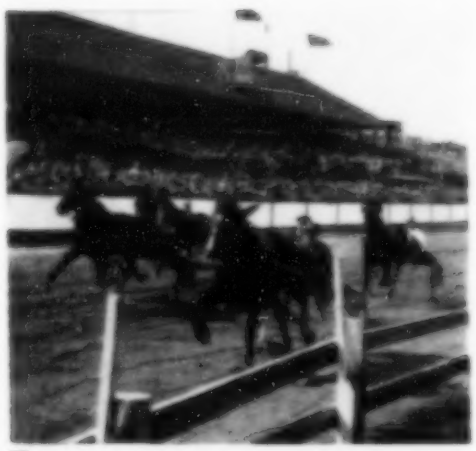
He takes his meals with other porters in the diner half an hour before the car is opened to passengers. He can eat what he likes, within reason. Ruffin feeds lightly aboard. As he spends more than half his life over running *Continued on page 32*

After 20 years as a club-car porter, Curtis M. Ruffin has seen everything. Even twins in the night can't throw him

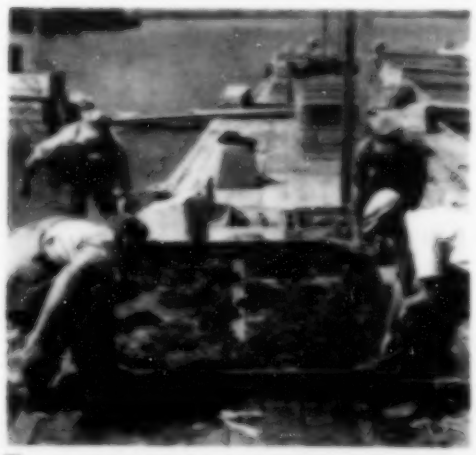
Sailboats in Murray Harbor, P.E.I. When sandbanks shift, you have to get out and push.

Green Gables and Red Roads

Prince Edward Island is more than the home of the spud and the oyster. It's a little chunk of the old world, where cars stop while turkeys stalk across the lanes



Horse-mad P.E.I. is the "Kentucky of Canada."



Island lobsters and oysters are prizes in U. S.

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

GOING to Prince Edward Island never had the aspects of an ordinary trip to me. It seemed more like a pilgrimage, and a pilgrimage that I never really expected to make. This was entirely due to a book called "Annan Nuoruusvuodet," which I got when I first learned to read at the backward age of eight, in Finland.

I am quite sure I read the thing at least 20 times. Even yet I can remember how it started. "*Rouva Rachel Lynden asunto oli juuri siinä, missä Avonlean vallatie haantyi alas pieneen notkoon, jota lepat ja sanajalat reunustivat . . .*" It didn't spoil the suspense of the beginning for me at all when I finally learned English and read it all over again, now under the name of "Anne of Green Gables." It was odd to find the names changed—I'd always known Green Gables as Vihervaara—but after a while I got used to that too.

Goodness knows how I supposed the place would look, but somehow, while walking the familiar streets of Charlottetown on the pages of that well-read book, or strolling down the village paths, I'd completely overlooked the sea. I must have known the place was called an island because it was surrounded by water, but somehow hadn't recognized its significance.

When I finally did get to Prince Edward Island, there wasn't much else I saw but the sea, after a brief sortie to look for people like Mrs. Rachel Lynd, and Anne Shirley and Gilbert Blythe. Needless to say I didn't find them.

People on the Island were just like people in Haliburton, Ont., except for being a bit like the people in Petty Harbor, Nfld., with a minor touch of Lotbinière, Que., added in.

I went down the Island's incredible red roads that were obviously planned for a sure-footed mule, not a 1948 low-slung automobile, to the home of the author of "Anne of Green Gables," which the tourist-conscious Island Government has turned into a national shrine, plus golf course, plus tearoom.

You turn off the road to a broad driveway, entirely defeated by literally dozens of parked cars. The license plates are visiting cards from every province and most of the States.

There is a gravestonelike monument, with a thin brass plate, commemorating L. M. Montgomery, a motherly woman of pleasant conceits, who, if she haunts the place, must be taking a horrified kick at the thing nightly.

At the booth in the dark farmhouse hall there was a girl in charge who'd never read "Anne of Green Gables." I asked her. There were some torturously painted and pasted sea shells, and a few L. M. Montgomery books (not a single one about Anne) for sale.

In a low-ceilinged, small room people with southern accents were eating what looked to be very good pie. I couldn't have eaten a thing. All my dreams stuck in my throat like fishbones.

Out on the clipped lawns again, filled like a market place with people in flat-heeled touristing shoes, standing and staring. Two people sat under a tree eating sandwiches from paper parcels, though the day was bleak and the wind rasped at you.

I said, unable to keep wistfulness out of my shaken voice, "I wonder whether that house, there on the hill, could be the one where Diana lived?"

Everybody turned and stared for a silent moment. Then some spoilsport said sharply, "You know that was just a book. She didn't live."

On the way back home to Brackley Beach, which was so unlike anything I'd imagined of P. E. I. that it was in a way a refuge, we paused for a moment by the Lake of Shining Waters which was a major character in the books I had loved. It was just an ordinary small pool and there was a long line of small tourist cabins banking it. It began to rain, which was just as well.

Well, that was what Prince Edward Island used to mean to me. Even now, if I concentrate, I can feel myself a hundred pounds lighter; I can see the firelight flickering on the page, and the people of Avonlea alive in the dusk of the room; or again, on a summer hillside, resting after lunch before swim time, reading how Anne smashed her slate over Gilbert's head for the 17th time.

It is a world I hope will one of these days retreat within its child-guarded *Continued on page 42*

A KIND WORD FOR A CANNIBAL

Nobody loves the spider. Yet she's less harmful than a fly, and she did help us to win the war

By C. FRED BODSWORTH

MOTHER GOOSE'S naive Miss Muffet is responsible for mythology's major false alarm. When she abandoned her tuffet in terror, she caused a future which the innocent spider has never been able to live down.

As all the world's creeping and crawling things go, there is probably none that is so feared, so misunderstood. Yet the spider's relation to mankind is practically blameless. Every year spiders kill countless crop-destroying and disease-carrying insect pests. But do we regard the spider as an ally? No. We squash his fly-like body against the ceiling or floor, because, like poor Miss Muffet, we're afraid he's going to bite us.

It is true that spiders bite. But they prefer creatures with cold blood, and they'll use their fangs on warm-blooded chaps like you and me only in self-defense. Every spider possesses a venom which he uses to kill other insects of his own size for food. He has a pair of curved fangs that meet like tweezer points and inject a minute shot of poison. But most spiders can't pierce human skin. Of the larger spiders, only two in the world are more dangerous than honeybees. One is an Australian species and the other our own notorious black widow. On rare occasions these black sheep of the spider family have caused the death of humans, but even the black widow is not as black as painted.

It is difficult to get yourself bitten by any spider. Naturalists and doctors hold them on the soft parts of their arms, pinch and tease them, but still often spiders as big as teacups refuse to nibble. In the southern United States, where black widows are reared commercially on spider "farms" for their silk, the operators are rarely bitten.

Suppose you do get a bite. It is probably a little more painful than a mosquito's, probably less painful than a wasp sting. In a day, unless you are abnormally allergic, the bite will have disappeared. The death toll in Canada every year from houseflies is greater than that inflicted throughout the whole world by spiders, yet the average housewife blithely ignores the flies and runs like Miss Muffet.

The black widow, however, rates a warning. She's the only spider in North America that can kill a man. (You have to speak of the black widow as "she," for the male is a harmless dwarf less than half her size.)

Drop for drop, the black widow's venom is more potent than a rattlesnake's. Fortunately, far less poison is injected. All other spider venoms produce only a local effect. The black widow's venom spreads throughout the body.

The original bite may be no more painful than the prick of a pin. It may show as two minute red dots surrounded by a slight white swelling. But within three or four hours there may be pains throughout the entire body. Sometimes breathing becomes difficult because of partial paralysis and the victim may suffer from amnesia, nausea and fever.

Doctors say calcium gluconate is the most effective antidote. Even without treatment the effects on a healthy *Continued on page 54*

A spider web is her home, highway and food trap. And this one's about to be her dinner table, too.

MRS. TIBBETT'S GLACIER

By COREY FORD

THERE are certain natural phenomena with which a young man is pleased to be compared. He will welcome being described as a whirlwind. He will smirk contentedly when likened to a ball of fire. But he will be a little depressed if he is called a glacier, particularly by a young lady of whom he happens to be fond. "You remind me of that glacier," Janet Tibbett had said. "As cold as ice."

"Really, now, Miss Tibbett . . ."

"Ice," she had insisted. "The only difference is a glacier's face sometimes cracks."

Dr. Victor Morley lowered his razor and inspected his face critically in the mirror above his washstand. Even to an impartial observer—and Vic prided himself on possessing a calm and detached mind, free from emotional bias—its physical resemblance to a glacier was not apparent. It was a rather pleasant-looking face; a bit on the serious side, perhaps, with an intent pucker between the eyes and a long lean nose on which a pair of shell-rimmed glasses perched academically when he was lecturing his class in geology at Harvard. But, in all fairness, pleasant.

His puzzled eye moved to the bedroom window and he gazed through its cracked pane at the huge wall of ice, towering directly above him. The Tibbett Glacier seemed to be suspended in mid-air like a frozen waterfall, its serrated front glinting an ominous blue in the bright Alaska sunlight, each icy point a sword of Damocles poised overhead. At any moment the whole ponderous mass threatened to move forward and crush the little roadhouse that cowered at its very foot. "What I cannot understand," Vic had pointed out to Janet Tibbett, "is why you choose to remain in such a precarious location."

"It's Gram's house," she had said. "We can't leave Gram."

"But, good Lord!" he had exploded, "can't she live somewhere else than right in front of a glacier . . ."

"It's Gram's Glacier . . ."

Vic shook his head and resumed shaving. He was shaving faster than usual, he realized; once his hand slipped and he almost nicked his ear. The shadow of the great glacier lay heavy around him. He could feel a sort of tension in the air. He had sensed it the moment he had alighted from the Fairbanks-Valdez bus last evening, suitcase in hand, and read the disturbing sign: "Mrs. Tibbett's Roadhouse. Dine in the Shadow of Death." Mrs. Tibbett's son, behind the desk, had watched dubiously as he inscribed his name in the guest register.

"I'll give you a room in back," Orie Tibbett said, "with a view of the glacier."

"That would be very nice," said Vic politely.

"You can sort of keep an eye on it," Orie added, "just in case . . ." He let the sentence trail and banged the bell on the counter. "Take these things up to Eleven, Lem," he told the elderly hired man.

"Just put them anywhere," Vic said carelessly. "I'll unpack later."

The hired man and Orie exchanged glances. "I wouldn't do that, Dr. Morley," Orie said. "I wouldn't unpack if I were you."

"I beg your pardon?" said Vic.

"I'd leave your things right in your grip," said Orie, "so you could grab them in a hurry . . ." Once more his voice trailed and he inclined his head significantly.

"Look here," Vic said incredulously, "you don't mean—"

Orie and the hired man glanced at each other again. "I ain't unpacked my own suitcase," Lem volunteered, "and I been working here ten years."

"I don't even take off my clothes at night," said Orie, "except my boots."

"I don't even take off my boots," said Lem, picking up the suitcase and starting gloomily upstairs.

SUPPER had been a hasty repast; everything was put on the table at once and most of the food was served right out of the can. It reminded Vic of army rations on a forced march. He bolted his lonely meal as rapidly as possible, while Orie's wife hovered at his elbow ready to snatch the dishes as soon as he was through. Mrs. Lessie Tibbett had a long sad face and, so she informed Vic in her second sentence, a bad back and headaches all the time and strange shooting pains. "I don't know what it is. I ache all over and I get these dizzy spells, it might be blood pressure or else my kidneys. I thought maybe you being a doctor . . ."

"I'm not that kind of a doctor," Vic apologized. "I'm a scientist."

"Oh," said Lessie, disappointed. "I thought maybe you could tell me what to do. I really ought to go to bed."

"Why don't you?" Vic said sympathetically.

"How could I go to bed?" Mrs. Tibbett snorted. "I got to be up and on my toes," nodding her head significantly toward the window, "in case that thing starts coming." She slid a slice of pie onto his plate. "I brought your dessert to save time."

Vic gulped the last of his coffee and fairly sprang from the table. He had eaten so fast that he had a touch of indigestion and he lit a cigarette and strolled into the lobby, trying to calm himself. The lobby, like the dining room, was bare and deserted; the rugs rolled up and the chairs piled near the door. Lem shuffled past him, carrying an armload of wood. "Getting ready for the tourist season?" Vic asked, indicating the stacked furniture.

"Nope," said Lem shortly, "just got things handy in case we have to move in a hurry."

Vic's self-control began fraying. "But if you all feel that way, why do you want to stay here?"

"I don't want to stay here. I got some gold claims, I'd leave in a minute to work 'em," Lem grumbled, "only I don't dast. None of us dassent leave Gram." He shook his head gloomily. "You never can tell about glaciers . . ."

Vic lit a second cigarette from the stub of the first. He noticed that his hand was trembling a little. There was a small souvenir stand beside the desk and he strolled toward it and inspected the contents absently while he sought to steady his nerves. It was not a reassuring display: some bits of jagged rock, a panoramic picture of the roadhouse with the glacier looming in the background ("At any moment a million tons of cruel ice threaten to wipe out this pleasant spot forever") and several assorted pennants and streamers labeled "We Flirted With Fate" or "Our Narrow Escape, Alaska, 1948." He picked up a booklet from the pile in front of him: the cover was a photograph of a girl, in parka and mukluks, standing on a pinnacle of ice. "Janet Tibbett," he read. "The Glacier Girl. Personally Conducted Tours . . ."

"Can I help you?" inquired a voice at his elbow.

He turned with a start. The Glacier Girl, complete to parka and mukluks, was standing behind him. Her photograph did not do

ILLUSTRATED BY MEL CRAWFORD

her [illegible], he decided immediately. The parka hood [illegible]d a pert and very pretty face, tanned a he[illegible] [illegible]ssert-brown; the stray wisps of sand-colo[illegible] [illegible] poking out from beneath the hood were [illegible] silver against her dark skin. She was smil[illegible] [illegible]him, a fixed professional smile.

"I [illegible] you would be interested in one of our [illegible] pamphlets," she suggested, "giving the [illegible]story of Alaska's greatest natural wonder [illegible] Tibbett Glacier," she recited mechanically [illegible]robably the world's fastest moving mass of ic[illegible] unique among glaciers—"

"I [illegible]y offer a correction, Miss Tibbett," he interj[illegible] "the only unusual thing about this glac[illegible] phenomenal speed, otherwise it is the com[illegible] piedmont type, characteristic of all Alas[illegible] the Northwest."

Th[illegible] a little pause. "Oh," she said. She beg[illegible] in a singsong voice: "Crouched in its [illegible] lair, this icy Juggernaut is poised ready [illegible]urtle its mammoth bulk—"

"P[illegible]me, Miss Tibbett," he broke in politely, "but [illegible]ever moves as one block. It yields grad[illegible]under pressure of its own weight by mean[illegible]racking and regelation. Because of its rigidi[illegible] he explained, "the shearing of one layer upon another produces foliation within the mass."

She opened her mouth and shut it again. "I see," she said. She attempted once more: "No one can tell when this frigid behemoth may choose to spring—"

"On the contrary," he pointed out, "its rate of motion depends on several easily determined factors, such as the weather, the amount of snow in the catchment areas, the general smoothness of the valley floor and the slope of the upper surface of the ice."

Her voice became suddenly natural. "You seem to know a lot about glaciers."

"After all," modestly, "I've been studying the subject for a good many years."

"I guess one glacier is very much like another to you."

He shrugged. "There are certain minor variations, to be sure, depending on the terrain and the granular structure of the ice."

"I don't suppose you ever felt that a glacier might have, well, a character of its own? Like different people, I mean?"

"Really," he smiled, "I'd scarcely go so far as to say—"

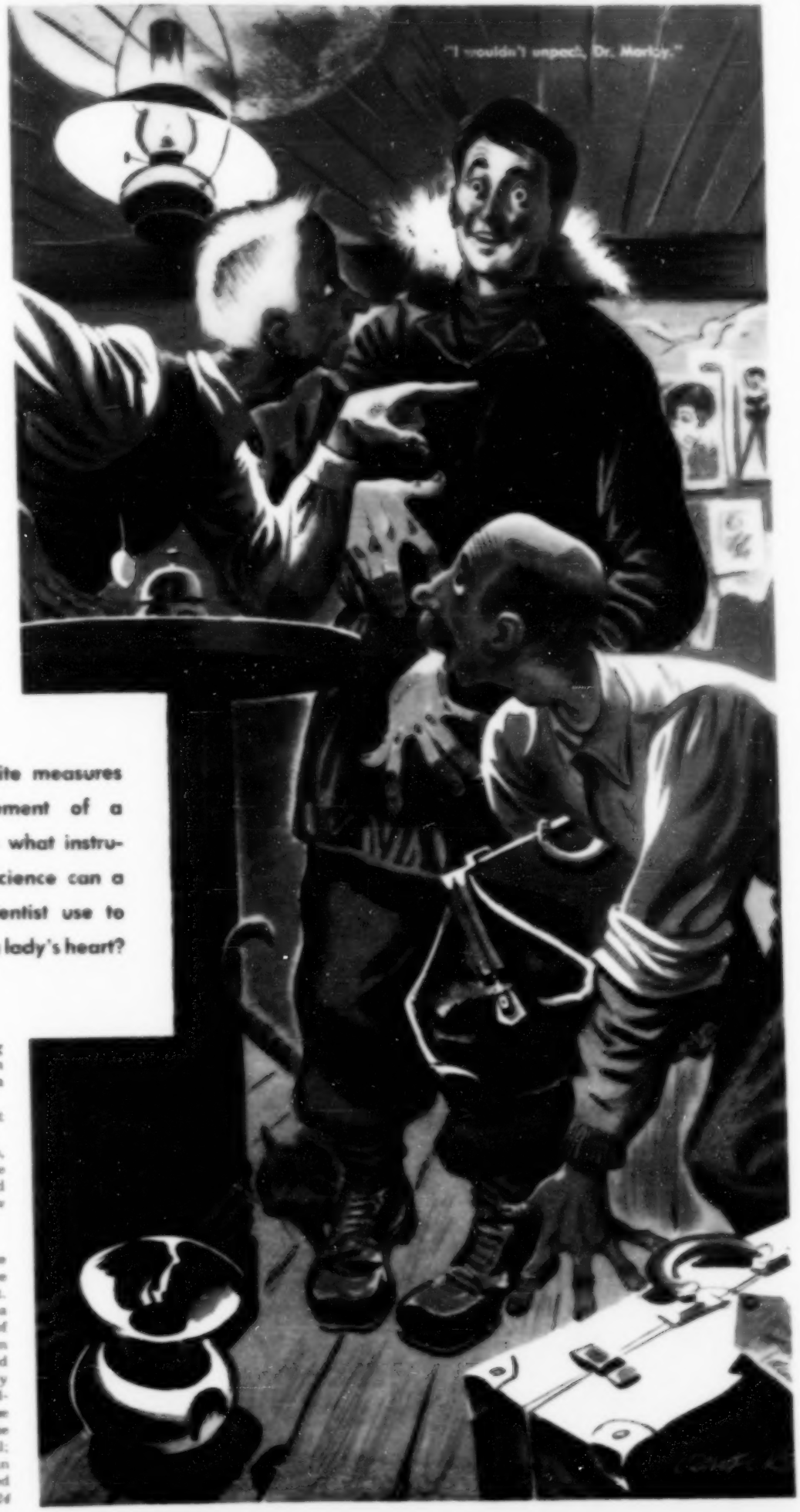
"Well, I do," she said indignantly. "I've lived beside this glacier practically all my life and I've never seen it twice the same. Sometimes at night it's black and sort of frightening, like an animal waiting out there in the dark, and then other times, when the sun is shining on it, the ice sparkles like a diamond as big as the whole world."

"Miss Tibbett," he said in amusement, "don't you think you're being just a trifle romantic?"

"And why not?" she had demanded. Her eyes, he had noticed irrelevantly, were a deeper blue when she was angry. "Just because you're so cold and scientific and . . . and right. Do you know what you remind me of? . . ."

HER WORDS still echoed in Vic's ears as he completed his shaving, soused his face in the bowl of icy water and hurried down to breakfast. Unconsciously he took the stairs two steps at a time. It was hard to overcome that feeling of tension around him. He had thought he was an early riser, but Orie was already in his accustomed spot behind the desk. Vic wondered fleetingly whether he had gone to bed at all. He acknowledged Vic's cheerful "good morning" with a morose nod and resumed his moody contemplation of the glacier. The dining room was a little more cheerful; a fire was burning briskly in the hearth and an easy chair was pulled up in front of it, heaped with blankets. Vic

Continued on page 24



A theodolite measures the movement of a glacier — what instrument of science can a young scientist use to measure a lady's heart?

The bones clatter, and the Yukon's sharp-eyed gamblers ride their luck hard

Jing-a-Low for All That Dough!

Slap down a grand or a buck on the ace-away board in Whitehorse and you'll have a wager. The game's straight — and practically legal

By BOB KESTEN

IN THE smoke-filled basement of a building on the main street, without any attempt at concealment, an Indian laborer rolled three dice from a rubber cup and the dealer sang out:

"Jing-a-low for all that dough!"

With a curved stick he raked together all the money from the table and said to the Indian:

"All right, Eddie, you've got $00 in the bank. What you want to do with it?"

The dark-skinned player waved at the table and the dealer passed out the money to cover bets behind the line that runs around the perimeter of the oval table.

A driver from the Army Service Corps covered $10, $50 went to a taxi driver, an old man with rheumy eyes and shaking hands bet $30, a railway hand gambled a dollar, an army major tossed in $20 and a nonchalant gambler covered the balance.

The Indian player offered another $100 to be gambled in the space in the middle of the table known as the "four line"; the bets were quickly placed. He thumped the rubber cup on the table to bring luck and rolled the three dice against the side board. As they stopped spinning, the dealer called the numbers.

"Four, five and lucky six! Name of the game, and you win everything."

The Indian took his money—$800—and left the game; a game he had entered half an hour previously with a one-dollar bill borrowed from Joe, the short-order cook at the club's lunch counter. After he had repaid the counterman, with a five-dollar tip added, and headed up the stairs for the street and home, I remarked that it was a good night's work.

"He'll be back tomorrow and lose it all," Joe said. He waved his five-dollar tip and added: "I'm the only guy made money that trip."

I wasn't in Reno or a New York gambling joint. I was in one of the two ace-away clubs in Whitehorse, the largest community in the Yukon Territory and headquarters for the Canadian Army's maintenance and administrative units of the Northwest Highway System—better known as the "Alaska Highway."

Under the Criminal Code of Canada, ace-away is strictly illegal, but the controller of the Yukon Territory has issued operating charters to the Sportsman's Club and the Army and Navy Club. Both have a membership fee of $1, but I walked in without a card and no attempt was made to collect a fee.

Members of the RCMP detachment, who maintain law in the Territory, patrol the streets and pass the doors of the two ace-away clubs several times a day. But the games go on.

Jim, who manages one of the clubs, points out that this is the only place in Canada where dice games are allowed. He figures it's just another holdover from the old gold-rush days, when only the basic crimes came under the eyes of the law, which was upheld *Continued on page 41*

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Weighing only three pounds, instead of five or six, the G-E Featherweight takes less effort to start and stop at the end of each stroke. As a result, you move it back and forth faster. This faster movement of an extra large sole-plate enables you to cover nearly twice as much ironing surface in a minute.

Perfect balance and light weight plus a comfortable, cool handle make it possible to keep up this high speed . . . to save 15 minutes or more out of every ironing hour.

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Featherweight automatic iron

IRONING with the new G-E Featherweight is truly a thrilling experience. Compared with most other irons in use today it will cut your ironing time by as much as a third. Because of its light weight and perfectly balanced extra cool handle, you'll finish feeling almost as fresh as when you started.

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At the Tower of London, Tom held both my hands over so tightly. "These soft, little hands are more precious to me than the Crown Jewels" he said.

That evening, on Westminster Bridge, Tom whispered, "I've *held* my *heart* in your *adorable hands* . . . forever." And then he kissed me . . .

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The skin on your hands is different . . . it needs the extra protection against chapping only a liquid can give. Being a liquid, Jergens Lotion quickly furnishes the enhancing moisture thirsty skin needs. Your hands absorb Jergens Lotion instantly, leaving no oily or sticky feeling.

Today's creamier, richer Jergens Lotion is better than ever. No other hand care keeps your hands so smooth; no other hand preparation protects them from red roughness so surely. Two softening ingredients doubtless responsible for skin care are in Jergens Lotion. Try richer, creamier Jergens Lotion today . . . keep your hands soft, feminine . . . adorable. (10¢, 25¢, $1.00)

Used by more Women than any other Hand Care in the World

Mrs. Tibbett's Glacier

Continued from page 21

shifted past it toward the table.

"Good morning, young man," the heap of blankets said.

"I beg your pardon," said Vic, halting in confusion. A tiny old lady straightened in the chair and craned her thin neck like a fledgling peering out of a nest. She twisted her head around toward him and blinked through a pair of wire-rimmed spectacles. It seemed to Vic that her gaze was hostile.

"My granddaughter tells me you're a scientist," she said. It was an accusation.

"Yes, madam," he said. "I've come here to make a study of your famous glacier."

"Well, there's no use bothering," Gram Tibbett said flatly. "A couple of other scientific fellows were here last year, they found out it was moving fast enough as it is without your finding out any worse."

"I've read their reports," said Vic, "but with due respect to my esteemed confreres, their findings were somewhat sketchy. It is my purpose to make an exact recording of its rate of movement."

"I don't see what good it'll do," Gram said, "except to worry everybody even more." She added casually, "How do you propose going about this, young man?"

"The most precise method," Vic explained patiently, "is by means of a geodetic theodolite, mounted on a concrete column poured directly on the rough bedrock surface. This graphs the glacial movement in seconds of arc and a simple calculation gives the advance of the ice."

"Hmph," she sniffed sceptically.

"Pending the arrival of my full equipment, however," Vic added, "I thought I'd run a few preliminary checks this morning by setting some iron stakes along the frontal edge and measuring the distance at regular intervals on the adjacent exposed bedrock."

"That's just how those other young fellows did," the old lady said. "What's the earthly use of doing [illegible] again? Can't you leave [illegible] alone?"

Vic bit his lip. "Perhaps you can set it down to a pardonable vanity," he said stiffly [illegible] walked past her to the table. [illegible] breakfast in uncomfortable [illegible] scious of a pair of steely [illegible] staring steadily into the back of his [illegible]. He stole another glance at Gram [illegible] the room: the blankets were piled high about her head, but he caught a glint of a pair of spectacles. [illegible] distinctly belligerent.

IT WAS dark when he [illegible] the roadhouse. He [illegible] full gallop, his hobnails [illegible] of gravel from the driveway. He banged open the door [illegible] against the jamb for a moment trying to catch his breath. "I've [illegible] news," he panted, "about the glacier."

Orie sprang to his feet, his [illegible] white. Lem stopped sweeping and [illegible] broom by the handle, ready [illegible] action. Only Gram remained [illegible] motionless in her rocking [illegible] gazing at Vic.

"I've just taken careful measurements," he continued, "and I've found out [illegible]."

"Oh, I knew it!" Lenore Tibbett wailed, standing in the dining room doorway and wiping her hands on her apron. "We got to hurry. It's coming!"

"On the contrary," said Vic, "it's going away."

There was a stunned silence.

"I checked it twice today to be sure," he announced to the lobby triumphantly. "My first measurement [illegible]. He took a notebook from his pocket [illegible] was at 10.15 a.m. The distance to stake number one was 66¾ inches. At 2.03 p.m., three hours and fifty minutes later, the distance was 66¾ inches, or a net loss of one eighth inch [illegible]."

Janet Tibbett had halted at the head of the stairs, listening.

"At 12.37 p.m.," he read, "the distance to stake number two measured

Continued on page 26

JASPER **By Simpkins**

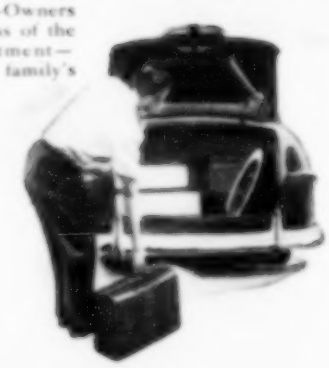
"Maybe I'm not using the right kind of wax."

Here's why Meteor Owners are MILES AHEAD!

Introduced only a few months ago, the new 1949 **Meteor** has already swept into popular favor throughout the country. Owners everywhere acclaim the new **Meteor**. It offers low operating cost; modern, youthful styling; deep-down driving comfort; dependable performance and remarkable ease of control—all *proven* through millions of miles on the road.

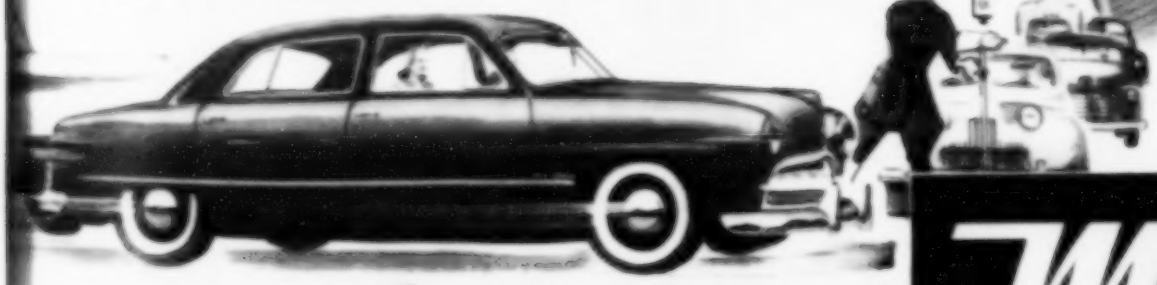
White sidewall tires optional at extra cost.

Miles Ahead in Convenience—Owners delight in the extra roominess of the deep-deck luggage compartment—plenty of space for the whole family's luggage.



Miles Ahead in Comfort—The new Meteor ride has thrilled drivers and passengers alike. Front wheels independently suspended. Seats are cradled between front and rear wheels. Through heat waves and into weather Meteor's dual-duct, built-in ventilation system has *proved* its efficiency.

Miles Ahead in Roominess—Drivers like the roomy, restful comfort of the Meteor. Rear seat is a full five feet wide. Modern, distinctive instrument panel has "black light" for easy night reading.



Miles Ahead in Performance—Meteor owners thrill to the sparkling performance of the *proven* V-type, 8-cylinder, 100 horsepower engine. Unmatched combination of power, acceleration and economy.

Be miles ahead with

Meteor

A PRODUCT OF FORD OF CANADA

MERCURY-LINCOLN-METEOR DIVISION
FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

FOR A DEMONSTRATION RIDE . . . SEE YOUR MERCURY-LINCOLN-METEOR DEALER

DOW presents

EVALUATED

MADE OF STYRON

FLUTO FLASHLIGHT

Here's a useful toy for boys and girls. Push the tail section on the light of Fluto mount flashlight a few times long — an Evaluated Toy by General Plastics Ltd. Toronto.

NOVELTY HEN

Brighten the parts with dark positive leather hair. Hen bank will hold a good supply of nuts or sands. This colourful decoration or toy is moulded of Styron by Reliable Plastics Co. Ltd. Toronto — An Evaluated Toy.

HOBBY HORSE AND DOLL

Kids is contrasting in Bon Bon Chair. The doll rides this sturdy rocking horse of polygen Styron. An Evaluated Toy moulded by Reliable Plastics Co. Ltd. Toronto.

KITCHEN SINK AND PUMP

Really pumps water. The little housewife will like this that looks like the real grown up article. Dishes included. Moulded of Styron by Dower Plastics Ltd. for Cheerio Toys and Games Ltd. Toronto — An Evaluated Toy.

STAKE TRUCK

This will charge the truck with its payload of eight farm animals. Rear-axle wagon and shafts are moulded of easy-to-clean Styron by Dower Plastics Ltd. for Cheerio Toys and Games Ltd. Toronto — An Evaluated Toy.

EVALUATED MADE OF STYRON

look for the trademark — it's your help!

DOW CANADA

DOW CHEMICAL OF CANADA LIMITED
704 Richmond Street West Toronto 1 Canada

Continued from page 24

[illegible] At 5.12 p.m., a total [illegible] the Tibbett Glacier was only 28¼ [illegible] "It's perfectly interesting to note [illegible] the connection," he pointed out [illegible] Vic's abrupt movement [illegible] glacier from the side to the middle of the most advanced part [illegible] Vic grumpled in a hoarse whisper.

[illegible] "I concluded," my companion [illegible] the Tibbett Glacier [illegible] wedding is in going [illegible] rate of speed that [illegible] have to make the [illegible] keep up with it."

[illegible] the floor with a [illegible] He gave a snap of joy and rushed out into the night. Vic was shaking [illegible] complacently, a grin [illegible] Lewis Tibbett [illegible] in the doorway, wiping [illegible] eyes with her apron. "Oh, I can't [illegible] weigh in mind. "We're [illegible]

[illegible] complacently. "And [illegible] excuse me," he said. "I [illegible] a preliminary report [illegible] in the morning has. Tomorrow after breakfast I'll check my measurements once more and compute the exact rate of movement. In the meantime," he turned to Lewis, who [illegible] "I trust you'll [illegible] tonight."

[illegible] Tibbett fell back a step as he [illegible] the door toward her. Her [illegible] "It isn't [illegible]

"I thought you, Miss Tibbett, there is no practical doubt," he [illegible] in her [illegible] "It's a fluid glacier."

"Fluid?" [illegible] Suddenly her voice [illegible] with haste. "My glacier's fluid?"

"[illegible] the dazed exhaustion of a straight man who has made a fool's struggle and then just [illegible] only to find it was not per dragon. [illegible] quickly [illegible] the upper [illegible] he repeated. "The dragon's all [illegible] I don't understand."

"[illegible] Vic. "Don't. You're a [illegible] you [illegible] Vic [illegible] understand [illegible] a glacier [illegible] and [illegible] I [illegible] a little girl I [illegible] this glacier [illegible] And [illegible] Her voice [illegible] suddenly. "[illegible] you're [illegible] it!"

She turned and ran [illegible] down the [illegible]

VIC WALKED down to breakfast [illegible] morning with a slow and [illegible] step. The former feeling of [illegible] was gone from the air and the [illegible] seemed strangely quiet. The [illegible] was deserted. He stood in surprise. This was not in his usual place [illegible] the door and Lewis's breath still [illegible] beside the door. The dining room was equally barren of life. There was no fire burning in the hearth and the place at the table had not been set. He hesitated, puzzled. A faint sound of activity came from the kitchen and he pushed open the door. Janet Tibbett was standing beside the sink, making a bowl of sour-dough batter.

"Good morning," he said after a moment.

She did not answer.

"I was just wondering about breakfast," he said politely. "Is your mother [illegible]

"Mother's in bed," Janet replied [illegible] "She has a headache and her back [illegible] and she's not going to get up today."

[illegible] He looked around the empty kitchen. "Where's Lewis?"

Lewis's gone for [illegible] He's gone to work either and [illegible]

"And your father?"

"Father," she said bri[illegible] "[illegible] drunk."

There was another un[illegible] silence. Janet stirred the bat[illegible] poured a spoonful into a [illegible] watched it sputter and begi[illegible] Vic shifted his weight fro[illegible] to the other.

"I'm sorry about last [illegible] Miss Tibbett . . . Janet," he [illegible]

She did not object. [illegible] encouraged.

"Janet," he repeated [illegible] gently. For a moment he [illegible] patting her arm, but decid[illegible] it. "I'm sorry my informati[illegible] you as it did."

Janet slid a spatula und[illegible] of the hot cake and flapped [illegible] the pan.

"After all, I was only [illegible] the facts," he pointed out in [illegible] "The measurements show [illegible] that the Tibbett Glacier [illegible] melting fast. You wouldn't [illegible] to ignore the facts," he [illegible] because of some little sentim[illegible]

"Oh, no," bitterly. "I w[illegible] expect you to do that." Her [illegible] were a deep blue. "A fact is more [illegible] to you than anything else in [illegible] You haven't any room for [illegible]" She slid the hot cake onto [illegible] "You're solid ice right to your heart. You'd never get soft. You [illegible] melt if you tried."

She shoved the plate into his hands. "Here," she said unevenly. "[illegible] better eat this before it gets cold [illegible]"

He stood holding the plate, his jaw sagging. The kitchen door [illegible]

VIC PICKED his way [illegible] along the frontal edge of the glacier in the direction of the first stake. It was uneven going: a morning mist hung low over the ice and the cracks and ridges were difficult to see until he was almost on them. The main body of the glacier was hidden entirely. Once or twice Vic paused and glanced above him uneasily; somehow he had the feeling that the glacier was watching him through the mist, sad-eyed and reproachful. He frowned at this sign of weakness and increased his pace.

He nearly stumbled over the first stake before he saw it.

Quickly he pulled off his gloves, knelt beside it and took a careful measurement. He glanced at his watch and recorded the data in his notebook. 8.03 a.m., 109 inches. His eye moved automatically to the entry he had made last evening. "6.42 p.m.," he read. "24¼ inches."

Vic leapt vidently as though he had been stung by a hornet. He crouched beside the iron stake and measured it again with trembling fingers. There was no mistake. In the space of ten hours the glacier had advanced seven feet two and three quarter inches.

He sank on a ridge of ice and tried to collect himself. The morning was cold, but his face was beaded with

Continued on page 28

MACLEAN'S

NADA PRODUCES SOME OF THE WORLD'S FINEST SALMON

When you taste salmon, exceptionally delicious and delicately flavoured, chances are it comes from the silver hordes spawned in the mighty Fraser and other mountain rivers of Canada's Pacific coast.

Why Seagram's sells Canada first

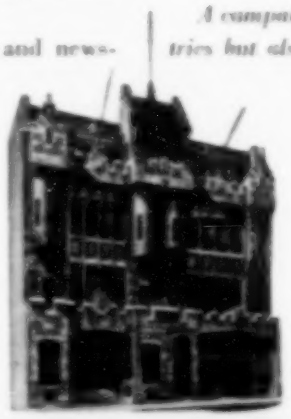
This is an adaptation of one of a series of advertisements designed by The House of Seagram to promote the prestige of Canada and help sell Canadian products to the markets of the world.

The campaign is appearing in magazines and newspapers published in various languages and circulated throughout the world. The peoples of many lands are told about the quality of Canadian products and see Canadian scenes illustrating these products.

The advertisements are in keeping with the belief of The House of Seagram that the future of each business enterprise in Canada is inextricably bound up in the future of Canada itself; and that it is in the interest of every Canadian manufacturer to help the sale of *all* Canadian products in foreign markets.

◆ ◆ ◆

A campaign such as this not only helps Canadian industries but also puts money in the pocket of every Canadian citizen. One dollar out of every three we earn comes to us as a result of foreign trade. The more we can sell abroad the more prosperous we will be at home. We can sell more and we will sell more when the peoples of the world are told of the quality and availability of our Canadian products. It is with this objective that these advertisements are being produced and published throughout the world.



The House of Seagram

BY APPOINTMENT PERFUMERS TO H.M. QUEEN MARY. YARDLEY LONDON

Yardley English Lavender
$1.25 to $6.50

Yardley English Lavender Talcum
65c a bottle

Box of 3 tablets
$1.35

Whenever hearts are young and youthful—you'll find the unaffected loveliness of Yardley Lavender

YARDLEY
ENGLISH LAVENDER

Continued from page 26

perspiration. He licked his moist lips. Perhaps he had set the stake carelessly last night in the dark. Perhaps he had jotted down the wrong figures. At least, he told himself, stake number two should correct the error.

Vic ran along the jagged ice toward his second stake. Even at a distance it looked suspiciously out of line. He knelt beside it, sensing the worst. The measurement was 437 inches. He took a deep breath and checked the previous entry in his notebook. 33 inches, or a net gain of thirty-three feet six inches. The evidence was irrefutable. The Tibbett Glacier had reversed its field during the night and was moving forward again with the approximate speed of a wild stallion.

He took out a cigarette and struck a match steadily. The match halted in mid-air. A few rods away, in the vicinity of the third stake, his ears detected the faint but persistent sound of chopping.

He whipped out the match and crept cautiously forward toward a higher ridge of ice. He raised himself to his full height and peered over the top. A diminutive figure in parka and mukluks was crouching in front of him, hacking a hole in the ice with a small hatchet. As he watched she picked up an iron spike lying beside her, set it in the hole she had just made and began packing the ice chips firmly around its base.

"I beg your pardon," said Vic.

The intruder dropped the hatchet with a little gasp and rose to face him. Beneath the parka hood Vic's amazed eyes caught the familiar glint of a pair of spectacles. He stared incredulously.

"May I ask, Mrs. Tibbett," he enquired after a moment, "what you are doing?"

"I'm changing your stakes," said Gram calmly.

"So I see," said Vic. A new thought struck him. "You seem to know just how to go about it. I take it this isn't your first attempt."

"Oh, no," said Gram. "I changed 'em on those other young fellows, too. Every time you scientists come around here trying to make trouble, I have to go out and change 'em again."

Somehow Vic had the feeling that he was being put on the defensive. He assumed a sterner tone. "And may I ask you why you are tampering with my personal property in this fashion?"

"I'll tell you why, young man," Gram replied. "I'm changing the stakes so this glacier will head in the right direction."

"But this is a receding glacier . . ."

"I know it is," she snapped. "I've known it for twenty years."

"And all this time," Vic accused, "your family has been living here in a state of nervous tension—"

"That's right," Gram nodded. "If it wasn't for their being scared, they wouldn't have lived here at all. Why do you think this family's stuck together so long? What do you suppose has kept Lem working here at a decent job instead of winding up broke in the Prospector's Home at Sitka? What do you suppose has kept Lessie from taking to bed with some of her imaginary complaints? What do you suppose has kept Orie sober all these years?"

"But . . ." Vic felt himself floundering. "You have no right to interfere with the course of science, just to keep a few people happy."

"Young man," said Gram, "you may know a lot about science, but what you don't know about people would fill all the bookshelves at Harvard." The lenses of her spectacles flashed. "Go ahead now and change your stakes back again. Send in your report. You don't care about people being happy. All you care about is being right."

She yanked the drawstrings of the parka hood tight beneath her chin, turned on her heel and [illegible] off with astonishing agility across the ice. Vic watched her thoughtfully as she disappeared in the eddying fog.

ORIE took another sip of bourbon, ate of soda and [illegible] dline on the counter before him. [illegible] towelful of cracked ice [illegible] throbbing forehead. "S[illegible] you go, Dr. Morley," he said [illegible] could stay longer."

"Thank you," Vic [illegible] taking a couple of bills from his wallet, "but I'm afraid I've done about all [illegible]."

"It was quite a shock [illegible] you brought us the news this morning," Orie sighed, "but I guess [illegible] all make mistakes once in a while." He rubbed his bloodshot eyes. "I w[illegible] not begin[illegible] ning to celebrate, too."

Lessie Tibbett drifted down the stairs, her dressing gown trailing. "At least, it's better to know the worst," she said. "I'd hate to be [illegible] lying in bed if that thing started coming."

"Well . . ." Vic glanced at his watch. "I'd better get out to the highway. The bus is due in a few minutes."

"Here, Doc, don't you bother with those grips." Orie banged the bell at his elbow. "Lem," he said. "the Doc's leaving."

Lem picked up the suitcase and led the way to the door. "Don't blame you," he grumbled over his shoulder. "Don't blame anybody for leaving this place. I'd leave myself if I dare."

Vic halted abruptly on the doorstep. Janet was standing in front of him, a curious smile on her face. "Vic."

"I won't be causing you any more trouble, Janet," he said a trifle cheerfully. "I'm about to recede. As soon as the bus arrives, I'll be extinct."

"Vic," she said in a low voice. "Don't leave."

He was not quite sure he had heard right. "What?"

"Vic," she said, moving closer to him. Her parka hood had fallen back against her shoulder and she was looking up into his face. Her eyes were a different blue. "Gram just told me . . ."

It seemed a long time later that Vic became aware of somebody shouting at him. "Hey, Doc." Lem was calling excitedly from the highway, "your bus is coming."

He lifted his head, still holding Janet tight in his arms. "I'm not taking the bus," he yelled in reply. "I'm sticking around a while to help look out for Gram. You never can tell about glaciers."

He thought, as he lowered his lips again to meet Janet's, that he caught the flash of a pair of spectacles from an upper window of the roadhouse. They did not seem hostile. ★

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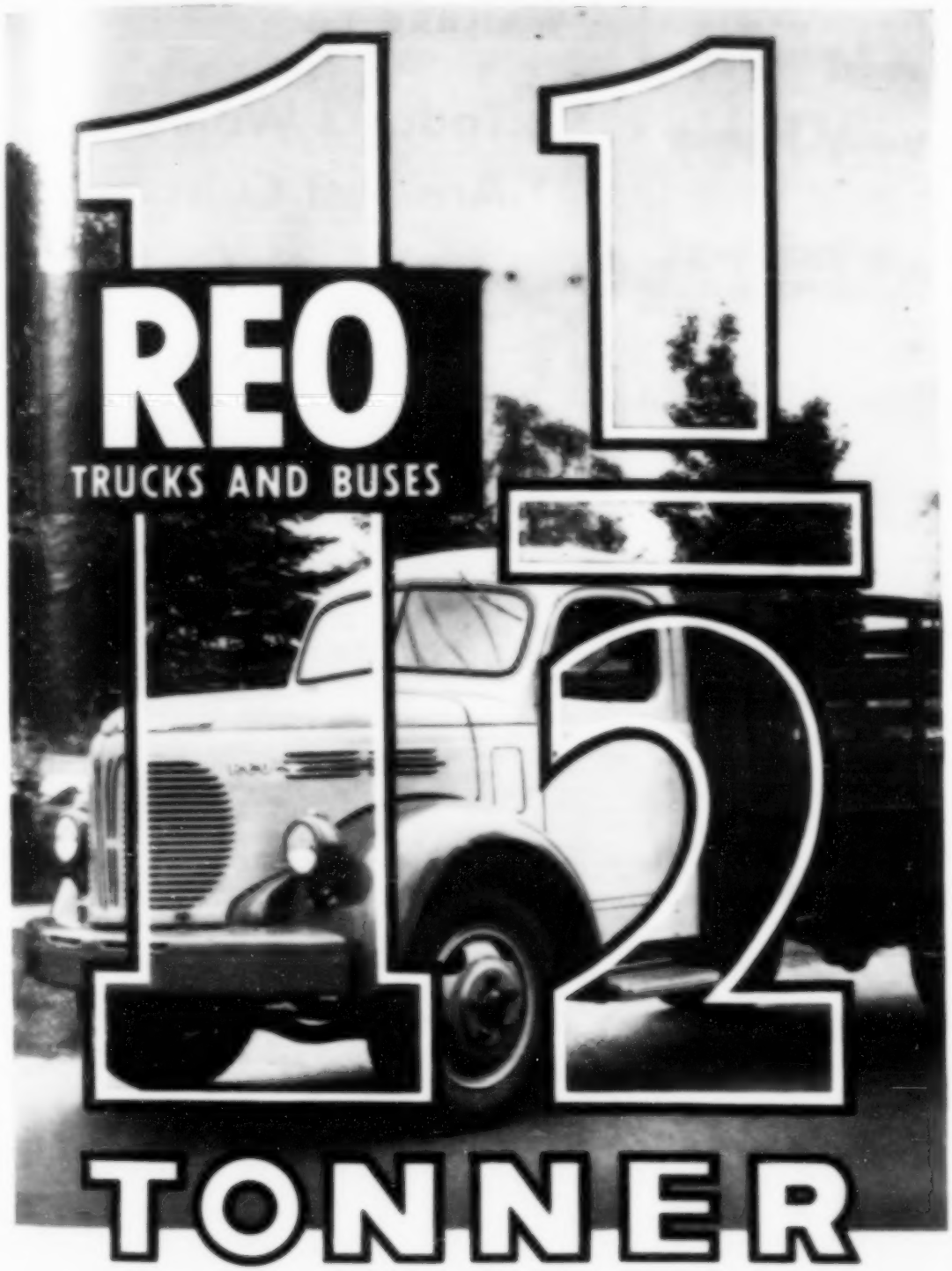


THE TRUCK OF MANY USES

Specially designed for the pickup market the new Reo 1½ Tonner is a truck built to do a truck's work. It provides adaptability and efficiency in a truck field where overloads and undue strain on lightweight units cause breakdowns, heavy repair bills and early replacement.

The Butcher

The Baker

The Farmer

The Grocer

The Florist

The Pick-up

The Produce Co.

The Hardware Store

You owe it to yourself to check the new Reo 1½ Tonner before you buy any truck. It has all the regular Reo features—exclusive "More-Load" design; Gold Crown engine; rugged basic construction; economical operation; all at a low first cost.

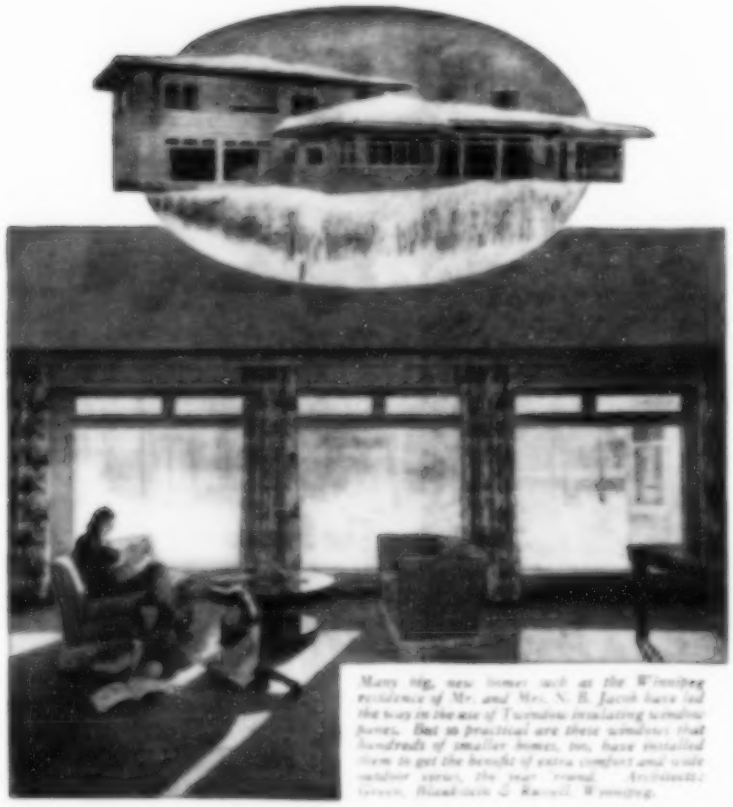
We make this challenge—you name the test and we'll make it. Just drop in at your nearest Reo representative and he'll be glad to meet any test you name. You owe it to yourself to check Reo before you buy any truck.

REO MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA LTD.,
Leaside, Toronto.

1949's Outstanding Truck Value — Reo 1½ Tonner

REO BUILT, SOLD AND SERVICED IN CANADA

Get more light and comfort into your home with *insulating* windows!



Many big, new homes such as the Winnipeg residence of Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Jacob have led the way in the use of Twindow insulating window panes. But so practical are these windows that hundreds of smaller homes, too, have installed them to get the benefit of extra comfort and wide outdoor views, the year round. Architects: Green, Blankstein & Russell, Winnipeg.

WHETHER your home is large or small, old or new, you can enjoy the advantages of Twindow insulating window panes. Twindow now comes in standard sizes, is easily installed. And the long-run cost is low compared to the pleasures you get.

Everyone likes to have lots of light and sunshine. Twindow gives you broad outdoor views, extra daylight every day of the year. In winter time your rooms are warm right up to the window panes; yet, you cut down heating costs thanks to Twindow's insulating properties.

Twindow consists of two or more panes of glass with sealed air between. It's permanent! A solid stainless-steel frame protects the glass; your assurance that Twindow's hermetic seal stays sealed! For complete information about Twindow ask any architect or write direct to Hobbs Glass Limited, London, Canada, Dept. 46-C.

TWINDOW

- Reduces heating costs
- Permits use of larger windows
- Virtually prevents condensation
- Maximizes favorable near windows
- Installs as simply as a single pane of glass
- Requires cleaning on only two surfaces
- **Made in Canada!**

Look to GLASS for better living—come to HOBBS for glass!

HOBBS GLASS PAINT

MAILBAG

Today's Wolves Are Just Cubs

The interesting article "Do Wheeling Wolves Bite?" Maclean's, Feb. 1, on the wonderful behavior of the unmolested mortgaged male states that "How the wolf got his name is anyone's guess."

The authentic answer will be found in the "Troubadours and Courts of Love," by Abbe Frederick Rowbotham, M.A. Oxford, and published in 1869.

"Pierre Vidal, a troubadour who followed Richard Cœur de Lion in the third crusade, [illegible] attached himself to Loarca de Penavarrey on his lady love, and was not content with singing her praises in the most high flown and extravagant style. [illegible] Remembering that her name Loarca means a she-wolf, he gave out that henceforth he would be called 'Lupo,' or 'the he-wolf.' Dressed himself in the skin of a wolf and offered to be hunted on the pretension by the dogs in that uncouth guise. [illegible] The extraordinary hunt began. Vidal flying in front in his wolf skin, but the dogs and the horses ultimately caught up with him. The unfortunate troubadour, wrapped so artfully in his wolf's hide as to defy detection from the real animal, was seized by the jaws of the howling packs of hounds, and tossed from one to the other as they worried him with barks and growls. The huntsmen coming up, offered to drive off the dogs, but to Vidal the hurting and the worrying were the climax of his self-sacrifice.

The unfortunate poet was almost killed by the ferocious animals who had seized him and with his last breath (for he was supposed to be dying) demanded to be carried to the castle of his lady love, whether he was brought to all appearances dead.

And the 1949 prototype merely whistle." Oswald Rogers, New Glasgow, N.S.

Canada and Russia

We cannot read Max Werner "Russia Won't Attack," Maclean's, Jan. 1, and not learn something about world affairs. Why not trade in a peaceful manner with the Soviet Union and learn to get along together? They are planting trees in the southern steppes, breaking prairies and drought changing the climate. Why can't we do these constructive things for Canada instead of shouting war? Very few Canadians can profit from war.

And so let us have more and more of such articles. Let us [illegible] also admit that in spite of the bloodshed and cruelty our policies have caused in Greece and in China and in Indonesia, the people are fighting for and winning freedom. Canadian pap[illegible] honest about news, and we [illegible] better for it. Mrs. R. [illegible] Rodd, Windsor.

Not Even Guinness

May I from this distance [illegible] with your correspondent [illegible] Badger of West Vancouver, on the subject of beer. As one who has done considerable research on the subject, and as a Canadian present [illegible] in England, I agree with the writer who said that Montreal beer was the strongest in the world. Before, during and after the war I have made a study of the beers of the British Isles, France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Portugal, Italy, Austria, Greece, Albania, Algeria, Denmark, Czechoslovakia, the United States and, incidentally, the various Canadian provinces.

I remember the buildup given me of the Guinness special export ale available only at their Dublin Brewery. After a special trip to make its acquaintance it turned out to be about as potent as "Forgie's Foam" of Ontario's 1.1 days.

My scouts tell me that Australian beer is stronger than the Montreal brew, but so far that is a second-hand opinion. Francis MacNamara, Weymouth, Dorset, England.

Blue Leafs?

I think your Feb. 1 cover was very good, but don't you think the Toronto player should be wearing a blue uniform? I've never seen the Maple Leafs wearing their white uniform on Montreal ice. A. Charbonneau, Montreal.

Leafs have two uniforms, always wear white playing blue-sweatered Rangers, may wear either playing other teams. "We have been wearing blue at the Forum," admits Coach Hap Day, "but I don't know why—there's no rule about it." The Editors.

Chinese Lawyer

Your article on Vancouver's Chinatown "What, No Opium Dens?" Maclean's, Jan. 15, is very interesting. But when the author states that there is only one Chinese lawyer in Canada he is mistaken. Last fall I was an onlooker in a court case in Portage la Prairie, and was struck by the complexion of one of the lawyers. I was told that he was Mr. C. W. Sing, a Chinese, and son of Chan Sing, owner of a Portage café noted for its steak dinners. Jos. A. Donaghy, Lavenham, Man.

Yellow Butter

I note that in your Feb. 1 editorial "Watch the Butter Lobby" you state "that butter itself is artificially colored at some seasons of the year."

Some years ago I worked in an Ontario creamery during two summer periods [illegible] May to September [illegible] and every day at least some butter color was added. So butter does not have

...pondly natural color as a ... nature even in summer. ... Montmount, Que.

CBC ... PR ... TV

... article in Jan. 15 Maclean's, "... Won't Let You Have ..." is to say the least a shock. ... comment says it costs too ... what?"

... people said the railroad was ... it would "bankrupt the ... never pay." The same was ... electric light when it was first ...

... won't cost any more than ... did, and we will see the ... without a sleeping car. Let's ... from coast to coast and get ... So, Mr. CBC and Mr. ... just sign here on the ... John R. McMullen, ...

Squ... and Grizzly

... Landing at Squaw Butte" ... Jan. 1, is a typical story of ... who made and are making ... Gray Campbell is a wonder- ... of the kind of men this ... proud of, the West spells ... kind of people.

"... Gentleman" is another fine ... same issue. T. F. Light- ... Lethbridge, Alta.

Sinister

Re "Canadionecdote" Maclean's Dec. 15: Why pay Larry Rogers $50 for bringing up those sinister allusions to the kind of climate they had in British Columbia way back in 1829?

Today there are only stumps and dead around what was once Fort Langley. There are no forests there

now to shut out the sunshine. There has developed a little problem of flood control, but that is another matter.

Speaking recently in The House of Commons a representative from British Columbia has said, "British Columbia has a climate equal to that of California." A Prairie Stubble Jumper, White Rock, B.C.

Court of Enquiry

I would like to write my appreciation for the article in Jan. 1 Maclean's giving an insight into the lives of those wonderful people, the TCA Airline hostesses. As a weary old air traveler with the RCAF for four years ... I get quite a kick out of your reference to the old Air Force lingo now being used by TCA personnel, and knowing that

I would feel quite at home, decided to grab a kite for a fast flip to Montreal. Imagine my horror when, upon my arrival at Toronto's own Malton Airport, I was confronted with a large sign over the door leading to the apron which read "TO THE AIR-PLANES."

On behalf of a thousand or more old-timers, hostesses, air crews, and educated passengers, I demand an immediate investigation. ... R. Donnell, Toronto.

Birdie!

Our whole family, father, mother, brother and I had a tough time with the quiz "Alphabet Golf" (Maclean's, Jan. 15). When we finally finished we found we were one below par. When we

checked, we found the difference was that you had credo and we had pedo; everything else was the same. Ruth McColman, Vancouver.

● Referring to your "Alphabet Golf" ... if your par is 38 I claim two "birdies." Number three you have choir but the shorter word is coir. This is made from coconut fibre and is used for making ropes and ships' hawsers. Number eight you have "aphid" but a shorter word is chid, past tense of chide. Frederick Watt, Provincial Magistrate, Guelph.

Oh Baxter, Oh Bennett

To reply to Beverley Baxter's private memo to his friend Geo. Drew (Maclean's, Jan. 15).

He says that as a British Tory M.P. he is not allowed any part in Canadian politics. In heaven's name what does he call this? If he has any words of courage for his friend Mr. Drew, why doesn't he write him personally? Mr. Baxter might inform his friend that what has crippled the Tory party in Canada has been boring from within and now from Mr. Baxter comes boring from without.

Not as he says Oh God, Oh Montreal, but Oh Bennett, Oh Bracken, Oh Toronto. W. J. Servage, Victoria.

● Re Beverley Baxter's "Memo to George Drew" (Maclean's, Jan. 15):

It would take more than Churchill's grandstand performance to win an election in Canada. Our politicians have to be all wool and a yard wide. Any "stunting" on the part of Mr. Drew or any politician here would not only be considered an insult to our intelligence but in very bad taste.

However, perhaps it is only the remote parts of Britain that are backward, as on the whole they did pretty well in their last general election, in spite of Churchill's clowning. A.M.C., Roblin, Man.

Fort Garry

Should we not have an article on the phenomenal growth of Winnipeg in recent years—or is it very hush-hush? I see by "Canadionecdote" (Dec. 15) that it now included Lower Fort Garry. When an ancestor of my wife's and an ancestor of mine combined to do the stone work on Lower Fort Garry it was rather more than 18 miles up the map but down the river from the gateway of Fort Garry where Winnipeg started. Only the gateway of this is preserved as a monument near Winnipeg station. Lower Fort Garry is leased as a country club and is in excellent condition. H. R. Clouston, Quebec.

An ambiguous sentence led reader Clouston astray.—The Editors.

Filling Prescriptions for Industry...

THE massive towers and pressure vessels of an oil refinery have their start as a "prescription in steel"—from the process engineers who are responsible for the design. From this point on, Dominion Bridge engineers and craftsmen take up the story—translating the designs into practical vessels which will stand up to the most rigid conditions.

If you would like to know something of the activities of Dominion Bridge in the highly specialized field of platework engineering, write for catalogue No. P-ML-100 to Box 220, Montreal, P.Q.

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Left: Imposing towers of Polymer Corporation's synthetic rubber plant at Sarnia, built by Dominion Bridge. One of these is 165' 4" high and is the largest ever built in Canada.

Below: Main unit of first fluid catalyst cracking plant in Canada, shown during erection. The four pressure vessels in this unit were fabricated by Dominion Bridge.

Process engineers: Canadian Kellogg Co., Ltd.

Three Thousand Nights on Wheels

Continued from page

wheels his biggest bogey is [illegible]. He is also on his guard against [illegible] ulcers arising from nervous [illegible] caused by the constant [illegible].

Soon after his breakfast [illegible] morning coffee in his [illegible] which separates the [illegible] from the club car and is so [illegible] is room only for standing [illegible] serves soft drinks from a [illegible].

The confinement in which [illegible] could induce slapdash [illegible]. But Ruffin produces everything [illegible] all the facilities of a good [illegible] him.

During the afternoons [illegible] sengers are given to dozing [illegible] account books to make up [illegible] is coffee and soft drinks and [illegible] again.

At any time on the 3,000-[illegible] passengers may ask Ruffin [illegible] on time?" He looks out of [illegible] into the Ontario bush, [illegible] Manitoba prairies, up at [illegible] Columbia Rockies, then at [illegible] and says, "Three minutes [illegible]" or "Twelve minutes [illegible]." He recognizes most contours [illegible] where the train should be at [illegible] moment.

Often he is guardian [illegible] traveling alone and nearly [illegible] finds some elderly woman glad [illegible] with the responsibility. He [illegible] the shy type of passenger [illegible] conversation by drawing them into sharing coffee tables. Sometimes he [illegible] sengers begin the journey in a flurry of warm comradeship and end [illegible] enemies.

Case of Scrambled Shoes

He keeps his eye on men who spend the entire journey in an alcoholic miasma, and on the parties which build up between men who have whisky in their compartments and women who are bored. If mixed parties keep quiet and do not offend the rest of the passengers they are left alone. If they become noisy he tips off the conductor.

He must do his utmost to remember what his passengers forget. He is always picking up after people. If many articles were lost he would fall under suspicion. So to protect his job Ruffin goes to great lengths in running things down.

Once he searched 12 hours for a woman's diamond ring, even looking in ventilators. He found the ring in the waste-pipe trap below the washbowl.

On another occasion he mixed by error the shoes of a Winnipeg lawyer and a Toronto businessman. The lawyer got off the train in the wrong shoes. The Toronto businessman couldn't get into the lawyer's shoes. Fortunately the Toronto man had another pair. Ruffin kept the Winnipeg man's shoes for three weeks before he was able to get out into the prairie city on a broken trip. He then delivered to the Winnipeg man his shoes, collected the shoes belonging to the Toronto man, and a couple of days later straightened the whole thing out.

Trains don't carry doctors deliberately, but Ruffin can never recall an occasion when he couldn't find one aboard in time of need.

"This is very encouraging," he says, "especially when women give birth to babies in my compartments. That happens occasionally, you know. I had twins once."

The best tippers, he says, are running men who like a drop to drink. At the end of a trip one handed Ruffin $50

"... you made a mistake, sir?"

"... me," said the mining man. "... from the gutter by way of ... ight ring and if anybody ... needs money most it's me." ... reckons that 50 cents per ... each 24 hours of journey is a ... average, tip. He expects a ... for unusual services.

... not used to traveling either ... mall or too big a tip. They ... ps out. But overtipping by ... obviously can't afford it ... uffin. "This is a little too ... know," he will say.

... not sure that the origin of ... "tip" springs from the initials ... ore Politeness," but he thinks ... idea. He makes a rite of ... l politeness in his job. That ... has the S.C.B.L. Car. He ... dollars a month more pay ... ordinary sleeping-car porters ... tips. "No porter can afford ... " he says.

... ow a point of remembering the ... good tippers. If he can wel- ... ssenger into his car by name ... pays off. He seems to know a ... the business of many pas- ... Off duty porters gossip about ... and build up fairly accurate ... on their financial status and ... backgrounds.

... Once or twice Ruffin has overheard ... ations between politicians and ... information later in the news- ... papers. "I've been given stock market ... tips ... " he says. "But I got one ... tip too many. I've left the markets ... alone since then."

Ruffin says he has acquired a few ... investments. During the war he did well. He found army officers generous but they created a lot of extra work with drinking parties. Occasionally officers used to get left behind at small stations after getting off the train to buy beer. Ruffin has had some big tips for looking after their kit and leaving messages as to where they could pick it up. When his train, with berths all filled, picked up officers left behind by preceding trains he would find them some corner in which to nap and rustle up odd bits of shaving tackle for them.

Quote From Tallulah

Solitary club-car passengers sitting up late often keep Ruffin out of his bed chatting. But he enjoys this. He likes telling them about Negroes. He has the whole history of the Negro race in North America at his finger tips, from the landing of the first slave in 1619. He knows all the biographical details of Marian Anderson, Joe Louis, Paul Robeson and Ralph Bunche, who had the top United Nations post in Palestine.

To people who are surprised to find he isn't just a youthful edition of Uncle Tom he quotes what Tallulah Bankhead said to Lena Horne, the sexy night-club singer who battles harder than most of her color for racial equality: "My dear, you aren't a typical Negro with your patrician features. To me the dearest kind of Negro is the little coal-black girl down on daddy's plantation. So natural! So gay! Not going around angry and fighting all the time the way you do."

He cites this incident because he finds most white people labor under the illusion that Negroes take persecution lying down. He says the average white doesn't realize how strongly Negroes are united for self-protection. Ruffin, however, doesn't believe in raising a ... about "the poor downtrodden Negro." He prefers a calm, slow ... of prestige through education ... example.

Canadian Negroes, says Ruffin, enjoy a greater sense of security than United States Negroes: "I know that if I had an altercation with a white man that ended in court I would get a just hearing. In some parts of the United States I would be judged guilty before the proceedings opened." He instances a recent case of a Negro who was found not guilty of murdering an English war bride in the Maritimes. "Cases like that," he says, "make me proud to be Canadian."

Ruffin was born in Chicago, where his widowed mother still lives. His father was a house painter. The family moved around and one of his several schools was St. Benedict the Moor at Milwaukee, Wis. where he was converted to Roman Catholicism.

He left school when he was 16 and became a waiter, meanwhile attending night school. Then he got a job as a sorting clerk in a Chicago post office. Next he tried selling insurance for a Negro company. But he couldn't make a living at it and went back to waiting.

Promotions for 1 in 100

At 22 he started as a porter with the Chicago North Western Railway on the Chicago-Omaha run. He switched later to the Santa Fe's Chicago-Los Angeles route.

In 1926 he bought a partnership in a complex business, Negro cosmetics. So many shades of face powder and creams, so many lotions for straightening wire-spring hair are required for the multihued polyglot Negro race that Ruffin soon quit.

He started his own rug-cleaning business, but lacked capital and that fizzled. While unemployed he got a postcard from a colored friend writing from a place he had never heard of before—Moose Jaw, Sask. This friend said he had put in a word for Ruffin with an official of the CPR at Winnipeg. Ruffin headed north and was hired. After a year he transferred to the CNR. That was in 1928. He has been with the CN ever since. His former partner stuck with the cosmetic business and is now a rich man.

There is only one form of promotion for Ruffin within CNR employ—that is to Negro porter instructor. His chance of reaching this position is one in a hundred.

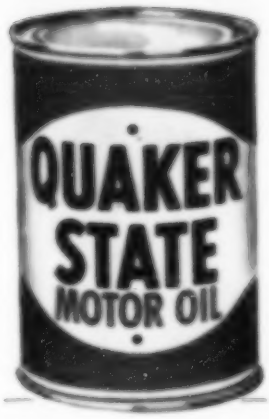
The railways, he says, treat porters well. But they don't let them become anything else but porters. If they can make the white man's bed, why can't they collect his ticket? They cannot become dining-car stewards, yet they can serve coffee and sandwiches from a buffet. Is this logical? Ruffin asks.

Ruffin and his wife occupy a four-room apartment over a beauty shop on Toronto's busy College Street. Ruffin, whose landlord is a Jew, says Negroes find more sympathy among Jews than among other Caucasian races. The apartment is better than many white people can find or afford. It is clean, comfortably furnished and ideal for a childless couple like the Ruffins. All round the room are family photographs.

Several are of young males in the Canadian and United States armies. Some show that certain cousins, nieces and in-laws are almost white.

Mrs. Ruffin, who is 10 years younger than her husband, has a much bigger proportion of white blood. She has Spanish forebears.

At home Ruffin does a lot of reading. He subscribes to well-known Negro newspapers. The subject he studies most is race relations. His little library contains works like "Kingsblood Royal," by Sinclair Lewis, "Color Blind," by Margaret Halsey



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"Strange Fruit," by Lillian Smith, "The Negro in Art," by Alain Locke, and "Brothers Under the Skin," by Carey McWilliams.

He attends lectures sponsored by the Universal Negro Improvement Association. Ruffin says it is educational rather than political. White and colored speakers are regularly invited.

Politically, Ruffin says, he is Liberal, but can see some good points in the CCF. Strongly anti-Communist, he fears the consequences of Communist agitation among his race.

Don't gather from this he is an academic type. He roars as loudly as anyone at the baseball and hockey games. During the World Series he refused to leave the radio to answer the telephone in case he missed a home run.

He likes to spend evenings in his apartment talking with colored friends, and white friends too, of the Negro's problems. His colored friends include priests of his own Roman Catholic faith, clergymen who drop in to chat with his Methodist wife, an insurance inspector, several boxers and dance-band musicians from the United States, colored Canadian undergraduates who do summer vacation work on the railroads and many of his fellow porters. The majority of his white friends are Jewish neighbors.

Ruffin gets on well with the West Indian Negroes, but their cricket games in Toronto pain him. "Right bang in the middle of the game, just when I'm getting to understand it, just when it is getting really exciting, they put down their bats and stop for a cup of tea!"

Ruffin speaks softly and sometimes with eloquence. He never rants; his biggest gesture of emphasis is a sharp slap of the knee when he makes a point. There is a tinge of purple in his cheeks when he wrestles to control his anger.

And although he likes Canada, he still finds some Negrophobia here.

During the last year of the war Ruffin took his wife into a Toronto hotel for a glass of beer. The waiter refused to serve them. The manag[illegible] said the owners did not wish for N[illegible] patrons. Ruffin went to a lawye[illegible] wanted to sue. The lawye[illegible] him it was not worth while.

The Ruffins also once [illegible] admission to the Palace Pa[illegible] when Duke Ellington [illegible] there.

"Discrimination is not [illegible] was," he says. "But there [illegible] places still where the Negr[illegible] feel uncomfortable. Our [illegible] stick to those places wh[illegible] welcome and forget about [illegible] Wherever we go, however, [illegible] be on the lookout for places [illegible] might snub us. It is li[illegible] through a plantation withe[illegible] a tree. It is a steady pres[illegible] nerves. It calls for great s[illegible]

Ruffin adds: "The whi[illegible] afford lapses from social [illegible] we can't. When a white [illegible] in court for rape, it is ju[illegible] crime. When a colored man [illegible] the same charge, it is a race [illegible]

"Even the most tolera[illegible] he says, "share one great misconception. They think Negroes seek the society of whites. This is not true. I prefer some whites to some coloreds and I prefer some coloreds to some whites. Nobody goes for social enjoyment where he is not wanted. As Negroes all we ask is intellectual and commercial recognition. We say that those Negroes who can make the grade should not be debarred from higher forms of employment."

Recently 500 young West Indian Negroes exercised their privileges as British subjects and moved en masse to settle in England. The immigration authorities did not raise a finger to stop them. They carried British passports. "It is wonderful," says Ruffin, "to think that I, as a British subject, could do exactly the same thing. But I'm not sure that is the right way to go about bettering our lot. We've got to solve our problems in our own back yard." ★

Requiescat in Pace

By C. O. Christensen

In the spring a young man's fancy
Gets a lot of public eye;
Why not heed another pundit:
Let the sleeping doggerel lie!

CARTOON BY MEL CRAWFORD

Any Offers, Girls

By JOHN LARGO

DETROIT (AP) — Blond, 19-year-old Georgie Martin, a girl who never had a steady boy friend, offers herself in marriage for $7,000. The young Detroit secretary intends to use the money to aid her impoverished family and to finish a college education, her father said. — News Item.

AND there was that cute blond widow who was holding out for 10 grand . . . Look, kiddies, this sort of thing has to stop. You'll price yourselves out of the market.

Besides, you're giving the game away. A man marries because he sees all the other men marrying. It's a chain reaction, like the atomic bomb; but a woman marries so she can quit working and get into the easy money. Everybody knows that. Every man knows it, anyway. At least, *I* know it. But petite people (that is, men) have for the past 50,000 years pretended to overlook the true motives of females, for the sake of peace.

Girls, it's suicide. Sure, Miss Martin gets full credit for honesty, but then nothing cripples a good marriage so much as honesty. You've got to play your cards as if you hadn't dealt them off the bottom of the pack. Every girl has an impoverished family — or, at least, the family suddenly becomes impoverished as soon as the poor guy gets back from Niagara Falls. But you have to break him in gently to the facts of family life.

"Darling," you say, coiling a lock of his hair around one of your steel-like fingers, "darling, Poppa has lost a lot of money on his automatic potato-eye injector. He needs five grand, fast."

"Five grand," your fell guy murmurs dreamily. In his bemused condition "fast" time is something less than a tip to the bellhop bringing ice water. "Will it please the, darling, or does he want some?"

"Oh, your cheque is good with Poppa," you giggle in your sweet, Hershey, Godiva. "Oh, darling, you have the loveliest savings account!"

"We've even had . . .

Then he gets a kiss. One kiss, five if you know a church bazaar where you can get kissed for a buck, but let it go at that. If we peep into the future as far as I can see, namely, about as far as next Tuesday, we find something like this happening:

SCENE: *A back-alley office, simply furnished in Louis Quinze with a lot of gold calcy and a carpet six inches thick, tastefully studded with diamonds. At the desk an amiable rascal is counting bank notes. He looks happy. He is a bachelor. The office door swings open, showing a gold-lettered sign on the outside: "Black-Market Brides. Sneak In." A young man enters, sneaking his way through the carpet. He speaks.*

YOUNG MAN: Jake sent me. Are you Sam, the bride broker?

SAM: Yep. Are you buying or selling?

YOUNG MAN: My name is Smith. I'm buying. But I can't go higher than 10 grand.

SAM: *(with sympathy)*: Ten G's won't get you much on today's market, buddy. I guess you've found that out. Why, widows with four children are retailing at $15,000.

SMITH: It's the inflation. Jake thought you might be able to help me. Have you got anything in my price range?

SAM: *He thumbs through file cards.* Let's see . . . How about Lulubelle, only three children, two parents and an uncle. She's working her way through dental school. Wants $12,000, but might come down to 10 for the right guy.

SMITH: Age?

SAM: She's 40, near as you can tell. Still sound, though, except for a bug spavin in the left leg.

SMITH: *(gloomily)*: I don't think I'd like my wife to be a dentist. I'd be afraid to smile for fear she'd pull a tooth.

SAM: Yes, there's that. Still, you can't be too choosy. It's a seller's market. Here's Millie, unmarried, three spinster sisters and a dog aged 14 called Spots. Nice kid, too. If I wasn't a bachelor myself . . .

SMITH: How old?

SAM: Oh, 50ish. But for 10 grand I don't think you could do much better. Do you like dogs?

SMITH: Not to cry over.

SAM: *(closing his files)*: Tough case. Look, why don't you go around and see Mad Mike? He might be able to do something for you. He's got good connections.

SMITH: In what way?

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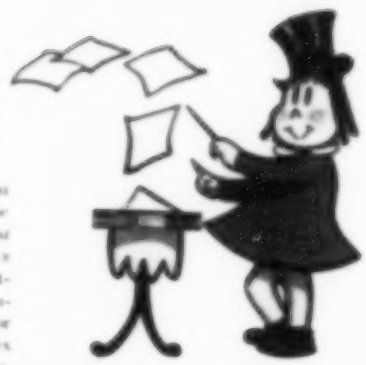
Hold a Kleenex Tissue against your face. Feels soft as a bunny — smooth as silk! That's because a special process keeps this quality tissue extra soft. So caressing to delicate skin. Such a blessing for sniffle-sore noses!

You won't find any weak spots in Kleenex — so when you take cold, or take off coldcream, don't take just "tissues". Insist on gentle Kleenex — the brand that gives strength and absorbency you can *depend* on!

STRONG!

POPS UP!



Only Kleenex gives you the handy Serv-a-Tissue box! You can pull *just* one double tissue at a time (not gobs, not a fistful!) and up pops another. Always ready for dozens of uses, Kleenex saves time, trouble, tissues.

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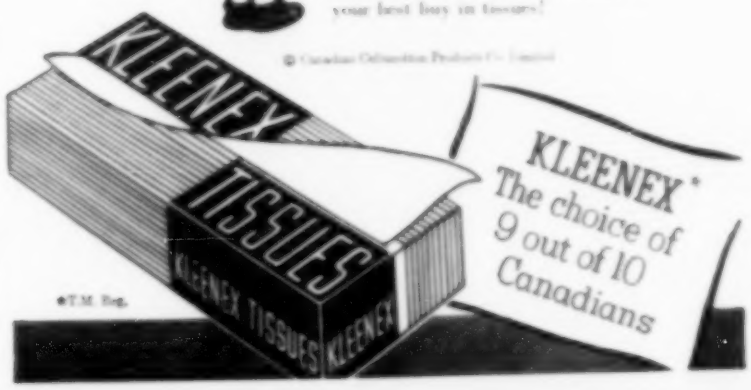
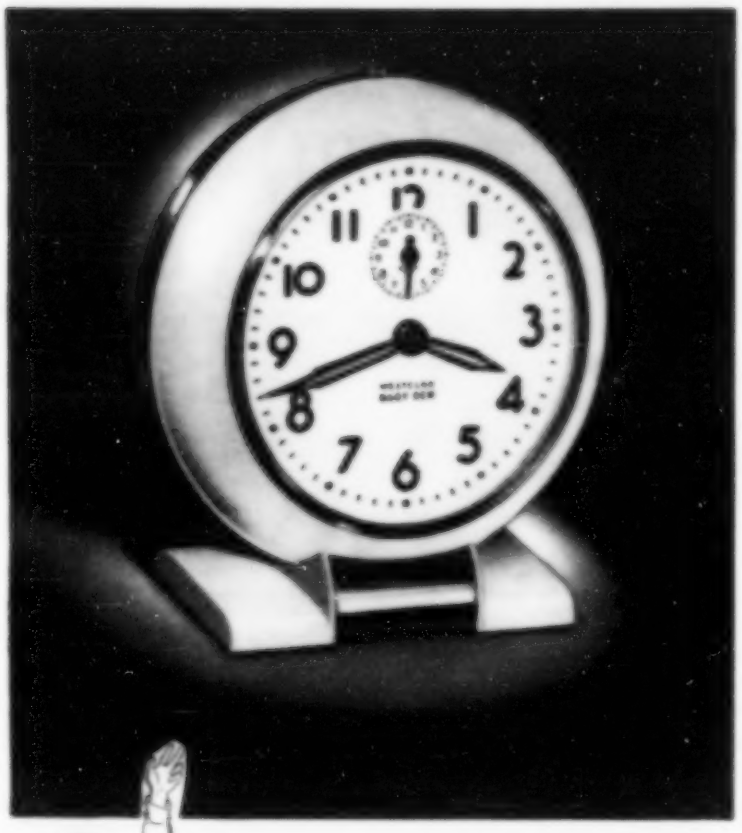


*T.M. Reg.



YES, SIR, THAT'S MY BABY. He's Baby Ben, the smart little brother of Big Ben. His tick is quiet as a kitten on a rug. His alarm calls loudly or softly, as you wish . . . and his dependability is the kind that has made Westclox the best known name in clocks.

(Black or ivory finish, $[illegible] with luminous dial, $[illegible])

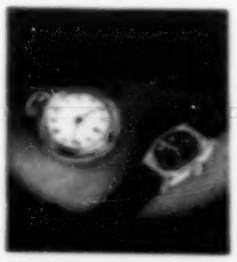
WESTCLOX

Baby Ben

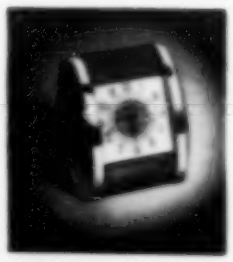
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF **BIG BEN**

Western Clock Company Limited, Peterborough, Ontario

BIG BEN Loud Alarm has a tick you can hear. And he wakes the heaviest sleeper with his "five alarm" call that rings intermittently. Black finish, $6.25; with luminous dial, $6.45.



POCKET BEN Easy-to-read dial, handsome nickel plated case, $3.25*; luminous dial, $4.25*. **WRIST BEN** Chrome finish case with stainless steel back, $7.25*; with luminous dial, $8.25*.



TRAVALARM An exceedingly old-fashioned gift, this clever little alarm clock has a sliding front shutter and an easel back. Luminous dial. Black finish, $[illegible]; ivory finish, $7.95.

(*Luxury Tax Extra)

SAM (*whispering*): He might be able to get you one wholesale.

But it won't come to that. No bride will ever bring $10,000 on the open market. The law of supply and demand would bring the price down to around 10 cents bid, 11 cents asked, in short order. Why? Because the sales tag is on the wrong pair of feet. Instead of selling, girls, you should be buying.

When a man gets married he gives up his freedom and buys a headache. When a woman gets married she just gets married. In the old days (and they were good, believe me) decent women acknowledged these facts and presented hubby with a dowry (read bribe) as well as their own rather doubtful selves.

There used to be some fine and fancy horse trading between the cautious groom and the bride's desperate father, who knew that his produce was a drug on the market. The groom held out for all the traffic would bear and sometimes it was plenty, though probably never quite enough at that.

What happened to the old-fashioned dowry? Well, it's still used in the more advanced parts of the world, but in our western civilization there's been a mass female pincers movement. Waving the slogans, "Women of the World, Unite," and "A Man In Every Pot," the Women's Underground has talked the dowry out of common usage on the grounds that it was unfair to women without money. So it was, but then a bride without shekels is like castor oil without orange juice.

Brace yourselves, girls, I'm starting a counterpush. The him who plucks me off the vine will have to pay through her cute little upturned nose, and don't try to sweet-talk me out of it, either. I'm going to cost plenty.

My family isn't impoverished. I am. You won't have to support my ageing parents, but you'll have to support me and I do like to eat big [illegible]

I'm lousy with good [illegible] though. I'm worth ev[illegible] going to cost the lucky gi[illegible]

For example, and just [illegible] diminutive minds at rest, [illegible] steady girl friend. Girl fr[illegible] without exception they [illegible] tion of the unstendiest [illegible] to anthropological scienc[illegible]

There was Trixie. (Y[illegible] well know these thing[illegible] kindergarten I used to se[illegible] to Trixie, using the back [illegible] A cute blond number, but [illegible] her when another girl w[illegible] Trixie was six years old [illegible] day, and she was certainly [illegible]

Then there was Mehit[illegible] Spanish type I encounte[illegible] grade. I brought her an [illegible] day for four months, onl[illegible] later that she had sold ev[illegible] 10 dozen (good McIntosh [illegible] the black market and [illegible] herself into Consolidated [illegible] Smelting with the proceeds.

Reading from left to rig[illegible] ward and upward, there [illegible] Sally, Mary Ann (not Ma[illegible] was a sister of Helen), Ger[illegible] had hands on the hands on [illegible] Susan, Mary Lou (not M[illegible] Louise (in Hollywood now, [illegible] a canning factory. She [illegible] most of the time, I remembe[illegible] Margie, Sonya . . . Fine girls, every one of them, but not quite [illegible] a one-legged alcoholic in a high wind.

So better grab me, girls. I am [illegible] feet tall, 175 pounds, and considered handsome by myself. The first 20 grand gets me. I don't think that's too much. Say, 10,000 down, and I'll take your note for the rest, if your security is satisfactory.

I might shave the price for the right girl. I guess I'm just a sentimental fool, way deep down. ★

The Name Is Familiar

Maclean's Quiz by Gordon Duston

THREE hundred years ago Shakespeare's Romeo asked, "What's in a name?" and just the other day, Al Capp's Li'l Abner supplied a pertinent commentary when he observed, "Amoozin' but confoozin'!" The names of these people—all real, but some dead—often are "confoozin'!" How many of these pairs can you identify?

1. Daniel Webster and Noah Webster.
2. Karl Marx and Harpo Marx.
3. Charles Edward Stuart and Reginald Stewart.
4. Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Gioacchino Rossini.
5. Isaac Newton and John Henry Newman.
6. Edvard Grieg and Milton Gregg.
7. Washington Irving and Sir Henry Irving.
8. Bacchus and Bach.
9. James Watt and Isaac Watts.
10. Winston Churchill and Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill.
11. Tyrus R. Cobb and Irvin S. Cobb.
12. Oscar Straus and Johann Strauss.
13. Marshal Ney and Richard Ney.
14. Eduard Benes and Jack Benny.
15. Thomas Moore and Sir Thomas More.

Answers on page 45

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No Hunting Allowed

Continued from page 11

said. "I'm just visiting my Aunt Callie in town. I might decide to live here permanently, though. You ever eat any Brunswick stew?"

The dark unknown man assumed a listening attitude. Dave listened too, but all he heard were the crows and the hounds baying. The man eyed Dave again. "Brunswick stew," I can't say I ever ate the stuff, bright-eyes. What's with Brunswick stew?"

"Aunt Callie makes it with squirrel," Dave said. "Listen, you live this place, or just work here, or what?"

"Or what," the dark man said helpfully. "One thing about it, Dave knew he wasn't a squirrel hunter. Who ever heard of hunting squirrels, anyway, a second off. Middle-aged, bespectacled, "dangerous" Professor-type guy, worked for the other guy—and they had seen Dave. Dark man's clear brain said that came down, so you bet, he was analyzing what exactly had enthusiasm just stood to lower, climbing on general errors.

Listen," Dave said, giving the man which he hoped was a winning smile. "I can explain the whole thing. I'm not actually hunting on your prop."

The dark man was listening, but not to Dave, and his eyes said shut up. Dave shut up and the dark man rubbed his chin-stubble and cocked an ear, but aside from the fact a small breeze rustled poplar leaves again, the sounds were the same as before, crows and hounds. Then just as Dave was about to go ahead explaining the whole thing in simple concrete terms, there was a new sound. Somebody was stumbling through the underbrush.

Then a female voice with overtones of hoarseness and strength said, "Lenny, you answer me! I know you can hear me. You answer me, Lenny!"

"A dame," the dark man hissed, his black eyebrows going up in surprise. He motioned with his shotgun, which Dave took to mean he should be as silent as the tomb. Then, reaching out to the nearest cotton bush, the dark man shook it vigorously.

Well, an important wave. Mildred Noble came thrashing into the somar covert and pulled up short, with appropriate surprise, at sight of Dave and the man with the scatter-gun. She put a hand to her mouth and stared at them big-eyed, while with her other hand she plucked absently at the cocklebur on her sweater.

"Jump up, babe," the dark man said, moving the gun so that its two ominous black eyes stared at the girl. Dave looked uneasily from the dark man to the schoolteacher. What was going on here after all? Why should the guy threaten poor, shapely little Mildred Noble?

"Sorry," Dave exclaimed. "I don't believe you own this place, or work here, or anything. And you're no hunter, either. What's your game?"

"Tango. What's yours?"

"I've got news for you," Dave said belligerently. "You're not funny."

The dark man looked at Mildred Noble, but the scatter-gun boomed its underlining, signed of Dave's mudriff.

"He don't think I'm funny, babe," the dark man complained. Then to leered at Dave some more. "You got quesion, bright-eyes?"

"I have," Dave said, trying to ignore the scatter-gun. "For instance—"

"I wouldn't," the dark man said, and Dave could see muscles twitching in his unshaven cheeks. "You might ask the wrong question and I might not like it."

"For instance," Dave said doggedly, "I would like to know—"

"And if I didn't like it, I might shoot you full of little round holes—" muscles jumping, the dark man watched Dave sit down again. "How do you feel, bright-eyes?"

Dave said he didn't feel very—come to think of it, and the—became interested in Mildred. "What's your racket, babe?" he—to know. "You don't look like—to join up with a posse."

Posse? What posse? A posse—group of armed men who—looking for. "Some things—place in Dave's befuddled brain started feeling very unhappy.

He listened glumly as—explained to the dark man—picnic her class was having—Lenny had gone off with his—and she couldn't find him.

The dark man displayed—of interest in the picnic. Here—seen the kids and which direction—didn't babe think it was—off and leaving a bunch of—the woods like that?"

Mildred said it was—hundred yards along the—no she didn't feel she'd been—since she left Olga Miller—Olga being very good at—things, and a year older than—children.

Dave, looking at the little—teacher, decided that she was—on the brink of going to pieces. He thought, "As who isn't?"

The dark man got up and—watching Dave and Mildred—flickering eyes. The crows—the hounds bayed nearer, and—door skimmed out about where—gulls crossed the road.

"Let's take a little walk, just—three of us," the dark man suggested and nobody raised a dissenting—"A real careful, quiet walk," the man in charge added, "without—Dave got up and broke trail through the sumac for the girl, who was—only in a daze, which seemed—enough to him. Any girl who would—herself become engaged to Uncle Elwood must surely be in some kind of a trance. Especially since she wasn't at all bad-looking. Especially in slacks and sweater.

THEY were very quiet, the three of them. The man with five o'clock shadow brought up in the rear, carrying Dave's .22 rifle in the crook of his left arm and holding the shotgun in his right hand. When he gave an order his voice was low and flat, but when Dave looked over his shoulder he saw the dark man's eyes flicking left and right, in a jumpy, furtive manner, and a cold chill invaded the back of Dave's neck. If somebody yelled boo that gun would very likely start pulling triggers. Dave hoped nobody yelled boo.

They came to the gulls, with its shallow stream of water, and the—called a halt while he worked something out in his mind. Dave was trying to work something out in his own mind and kept arriving at the conclusion it would be folly to jump the dark man.

Judging from her expression, Mildred Noble was trying not to think. Poor kid, Dave thought. She was still feeling with the cocklebur in her sweater.

"Let's go," the dark man said. Sliding down the bank, Dave noticed the crows had stopped their racket overhead, but the baying of the hounds was louder. He helped Mildred down the steep cut. She was, he discovered, not at all heavy. The dark man came down the bank and stepped into the shallow water.

"Move," he said. They moved, and he followed them, sloshing through the water. At first Dave thought—pretty stupid, as how could—

Continued on page 30

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Continued from page 38

[illegible] and fast, but then he figured maybe it wasn't stopped after all.

It was dark water where the guy called another half and requisitioned Dave's shoes which looked to be too big for him. After that the man started going in the shallow water in Dave's shoes with his own soggy ones under his arm. That made plenty of noise, too. Dave, although he wasn't exactly about getting barefoot in the cold water.

"How much further to where the kids are?" the dark man asked. And Mildred said she guessed it was about fifty yards, and the dark man said, gently, he could hear them now, it must be about fifty yards. Then he said [illegible] and he, so they climbed out of there. Dave once more marking himself useful to the teacher. When they had scrambled on the lip of the gully the dark man took stock and Dave wondered what would happen if he tried to catch the guy off guard and launch a flying tackle. He would probably keep flying only with a harp and halo, he decided.

"Straight ahead," the dark man said at last. They marched off at right angles to the gully, into a grove of trees. In the middle of the heavy growth was a small clearing, open on the gully side, and lying across the far side was a giant, spreadout pagoda. It was rotten and almost obscured by bushes and weeds, and where the roots had been torn from the ground there was a hole three or four feet deep and roughly the shape of a beach chair, partially overhung by the dead roots.

With glittering eyes the dark man examined the hole under the roots. "Okay, babe, call them kids," he said. Mildred Noble looked at him blankly and he swung the leather gun and said call the kids.

It was, Dave thought, almost as if she had been asleep and someone had poured cold water on her face. She shook herself and stared at the dark man her cognomen gone.

"What are you going to do?" she asked nervously. "Why do you want me to call them?"

"We're going to have a nice, friendly little picnic," the dark man said. "If you do like I say, nobody gets hurt. If you don't do like I say, everybody gets hurt, too."

"What if I refuse to call the children?" Mildred asked in a voice that tried to be steady and brave but was neither.

"You won't," the dark man said, and his voice hung icicles along Dave's spine. "But if you did I would wrap this gun around your pretty little head and do likewise for bright-eyes here. You figure you'll call the kids, sister?"

The girl took a deep, unsteady breath and nodded. "All right," she said. "But you won't hurt them? You said you wouldn't hurt anybody if—"

"Like I said, sister, if everybody acts nice nobody gets hurt. Now call them kids."

What would happen, Dave wondered, if he made a sudden, all-out attack? "You'd miss the picnic," he told himself. A part of his mind, the decent but under the circumstances foolhardy part, said don't let her call the kids. But the part that was in charge of self-preservation told him to keep his big trap shut.

Mildred Noble took another deep breath and called the kids. In the silence that followed Dave could hear the dogs. They sounded farther away, and off in a different direction now. They were mad. Maybe the dogs didn't smell what he had thought they smelled. They could be foxhounds, or [illegible] dogs, maybe. Also in the silence the three of them [illegible] the children's voices faintly [illegible] an answer come. Mildred N[illegible] for the children to bring [illegible] lunches and come over here [illegible]

Irrelevantly, Dave wondered what had become of Leroy, the first mob. Also he wondered, [illegible] irrelevantly, if he would [illegible] Aunt Callie's Brunswick stew.

A thin, girlish voice proclaimed Miller who was good at [illegible] things for the teacher, and Miss Noble, and all of the [illegible] voices sounded in a faint [illegible] laughter and chatter. [illegible] heart sank rapidly, leaving [illegible] quivering vacuum in his chest.

"Okay, now here's the [illegible]," the dark man said. "I'm getting hole. You two have the kid[illegible] the chow in the clearing here [illegible] real picnic, see. It better be [illegible] real picnic when the boys [illegible] get here. Anybody makes [illegible] noise, or gives the boys a [illegible] and I'm nervous, see. I'm [illegible] over here in this hole with my [illegible] gun pointed at all them [illegible] kids. I'm liable to turn [illegible] backsaw, see. Now we don't want anything like that to happen, do [illegible]"

Dave shook his head [illegible] and Mildred Noble stared at the dark man with horror-filled eyes. Dave's [illegible] gaze drop to the man's terrible [illegible] off shotgun, and her knees [illegible] to buckle and she slumped to the [illegible] with her hands pressed over her [illegible] and for one awful moment he thought she was going to have hysterics.

"Take it easy, teacher," he said, gripping her shoulder hard. "Leroy I'm not worried. All I'm worried about is catching Leroy and whaling the tar out of him for busting my windowsill. Also for letting the air out of my tires and throwing a rotten egg at me. Behave yourself and maybe you can hold him while I lay it on, but good."

Mildred Noble looked at him and her eyes flashed anger. It wouldn't do she was sore and disliking him so much it wasn't likely she would come uncorked.

"How they come," the dark man hissed. "Remember what I said. I got a nervous finger, see. Make it convincing."

There were maybe fifteen kids not counting Leroy, who was still missing. Dave was able to spot Olga Miller right away. She was the thin pale girl of about eleven, with bifocals and a stern expression indicating that she would be good at overseeing things.

"Here we are, Miss Noble," Olga said, and the teacher shivered once, bit her lip, and glanced nervously at Dave before she said: "Very well, children, we'll spread our lunch right here in this nice shady spot. You must all be very hungry."

There were some nods, but mostly they looked rebellious. Oh, oh! Dave thought.

Olga Miller carefully extricated a watch on her skinny wrist and looked at Mildred with owlish diffidence. "But it's only eleven o'clock, Miss Noble."

"Children," Mildred Noble said, "I have decided we shall eat our lunch early. I have a surprise for you after lunch. It's a secret, and first we must have our picnic lunch."

"Oh," they said. "A surprise," they said to each other. Dave stopped worrying. She knew how to handle kids. He listened for the hounds, which had completed a half circle now and seemed to be coming nearer from the direction exactly opposite from where he'd first heard them.

"I wonder what those dogs are barking about," the boy named Lawrence said to nobody in particular, stuffing half a sandwich in his mouth.

[illegible] Mildred Noble said. [illegible] Lawrence. And are barking

[illegible] Lawrence said, reach[illegible] and [illegible] brought a basket of [illegible] and bananas and devoted [illegible] Noble, who accepted it [illegible] and to Dave with shaking [illegible] his eyes. He took a [illegible] he knew he'd never be [illegible] it. His throat felt [illegible] his stomach stood ready to [illegible] resembling food.

[illegible] you all like you're sick [illegible] Olga Miller said. "Is [illegible] this old Lenny?" A [illegible] Olga, and good at [illegible] awkward moments. [illegible] fun, did you, Mac [illegible] bet you just feel sick [illegible] worrying about it, don't [illegible]

[illegible] drew a shuddering [illegible] pushed the food away [illegible] Olga, the soul gently [illegible] about Lenny.

[illegible] worried about Lenny [illegible] about that deadly [illegible] through the bushes [illegible] kids and a small, [illegible] with big brown eyes and a [illegible] lip that trembled [illegible] who was visiting his Aunt [illegible] supposed to be looking [illegible] to look into a show at the [illegible]

[illegible] furtive glances at Dave and [illegible] that the kids were busy [illegible] he reflected, was prob[illegible] the rare times when kids [illegible] There was something [illegible] in the sound of rhythmic [illegible] chewing, and then Dave [illegible] and went all stiff and cold [illegible] consciousness. The hounds!

The hounds were suddenly quiet [illegible] the gate. Which to Dave meant they [illegible] to the place where the dark [illegible] had gone into the water. And the [illegible] in his hole under the up[illegible] porch now would be thinking [illegible] thing, and tensing his already [illegible] fingers on the triggers of that [illegible] gun.

"Miss Noble," Lawrence said through [illegible] of sandwich, "why doesn't [illegible] put your shoes on?"

Mildred Noble jumped as though [illegible] gun had gone off. "Who?" [illegible] Lawrence said impatiently. [illegible] you've got his shoes on."

"It hurt hurt," Dave said, swallow[illegible] his heart. "I've got corns and [illegible]

"Phooey!" Lawrence said, spraying [illegible] food, looking suspiciously at [illegible] hot. For an aching mo[illegible] Dave thought Lawrence was [illegible] come over for a bit of ortho[illegible] investigation and he strained his [illegible] ears listening for the boys [illegible] The cat was trying to get [illegible] the bag. Then he heard it—the [illegible] the muffled tramping of feet, a [illegible] as a dog might make on a [illegible] cold and low, stealthy [illegible]

"Miss Noble," Olga Miller said [illegible] "Somebody's coming."

"Somebody was coming all right. It [illegible] a shock to the poor Dave [illegible] feeling so many footprints [illegible] the once they seemed to [illegible] especially the footprints of a [illegible] woman had practically no [illegible] made a dragger. Unless [illegible] the man somebody's gun [illegible] what's-his-name would be [illegible] prowned.

[illegible] of low voices and tramp[illegible] along the gully, where [illegible] enough to hide the men [illegible] heads began to pop up along [illegible] the gully. Astounded, an [illegible] stared at the pachuckers [illegible] more in a business suit

came up on the hunt and stood spread-legged, a submachine gun held in the crook of his elbow, looking angry and confused and disgusted. "What are you people doing here?" he asked harshly.

"We are having a picnic," Mildred Noble said meekly. "I am the fourth grade teacher, and this is the fourth grade, and we are having a picnic."

The man, who was not bad, scowled at Dave. "I am having a picnic, too," Dave said, trembling. He had an overwhelming sense of being directly in the line of fire.

At this point Uncle Elwood, puffing and wheezing, came out of the gully and looked at the fourth grade having a picnic. He explained affectionately to the grey-uniform that this was the local fourth grade, holding a school picnic without having informed him of its intentions. The grey man made a curt impatient gesture, whereupon Uncle Elwood slapped his red face and revealed unmistakably at Dave.

"What is he doing here, Mildred?" Uncle Elwood wanted to know, pouting a little. A jealous type, Dave reflected, seeming to be explained.

"Hon?" the teacher asked. "Why, he just—he was—" She looked at Dave, tossing him the old ball again, and shouting, Dave said, "I am having a picnic."

"Oh, yeah?" Elwood said, swooping at his neck where it overlapped his collar. "Well, it's mighty funny to me."

The guy took in the fourth grade, which had stopped chewing and was staring, openmouthed, at the posse. "Says—where's Lenny?"

"He went off in the woods," Mildred Noble said, "without permission. You

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[illegible] in the world to pick a [illegible] character of that ilk," he [illegible] around. "Hey, where [illegible]

[illegible] tenderly. "They are [illegible] said. "I volunteered to [illegible] until they could send [illegible] with a stretcher. They [illegible] shouldn't move you. I [illegible] home."

Dave said thoughtfully, "[illegible] he's gone."

[illegible] Elwood, who had [illegible] his aplomb by now [illegible] credit for capturing [illegible] singlehanded.

[illegible] said. "You ever see [illegible] fight, huh?"

[illegible] "Let us not discuss [illegible]

[illegible] said. "Shall we discuss [illegible] will say about you [illegible] here in the woods all [illegible]

[illegible] all alone." Mildred [illegible] "Leroy is over there."

[illegible] and sat up. "That [illegible] said. "I am no longer a [illegible] Give me my shoes and [illegible] to the wagging tongues [illegible]

[illegible] around uncertainly. [illegible] a minute ago. I saw [illegible] oh!"

[illegible] her gaze. Leroy, [illegible] a ham salad sandwich, [illegible] a tree and dangled Dave's shoes in his hand. Dave imagined he could see a devilish gleam in the little monster's eyes, even from here.

"Bring me my shoes, kid," Dave said gently.

Leroy crammed the rest of his sandwich into his mouth, gave Dave a wide grin, and began walking slowly toward the road with Dave's shoes. He paused long enough to pull a handkerchief out of his right hip pocket and delicately wipe his mouth. Then he set off again, unhurried and deliberate.

Dave picked up the slingshot, drew the rubber back as far as his arm would allow, took careful aim . . . "Ouch!" The projectile made contact with Leroy just east of the handkerchief in his hip pocket and Leroy went into the air yelling. When he came down to earth he dragged the shoes and lit out through the woods like the proverbial carpetbagged cat.

Dave smirked at Mildred Noble. "Well?" he said. "Was there anything you wanted to say at this point?"

She stared at him wide-eyed, and presently she nodded. "Yes," she said. "Nice shot." Then she smiled, and Dave thought it was pretty fetching the way her nose crinkled up when she smiled, and he wondered what it would be like to kiss her.

From the way she was looking at him, still smiling, Dave had a nice warm feeling that it wouldn't be too long before he found out. ★

Jing-a-Low for All That Dough!

Continued from page 22

[illegible] Yukon Field Force of the [illegible] Army, and later by the [illegible] Mounted Police (later changed to RCMP).

[illegible] is not a house game in the same sense as crap, roulette or faro, because the house takes no drag or percentage from the table. The players are matched against each other and the house gets its take in two ways.

First, first, the dealer collects a dollar or more from each player to "see the lights." The "lights" he demands depends largely on the size of the game and the amount of money in play. The tables open at seven in the evening and run all night, often well into the morning, and the "lights" money can add up to a sizeable piece of change.

Grubstake Players

The most impressive house take comes from another form of donation. The "dealer" is not paid by the house in the form of a salary, although he is given a minimum guarantee. Each time a player pulls in a profitable pot, he pays off the dealer with a tip that may be a dollar, may be $10, or even more. A player winning $1,000 might tip the dealer as much as $50. This tip, and I've seen it amount to $200 in less than 10 minutes, is divided between the dealer and the house.

[illegible] the tips are paid out at the [illegible] many players, down on their luck, have been able to apply the principle to "see-away."

[illegible] the story of the airman who [illegible] a dollar to enter a game, run [illegible] $1,000 in less than an hour, [illegible] the man who had backed [illegible] dollar with a tenth of his [illegible]

[illegible] or "four five-six," Yukon [illegible]-dice game. The banker [illegible] amount of money in his [illegible] pocket. This is laid out on the "sideline" at the edge of the table. Each player covers any amount of this "kitty" or bank money and must equal or beat the "point" made by the banker.

A point is any pair on two of the dice and any number except one or six on the third, and the banker rolls until he has established such a point.

If the banker rolls up a pair of threes and a five, his point is five. He then passes the dice to the player on his left who has covered some of his sideline money. That player rolls until he gets a point. The size of the pair isn't important, but if his third dice turns up a five or better, he wins, while anything under a five loses for him and the dice go on to the next man.

Just to keep the game interesting, each player in turn, whether banker or not, is allowed to bet some extra money on the "four line." This money is covered by other players as it would be in craps. When the man with the dice rolls, and his point turns up as four or better, he wins the "four money," but anything under a four loses for him. This operates simultaneously but is quite independent of the sideline betting in a similar manner to "come" and "side" bets during a crap game.

As in craps, there are several "naturals" which automatically win. Any pair and a six is a "natural" and so is the same number on each of the three dice, called "jing-a-low." The best natural, and the one from which the game got its original name, is to have the three dice read four five-six.

The bank is progressive. Once a player puts a certain amount of money in the bank, it remains there until either it is all gone or has been built up to such an amount that the banker is willing to withdraw and allow the bank to be passed. He can never withdraw just a part of his bank.

When a Chinese restaurant owner walked in one night, he bet a game in which there was a great deal of money moving around. He opened his bank with $500, jing-a-lowed four times in a row, and came up with a four-five-six

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There's a secret to real refreshment—and only Canada Dry has it! Yes, Canada Dry is *really* refreshing, because it's the drink that's really *dry*—not too sweet. Only dry Canada Dry can give you lasting refreshment. Refreshment *while* you're drinking, enjoying its piquant, tangy flavor . . . refreshment *after* you've finished drinking—when Canada Dry's secret formula leaves you full of the fresh, zestful pep that only a dry drink can give you!

LASTING Refreshment—

It's Dry, that's Why!

CANADA DRY

on the 49th time. He walked out in less than 10 minutes with $16,000.

The popular name for the game in the Yukon is "ace-away," and comes from the dice that are used—one, two, three on the dice, ace on any point and ace on a losing combination.

A few years ago a Japanese "seed-away" is listed worth $5,000 at a single turn of the dice. The winner has since built the business to the point where it is worth 50 times that amount of money. . . . Although he still plays occasionally, he is very cautious and now rarely establishes his bank with more than $10.

Superstitions, fancy handwork and tricky systems are all part of the game. One player will only gamble in multiples of seven . . . but it must be progressively doubled. He will cover seven dollars, 14, 28, 56, 112, and so on, but never take a chance on 35 or 70, or any other seven combination. He claims he isn't superstitious, but merely a believer in the mystic values of seven.

They Speak to the Bones

The dealer has at least five sets of dice in a carton behind the table. Each player is given the privilege of calling for a change of the cubes as often as he wants. One redhead, who picked up $500 one morning between midnight and five o'clock, will play only with the red set, while a pained old gent named Dan prefers one white, one red and one green cube.

Indian Henry plays evidently. He puts the cubes in the rubber cup and pounds on the table three times before he shoots. Even then he keeps his eyes closed so as not to see the dice before the dealer calls the numbers for him. He's quite convinced that he'd jinx his luck if he watched them roll out.

Ace-away is basically an honest game. A beginner can walk in and put his money on the line without knowing what it is all about. The dealer will see that he gets a fair shake because it's of no consequence to him whether a player wins or loses. He operates on the theory that one man's loss is another's gain, and if one doesn't kick in the lip, the other will.

There's no heckling or calling to the dice by the players generally. Only the dealer has the privilege of calling the numbers and only the player taking his turn can talk to his dice and urge them to come up the right way. About 50% of those who take part in ace-away believe that the dice will behave better if coaxed and teased along, and each of them has his own little phrase. Some of these make sense, such as:

"Come on, little bones. Four-five-six!"

Other phrases are just part of a patterned mumbo jumbo and are murmured over and over without rhyme or reason. You'll hear things like:

"Come on, babies, waltz her home!" "Dance for papa, dance!"

One six-foot half-breed calls the cubes "little mice" and before he'll start his roll he'll ask for the "little white mice."

As wild and fuzzy as the game is, it is usually played with an amazing amount of politeness. There is very little profanity and no arguments, for the rules of the game, which are posted on the wall, name the dealer as the final authority.

The dealers work in one- or two-hour shifts, depending on the amount of action, and their job consists of supervising the play and actually "dealing" out the money. Each time a gambler opens his bank, he hands his money to the dealer who handles it for him entirely. This, of course, leaves the player free to attend [illegible] with no worries about [illegible] money covered. The dealer [illegible] a line of running chatter [illegible] in a quiet voice, he sells [illegible] on the advisability of [illegible] bets.

The dealers, generally [illegible] eyed, dead-pan, partly [illegible] they all seem to be [illegible] feet tall. As one steps [illegible] and another takes over [illegible] dealer will go to the office [illegible] take and get his percentage.

A dealer's nightly [illegible] depends largely on the size [illegible] Three hundred dollars [illegible] unusual but the average [illegible] around $80. The dealer [illegible] fessional gamblers, don't [illegible] activities to dealing but [illegible] back into the game as soon [illegible] been paid off.

The biggest win, by [illegible] full night's play, according [illegible] of the crowd that hang [illegible] been $15,000. The largest [illegible] a period of a week was [illegible] Chinese laundryman who [illegible] stake up to $94,000. The [illegible] was sustained by a profes[illegible] bler who dropped $20,000 [illegible] two hours.

Big money is not necessary and, side by side, you'll see one man playing with single dollar bills and another using only 10's and 20's.

There aren't many recreational activities in Whitehorse and some men spend every night at the clubs playing poker or ace-away. On the other hand some—like the head of a local airline—drop in only about once a week. The minute he enters the door there's a little more excitement in the play and the stakes go up. I could find no one who could recall seeing him lose.

This man—whom everybody calls George—enters the game with a roll of bills five inches thick, but nobody sees the size of the roll he takes out. The night I saw him play, I kept score and estimated his winnings for three quarters of an hour at $2,500.

Jim, the manager, says that George won no more than that he had a good night. His usual take is about $1,000.

Soup, coffee and sandwiches are sold at the lunch counter, but no liquor is allowed. For those who find the coffee burning their throats, there is Coca-Cola or milk at 25 cents a glass.

"Go Easy on Us"

The club system has an advantage in that it prevents the operation of clandestine houses for gambling which would be very difficult to control in this part of the country where money, at times, flows freely.

The activities of shady character are kept more or less under the watchful eyes of a management who, I am told, assist the law whenever assistance is required.

With an attitude that is new to the Yukon, women are barred from the premises. Jim finds this satisfactory but wonders if it doesn't suggest that the influence from "outside" is creeping in.

"Go easy when you write your story," he suggested. "Some of the people around here are trying to make the Yukon Territory so that it'll be like it is 'outside.' We like things the way they are up here, but if too many of you guys come along and give us a black eye with your stories of wide-open gambling, people'll start paying too much attention.

"One of these days some bunch in Ottawa's going to stand up in Parliament and talk about [illegible] and ask what the devil the Mounties are doing that they don't stop it."

...een Gables and Red Roads

...tinued from page 18

...in, and I will forget I ever ...d it in reality.

...da, her small island province ...nfortably in the curve of ...Scotia and New Brunswick ...fronting the surf of the Gulf ...rence, is an anachronism of ...t. In a peculiar way it is a ...old world in the new, not ...a sense of age as in a sense ...ness.

...The 145-mile length of the ... crisscross its 2,184 square ...swoop down by the hundred ...agoons the sea has nudged ...shore, and the whole thing ...pretty, carefully patterned ...bright greens and blues, ...ve with a red ribbon of a ...ged with the white of a dune. ... whether forest or field, of ...land is tidy with careful

...ggs in Many Baskets

P. ... does not have the other ... pioneer roughness, lost horizons ... economic uncertainties. There is ... for anyone to stake land and ... There are no great industries, no ... troubles, little unemployment. This is a good little, rich little island.

The reason for this is probably the people themselves. They keep an eye on one another, the neighbor's business is theirs. It's as good a moral check-up as city you could name. An Islander will say, "We're all at least 22nd cousins if not closer." The farmer-premier J. Walter Jones, said, "You know everybody, you call them by their first names, and each Sunday we meet one another in church."

This friendly population of 95,000 is of Scottish, English, Irish and French origins; 60% are Protestants, 40% Roman Catholics.

Charlottetown, the capital, is the big city with a population of 15,000; Summerside comes next with nearly 6,000 people; the rest of the Islanders live on farms, some of which have been in the same family for 100 years and more, or in the fishing villages strung along the sharp sandy points spiking the sea.

Most of the farms are about 100 acres, and are given over to mixed farming. If one crop fails the others will pull the farmer through. Fox breeding started in 1905 and was a flourishing sideline for a while, but the two wars knocked the profit out of it, and now you see the grey, straggling fox sheds standing empty on many a farm, odoriferous with foxes on a few. The fall of that market didn't bother anyone much. "Doesn't cripple the breeder any," an Islander explained. "No one had his eggs in one basket."

The P. E. I. farmers are justly famed for their crops and their cattle. Their Holsteins win prizes at fairs across the Dominion and more than 60% of the certified seed potatoes in Canada come from the Island.

The seagirt province is a natural fishing ground. This is the home ground of the famed Malpeque oysters. Island lobsters, as well as clams, scallops, smelts, sole, halibut, salmon, mackerel, cod and haddock are all caught in season by the Islanders and sent to the States and the other provinces. Mostly the Islanders of French descent seem to inhabit the fishing villages, such as Rustico (named for an early settler, Monsieur Racicot).

More than 98% of the Islanders are P. E. I. born, and the insularity is such that a car from New Brunswick, a mere nine miles across the strait, is regarded as "a foreign car."

Prince Edward Island is to her natives just "The Island." However, across the centuries it has, like a favorite child, had many names. The Micmacs, the original inhabitants,

Answers to

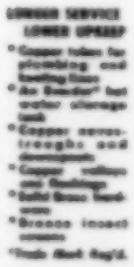
THE NAME IS FAMILIAR

(See Quiz on page 36)

1. Daniel was the American statesman and orator; Noah was the lexicographer.
2. Karl was the author of *Das Kapital*; Harpo is the middle Marx brother.
3. Charles Edward, "The Young Pretender," failed in 1745 to win back the English throne. Reginald, formerly of Toronto, now of Baltimore, is a concert pianist and conductor.
4. Rossetti was an English painter and poet; Rossini was an Italian composer ("The Barber of Seville").
5. Sir Isaac was the English mathematician; John Henry was a Cardinal.
6. Grieg was the Norwegian composer; Milton, V.C., is a Canadian Cabinet Minister.
7. Washington, an American author; Sir Henry, an English actor.
8. Bacchus was the Greek god of wine; Johann Sebastian Bach was the 18th-century composer.
9. James made a steam engine; Isaac wrote hymns ("When I Survey the Wondrous Cross").
10. Distant relations. The first, an American novelist ("The Crisis"), died March, 1948; the second is Britain's "Winnie."
11. Ty, one of baseball's greats; Irvin, the American humorist.
12. Both Austrian composers, but not related. Oscar wrote such operettas as "The Chocolate Soldier"; Johann (there were two, father and son) wrote great waltzes.
13. Michel Ney was one of Napoleon's marshals; Actor Richard was once Greer Garson's husband.
14. Benes is the late President of Czechoslovakia; Jack Benny is the radio comic.
15. Thomas Moore, Irish poet and song writer; Sir Thomas More, author of "Utopia."

"EVERYBODY SEEMS TO WANT COPPER PIPING THESE DAYS"

NOWADAYS builders everywhere are turning to copper water tubes . . . and for the best possible reasons: they save installation time, and they will never rust.



Copper means you'll never be troubled with rust-clogging, that water will flow freely upstairs and down. There'll be no rusty-red water to stain laundry, to bring complaints from kitchen or bath. So, when you're looking at new houses, see whether copper tubes are used for hot and cold water lines. They're a good clue that the house is well built.

If you're remodelling, insist on copper tubes. They cost little, if any, more than ordinary piping at the start. As time goes on they'll actually save you money by reducing maintenance. The Anaconda name, stamped on every tube, is your assurance of quality. Write for free booklet "Your Enduring Home".

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Plan on plenty of praise when you serve this Appetizing Apple Cake. What family could resist it—golden-brown, and full of the rich flavor you can always depend on when you use the modern Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast!

You can count on Fleischmann's for quick action and finer results. Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast keeps for weeks in your pantry—no refrigeration needed. Get a month's supply! Ask for Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast!

Appetizing APPLE CAKE

NEW TIME-SAVING RECIPE—MAKES 2 CAKES

Measure into bowl **½ cup lukewarm water,**
1 teaspoon granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.
Sprinkle with contents of 1 **envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast**
Let stand 10 minutes. THEN stir well.
In the meantime, scald **½ cup milk**
Remove from heat and stir in
¼ cup granulated sugar,
½ teaspoon salt,
2 tablespoons shortening
Cool to lukewarm. Stir in **1 cup once-sifted bread flour** and beat until smooth
Add yeast mixture and **1 egg, well beaten**
Beat well, then work in **2½ cups once-sifted bread flour**
Turn out on lightly floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening.
Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught.
Let rise until doubled in bulk.
Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions, form into smooth balls.
Roll each piece into an oblong and fit into greased pans about 7" x 11".
Grease tops, cover and let rise until doubled in bulk.
Peel, core and cut into thin wedges **8 apples**
Sprinkle risen dough with **¼ cup granulated sugar** and lightly press apple wedges into cake tops, sharp edges down and close together.
Mix 1 cup granulated sugar,
1½ teaspoons ground cinnamon,
and sprinkle over apples.
Cover and let rise about ½ hour.
Bake in moderate oven, Mkt F., about 1 hour.
Serve hot, with butter.

called it Abegweit ("cradled on the waves") when the French took over they named it Isle St. Jean. For a while the English, too, called it St. John's Island. Of late years P. E. I. has got innumerable less official tags: Spud Island, Canada's Garden Province, The Million-Acre Farm, The Cradle of Confederation, and the Garden of The Gulf. Take your pick.

The farmers and the fishermen are in the majority. Lack of power prohibits industries. The Island makes what power it needs with coal imported from Nova Scotia—oil was tried but it proved too expensive. But there is a very lucrative and increasingly big business in tourism.

Hooked Rugs, Lobsters

Gordon Shaw, who is the third generation to run Shaw's Hotel (the Island's oldest; operating since 1860 and sixth generation on the farm out of which the hotel grew), feels that the Island's beaches are as good as a gold mine.

"The Islanders don't use them. I don't suppose we thought about them at all," he says, "until the foreigners began to come around and rave about them. It is, when you think of it, quite a novelty. Ocean bathing on a sandy beach and the water warm enough all summer—at this latitude!

"The whole business started almost accidentally. With us it was people from Charlottetown, and their friends from the mainland, coming along and asking to be taken in because our beach was so good. From that it got to the point where we built an addition to the farm to house them, and another addition, and another. Before the war the summer season was six weeks, which isn't really quite enough to make a living by. Now it's eight weeks. There actually isn't any reason why it shouldn't be three months. The weather mostly stays pretty good.

"Tourism isn't good just for the hotelkeeper," Shaw adds. "Everybody gets a part of the tourist dollar: the shopkeepers, garages, hotels, lobster poachers, farmers (their products go like hot cakes), the fishermen who sell their catch to the hotels and also take tourists out on fishing expeditions. The race tracks flourish. The foreigners buy our handicrafts, such as hooked rugs. It's good all around.

"We couldn't possibly support an industry here, our own markets are too small, the overland freight too high. Obviously our beaches can be our only natural development." Ontario spent $50 millions in public works in 1947. That would mean 12 years' provincial income, including Ottawa subsidy, for P. E. I. In 1947 tourists were worth $6,500,000 to the Island.

A P. E. I. holiday is entirely different from one anywhere else in Canada. Even people not seeped with Avonlea images of a childhood book find a fey quality about this small province. It is a storybook land with its vivid colors, its never-never land atmosphere of leisure, its very noticeable quiet.

Why, even automobiles were prohibited here until just before the first great war, simply because, as former Premier Jones recalls, "They scared the devil out of the horses." Around 1912 a few plowed through the red dusty roads of the Island, but no one approved of them much. Then during the war they got reasonably common, but you could only drive them for three days a week, when all God-fearing souls who preferred could stay off the roads.

In 1917 this restriction was taken off, but still there were roads, on market days, reserved exclusively for horses. The Island hung on to the right-hand drive until quite lately. The natives even now don't go in [illegible] riding; they use them [illegible] period.

This consideration for the [illegible] has developed into a rather [illegible] equine cult. P. E. I. has become Canadian Kentucky, not with [illegible] If the Islanders have a passion [illegible] harness racing.

There are informal little [illegible] across the Island, besides the [illegible] ones at Charlottetown, [illegible] Montague, Covehead and St. [illegible] During Old Home Week [illegible] tourist come-on: races are [illegible] rest of the summer a number [illegible] a week, both in the translucent [illegible] sunlight and under the floodlights [illegible] night.

The majority of the [illegible] are Island-bred, and most of the racing crowd can trace the three [illegible] ancestries back through a [illegible] of proud generations. On the [illegible] there are one-night stands [illegible] the trotters and the pacers being [illegible] the various meets by truck. The enthusiasts, however, often [illegible] by buggy.

For two bucks you bet [illegible] your favorite. The purse is seldom large, but the enthusiasm is monumental. The drivers are often elderly men, or even women. There is an astounding gentility about the whole performance.

Take the night at Charlottetown, with the floodlights sharp over the filled stands and the track. In the elaborate tower the starters were worrying about the breakdown of the newfangled starting gate. The drivers were jockeying for position in the point of getting off to a couple of false starts. Finally the starter, in his polite Island drawl, addressed one: "Mr. O'Meara, you are not co-operating. I will not support you. I do not wish

There's a pause at the end of the day

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anyone in front of Shirley Temple."

No, Shirley Temple didn't get in, and neither did the horse Mr. O'Meara was in. Dale R. did.

The racing is temperate, but consistently keen. There is warm friendliness at the track. Residents are always ready to explain all baffling points to the visitor, or even to share their horses with you.

The hospitality applies right across the Island. If you are trying to find something in a store and they have not it, the sales staff gathers around a list rival establishments who might carry what you need. Yet there is no pushing, nor demanding. Like happy, contented people, the Island is quite sufficient unto himself. If you want to follow up on a gesture of courtesy you must make the next.

Perhaps it is the look of the Island that is the most fascinating thing about this small, prosperous province. At first, because of the lack of the dramatic, you keep drawing comparisons to other parts in Canada. And then, one day, you find yourself enslaved.

"Love Us, Love Our Dust"

There is something to the long sunlit evenings when the whole Island looks water-washed, clean. There is a heavy scent of clover and unexpected long views from heights of land that really don't seem to exist. And there are scenes of pastoral peace framed in the sunset.

There are mornings by the languid lagoons, red banks flanking them, the bright green of Island fields and birch copses rolling to the horizon in gentle swells. Here you have new kinds of sailing for the sandbanks, the wind and the tide move mysteriously in the shallow bays. You must be a good sailor—or get out and push your sailboat. And so you push, at your feet on the sandbanks exposed by the low tide there are the many treasures of the sea: shells and stones of all colors, jellyfish drying into innocuousness, the vivid green sea lettuce.

People from other parts of Canada have been coming here for half a century, despite the roads which still are incredibly bad. One such Ontario couple, who have 49 Island summers behind them, and have not in all those years owned a car that has been free of the red Island dust, look with regret on the new construction program which aims at paving all the main roads.

After a while you get to feel the way they feel. Dirt, and dust, and all, they have loved the red ribbon unwinding ahead, stitching the fields together with bright color.

Premier Jones, pointing out that only 300 miles of the Island's 3,600 miles of road are dust-free, is of the old school, too. "If you don't like the red dust you must stay away," he says, the gentleness of his voice taking away the sting. And then he smiles, "Iron makes it red, and that's healthy, isn't it?"

Where else, driving, must you constantly stop for proud leisurely turkeys, or solemn geese? And, morning and evening, for the herd of cows and the boy in neat, well-patched pants? Or, for that matter, for a house in the middle of the road, with the men moving it grouped in a delightfully rambling conversation which they politely interrupt to tell you of a detour you could make. "Say, New Glasgow way might get you where you are going, now?" And the grey house, incongruous and stolid, in the very middle of a main highway.

Down by the Dunes

You remember, too, such places as North Rustico, the grey wharves silver in the sunlight, the gulls wheeling about the lighthouse on the point. There is French spoken by the fishing stages and the soft drawling English of the Maritimes. Small boys dig for clams in the tidal flats, for bait for the fishermen. Mr. Gallant's motor-powered fishing boat chugs out through the gap to take tourists out cod and mackerel fishing. He gives you two lines, one a heavy deep one for the cod which stays at the bottom, a lighter one you throw, for the mackerel—when you get a fish on both lines at once, you've had it, chum.

But perhaps the heart of the Island to the visitor is the hot noon by the white dunes. It is not like the southern sandy beaches for the air here has always a crispness and a clearness that is off the northern wastes. The dunes roll, wind-molded white waves, green foamed with the sharp dune grass, for miles down the shore. The sand is so bright white it hurts your eyes, and here, too, are a hundred wave-brought shells so perfectly made they seem like small miracles.

The dunes' motif of green over white is reversed past the beach where the surf whitely rides the green sea. Pasted-shaded jellyfish undulate in the swell and the salt water is sharp and buoyant about you.

The wind, salty and fresh, carries echoes of the Atlantic, but here is gentled by the Gulf. The small herring wheel in sun-splashed patterns.

The sense of peace, and summer, is heavy upon the day.

No, I did not find Anne of Green Gables, nor the way I dreamed her world, in Finland long ago. But I did find Prince Edward Island. ★

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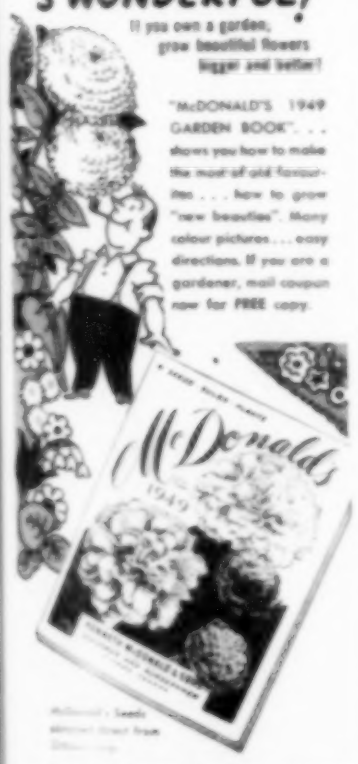

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When should Mothers add New Foods to

Bringing up a baby really keeps a mother busy! Seven days a week that tiny bundle must be bathed and bubbled, dressed and changed, held and hugged, and of course—*fed*. And how the feeding changes as baby grows! The chart below has been prepared to help you keep in mind the approximate ages at which most babies are introduced to new foods. You may wish to cut out the chart and keep it. Remember though, that while your physician would advise such a routine for many babies, he may have definite reasons for recommending different times and different foods for *your* baby. So consult him—always.

START AT	TO GIVE	BEGIN WITH THESE AMOUNTS AND THEN INCREASE ACCORDING TO THE BABY'S BODY REQUIREMENTS.
1 MONTH	Orange Juice or Tomato Juice Fish-liver oil or cod-liver oil concentrate	½ teaspoon 1 teaspoon 15 drops according to the doctor's prescription.
3 MONTHS	Strained Cereal	1 teaspoon
4 MONTHS	Strained Vegetables Strained Fruits Strained Meat Products (if the doctor prescribes them)	1 teaspoon
5 MONTHS	Strained Soups Strained Desserts Egg Yolk	1 teaspoon 1 teaspoon ¼ teaspoon
7 MONTHS	Baked or Mashed Potato	1 to 3 tablespoons
10-12 MONTHS	Junior or Chopped Foods Whole Egg Cottage Cheese	According to the doctor's orders.

You will notice, by the chart, that it's usual to start a baby on strained foods around the age of four months. When it's time for your baby to have these added to his menu, ask your dealer for Heinz Baby Foods. Choose baby's menu from 25 wholesome, tempting varieties—all with such a smooth uniform texture that baby finds them easy to swallow . . . easy to digest.

When baby approaches his first birthday, and your doctor advises coarser-textured foods, keep on feeding him deliciously different meals with the aid of Heinz Junior Foods—16 appetizing varieties in all. Like Heinz Baby Foods, Heinz Junior Foods are made from only choice, fresh meats, vegetables and fruits. All are cooked scientifically—and vacuum packed—to retain minerals and other nourishing elements in high degree.

Look for the complete line of Heinz Baby Foods (Blue Label) and Heinz Junior Foods (Red Label) at the sign of the Heinz Baby when you are shopping.

Heinz Baby Foods

Lengthening His Waistline...
Shortening His Life-Line

Like one out of every four people in our country today, this man weighs more than he should.

If he loses those excess pounds—brings his weight down to normal and *keeps it there*—he will look and feel better. Furthermore, *he will probably live longer*. Statistics show that if weight is more than 10 per cent above normal, life expectancy is usually reduced about 20 per cent.

Doctors say one of the reasons overweight tends to shorten life is that it puts an additional burden on the heart and circulatory system. It has been estimated that 10 pounds of extra fat require the development of a half a mile of blood vessels. To maintain this excess body tissue, the heart has to work harder. Fortunately, with good medical care, *overweight can usually be corrected*.

The first step in any weight reducing program is to see the physician, for only he is qualified to determine your *best* weight. A six-foot man weighing 185 pounds may be 20 pounds overweight if he has a slight frame, while if he has a large frame that weight could be considered normal.

Proper diet is essential for controlling weight. Most overweight occurs because the body takes in more food than it can use up as energy, and the excess is stored as fat. The doctor will limit food intake while making sure your diet contains enough essential elements to protect general health.

Some exercise is necessary, but one should not expect to reduce just by exercising. Doctors warn you would have to walk 36 miles to lose one pound. Strenuous exercise may also increase the appetite, and make it harder to reduce. So, rely on your physician to recommend the proper exercise.

By faithfully following the program your doctor suggests, it is generally possible to lose weight *surely, steadily, and safely*. For other helpful information on this subject, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Overweight and Underweight." Address your request to Booklet Dept., 39-M, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
A MUTUAL COMPANY
Home Office: New York
Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

Cripps—Labor's Unloved Genius

Continued from page 13

in many quarters as Britain's next Prime Minister if the Socialists were to win the 1950 election.

But not in all quarters, even among his friends.

"If only he'd sin a little!" sighed one of his most devoted admirers. "His rectitude is almost inhuman. You can't have God for Prime Minister!"

"If he'd just make a mistake sometime it would help," said an admirer in Downing Street. "He's intellectually arrogant, even conceited. He thinks he's always right—and blast it, he is!"

And so the legend is built up of an autocrat, a cold-blooded saint strayed into politics—"Christ and carrots," in short, because he is religious and a vegetarian, so intellectually superior to most men that it is almost an insult.

It is true, too, that Herbert Morrison, not Cripps, is Prime Minister Attlee's choice at present to succeed him as leader of the Labor Party. Yet I am convinced that if another crisis strikes this country Cripps will be its man of the hour.

It is a myth that he is all brains and no humanity. Certainly he has a brain of extraordinary power, grasp, lucidity and speed. At a press conference or in the House of Commons or in the courts it is intellectual joy to watch his complete mastery of any subject. I have never seen him successfully rebutted in the House of Commons. Even Churchill moves warily when he spars with the Chancellor. But beside brains he has in fact genuine warmth and friendliness, even lovability, especially in private. If he could spark these qualities, if he could move and inspire crowds, nothing could stop him.

Here is a man who has "loved the New Testament and lived only for the poor," a man whose entire life and fortune have been devoted to altruistic causes—and yet he is called inhuman. And his whole life and career are a pattern of such curious contradictions.

Man of Paradox

Sir Stafford Cripps is a devout Christian—but a Christian without theology, and one who thinks the churches do not honestly preach or practice the teachings of Christ.

He is an aristocrat, but a Socialist—though that is common enough in Great Britain.

He was a Marxist—but without dogma. He is chilled to the bone by the ruthlessness of Communism and by the flagrant dishonesty of its tactics.

He is the ablest Socialist of his generation—but he was outlawed by the Socialist Party as recently as 1939; and it was an arch-Conservative, Winston Churchill, who brought him to high office.

He has earned fortunes—and given them away.

He started his career as a brilliant scientist, but dropped science for law. He became the highest-paid lawyer in Britain—and dropped the law for politics.

He is warmhearted, generous and humorous—but his friends say "he hardly gives you a chance to love him." He is so completely incorruptible that more earthy people are uncomfortable. "There, but for the grace of God, goes God," said Churchill once.

He is an ascetic; a vegetarian and a teetotaler—who stopped drinking because of its effect not on himself but on others.

He is contemptuous of popular acclaim—yet he is within sight of the highest office. He is [illegible] ambitious. Like most gr[illegible] aware of his greatness. [illegible] could say, "I think that I [illegible] country and that nobody [illegible] just as Churchill felt [illegible] had marked him out, so [illegible] help knowing that his [illegible] above that of most peopl[illegible] and that if anybody can m[illegible] work it is he.

A Pat for the Cap[illegible]

Once I asked Sir Staff[illegible] made him a Socialist. H[illegible] don't see how a man can b[illegible] and not a Socialist. B[illegible] other reasons. Capitalism [illegible] ingly inefficient that it is [illegible] an ordered mind."

Today the Torins like [illegible] under the impact of wh[illegible] "hard facts" he is chang[illegible] about what he calls the [illegible] capitalism. He said in [illegible] other day: "We are livin[illegible] economy, and the maj[illegible] great export trades are ru[illegible] of capitalist, though con[illegible] my. This means that we [illegible] are to succeed, avoid un[illegible] ference with their ways of [illegible]."

This was welcome reading for the Conservatives. "A D[illegible] judgment!" whooped the Daily Telegraph. But that just made [illegible] smile. "We never did believe in unnecessary interference," he said. Sir Stafford is in some [illegible] a pragmatist ("only a fool never changes his mind," he says), but he still believes that Socialism is the only thing that will work in the enormously complicated modern world.

Cripps comes from a famous radical family—"plain people" of the upper

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they called themselves; a long ...ntry gentlemen who have ...d doing good" for centuries. ... was Alfred Cripps, later ...oor, Attorney-General in Labor government. Sir ...ther, three uncles, a grand- great-grandfathers and a grandfather were all in ...nd every one of them was ...adical in his time. In fact, ...ther's ancestors have been ...hampions of the underdog ...ne of Willmus Cripps, Sire ...onlake, in the reign of King ...e words of Patricia Strauss, ...r of Cripps, "Historically ... is as inevitable as Churchill ...hurchill, history is a colorful ... battles . . . and Rule

For Cripps it is the ... common man."

...ford's entire background is ... breeding and good works, of Socialism and Fabian tracts, ...ne. His mother Theresa was ... of Beatrice Webb. Aunt ...nd Uncle Sidney Webb ...the famous Fabian Essays ... in 1889, the year Cripps ... He heard as a child, in his ...the flashing, laughing talk of ...shaw. He was steeped in ... in Socialism, in a rather ...nd well-bred Christianity, ... belief that it was the duty ... his class and intelligence to ... and justice into an unfair ... world.

In ... deathbed testament his mother wrote: "I should like my children's lives to be of the simplest, without reference to show or other ...." The Cripps family motto is Fortis Nulla Fides—trust not to outward show. "I should like them to be trained to be undogmatic and unsectarian Christians, charitable to all churches and sects, taking their religious inspiration directly from the spirit of the New Testament."

Sir Stafford's childhood was radiantly happy and gay. He loved riding, fishing and shooting. When only 12 the boy was riding a motorcycle, and the next year he traveled across Europe on it, with only $15. At 14 he owned his own car. At 17 he built a glider, tried to fly, and nearly broke his neck.

He went to school at Winchester, one of the two or three oldest and most exclusive public schools. There, too, his boyhood was happy; but his brilliance was plain from the start. At 17 he won a science scholarship to Oxford University and his work there was so distinguished that Sir William Ramsay, the great chemist, invited him to join his research staff. Before Stafford was 20 it was remarked that he would probably become one of the great scientists of his time. Cripps, however, had already decided that he was going to be a Socialist and help to fashion the brave new world, and he turned to law for a career, chiefly because it was the best steppingstone to politics. But while studying law he continued his scientific work. He invented a device for measuring the density of gases and while still a youth he lectured before the Royal Society on such a subject as "The Critical Constants and Orthobaric Densities of Xenon."

Love at the Hustings

While still a research chemist he met the one great love of his life. It was during a by-election in which his father was a candidate and in which the son was helping to get out campaign literature. A girl named Isobel Swinthinbank came in one day and volunteered her services in the Socialist cause. The two fell in love and were married a few months later. They have been almost inseparable. For each of them the world revolves round the other.

Sir Stafford's success at the bar was immediate and phenomenal. Within a few years of graduating he was famous. In his early 30's he was earning $30,000 a year and later on, in the spare time he took off from politics, he was earning $150,000 a year. He would never take sensational cases. He generally appeared in highly complicated suits involving big corporations. "They pay me fabulous and fantastic sums to get them out of their difficulties," he said.

Famous luminaries of both bench and bar expressed something like awe at his brilliance. "He's the most formidable examiner of technical experts in the history of the British courts," said one law lord. It was his advocacy in the courts, in the celebrated case of Imperial Chemicals versus I. G. Farben in 1930, that broke the power of the German dye trust. Describing his marshaling of facts and arguments in that case another law lord said, "It was positively an aesthetic as well as an intellectual pleasure to see him at work."

He never accepted a brief unless convinced beforehand of its justice. "His most passionate desire in any case," said one K.C., "is to see that justice is done. I have known him spend strenuous days and tireless nights without reward of any kind, refusing all tempting offers, to see that some poor person should not be prevented by poverty from obtaining justice."

He won 80% of all his cases. And for a time, he says, he thought his ambition was to be Lord Chancellor. But Socialism, he adds, "was gnawing at my vitals," and his wife was urging him on: "Stafford, it's causes you want, not cases."

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'hasn't scratched yet!'

The call to action came in 1950, soon after he had been knighted. He had already joined the Labor Party and the second Labor government, which was short of legal talent, invited him to enter Parliament and become the Solicitor-General. In Parliament too he made his mark immediately as no one with such a brain could help doing. Baldwin called him "a future Prime Minister." He was a first-class debater, often a first-class wit. (His most famous witticism was his description of MacDonald's National Government: "It is much like a mule—it has no pride of ancestry and no hope of posterity.") Labor at first thought that in Cripps it had found a dream child but it was soon calling him a political hellion.

The trouble began in 1932. The Labor Party had been disastrously split by the desertion of Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden to join Baldwin and the Conservatives in a National Government, and the movement was now incoherent and bewildered. The militant left wing formed the Socialist League, with Cripps as its chairman, to pep up the Party. The league was too peppy for orthodox trade-union Labor. Moreover, Cripps indulged in what the Manchester Guardian called "crashing indiscretions."

He is an honest man, who regards it as an unforgivable sin to say one thing in private and something else in public. In one speech he charged that the Tories were using Buckingham Palace as an instrument of propaganda for their own purposes. And later he said that the lavish coronation of George VI was "a circus" to distract the people's attention from their own hard lot and from the Government's catastrophic foreign policy.

The Tory strategists loved all this. They put out the word that Cripps and the Socialists were "attacking the King." And Sir Stafford's enemies within the Labor Party itself rubbed their hands and said, "He'll never get anywhere now."

A Hand From Churchill

A few years later the party bosses booted him out. For one thing, Cripps had at times talked about revolution. For another, he had made the Socialist League the spearhead of the campaign for a Popular Front to embrace men and women of all parties, including the Communist, to try and get rid of the Baldwin and later the Chamberlain Government before it was too late to stop Hitler. After Munich his zeal redoubled. In 1939 the rebel was called before the Party's governing body and asked to withdraw his latest memorandum on the united front.

"Or what?" demanded Cripps.

"Or you will be expelled," was the reply. "We'll even fight you at the next election in your own constituency" (Bristol West).

It was conscience or career. Cripps stood in the snow outside Transport House and thought it over. He chose conscience and refused to withdraw. He was expelled. "The Labor Party," said the Daily Express gleefully, "has blown its brains out." The two brainiest and ablest—men in Britain, Churchill and Cripps, were pariahs in their own parties. The war they had predicted arrived. And when it came Sir Stafford was sitting alone as an Independent in the House of Commons.

When the war came Cripps was eager to serve his country, but Chamberlain hated him. "He is a nuisance," said Chamberlain, "and a needle in the flesh of all decent politicians." But in the spring of 1940 the war broke wide-open. Churchill came to power, formed a coalition government, and sent

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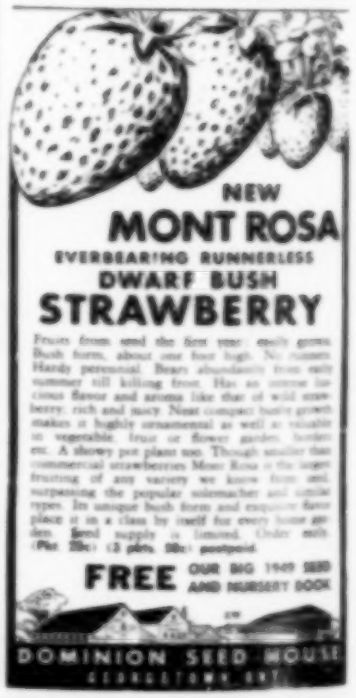

Moscow as British ambassador when he returned, though he was a political exile with no party ... Churchill made him a member of the war cabinet and Leader of the Commons.

He was now anti-Communist, and was readmitted to the ranks. After the general election in 1945 Prime Minister Attlee made him President of the Board of Trade. When the crisis struck in 1947 he was made Minister for Economic Affairs, with wide powers. His hour had come.

Sir Stafford soon showed that he had not only the brains that were needed, but the courage to do unpleasant things. "Put more goods in

FOOTNOTES ON THE FAMOUS

When Ralston Bowed to a Corporal

WHEN the late J. L. Ralston, as Defense Minister, made his lightning tour of Canadian units in Europe during the manpower crisis of 1944, he set a fast pace to bone up on information he found lacking in Ottawa. He shattered all V.I.P. protocol by swooping on unsuspecting units, and carried his thirst for answers to the extent of reversing a news setup and interviewing the reporter.

It happened in Cesenatico, on the Italian shore of the Adriatic, just south of Ravenna, where we had set up the office of The Red Patch, the First Canadian Division newspaper, in the second story of an abandoned villa. I was its editor, with the rank of corporal.

The room was typical of the average unit where inspections were unknown: masses of tangled blankets, dirty messtins, a washbasin half-filled with grey water and a huge demijohn of red wine that kept the latchless door in place.

At the sound of someone entering the street door, the news staff officer wondered what eager beaver it would be that was coming up the stairs two at a time. The next moment there was someone at the door having trouble shifting the demijohn.

We made no effort to help from the inside. We just waited until the door gave a few inches and a red face, surmounted by a red-banded officer's cap, appeared. By that time it was too late.

The face croaked: "The Minister of National Defense!"

Another shove from additional weight thrown against the door sent the jug reeling and gurgling. A bundle of energy wearing a black Homburg bounded into the room and raced past his military herald.

"My name's Ralston, what's yours?"

From that question the interview-in-reverse was on.

The Defense Minister kept rapping out the questions at me as the room gradually filled to capacity with high-ranking brass, still puffing from the speed of Ralston's advance.

Many were the military frowns of disapproval on the dirty messtins, but Canada's top war director kept his gaze where he got eye-to-eye answers to his questions. He ranged from home-town recollections to slit-trench poetry written about the zombies.

When he was reminded of an appointment, the Ralston eye lighted on a proofreader's copy of the front page to be run that afternoon.

He picked it up. "Oh, this is the latest, may I take it?"

I gave him my regrets: the copy was marked for printing corrections. I added that the weekly would be off the press that afternoon and a copy would be sent to him.

The curt voice of an officer cut in. "The Defense Minister always gets whatever he wants, corporal!"

There was a moment of awkward silence, then Ralston returned the page proof to the table.

"No, not always," he said.

Nobody asked him what he meant. Perhaps nobody thought of it again until the Defense Minister resigned because he couldn't get what he wanted over the conscription issue. E. J. H. Wells.

Do you know any humorous or revealing anecdotes about notable people? For authenticated incidents, Maclean's will pay $50. Mail to Footnotes on the Famous, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

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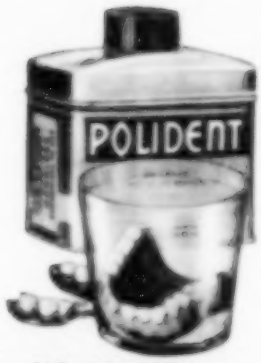

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the shops," cried the press—but Cripps insisted that Britain export her goods. "Give us better wages," cried the unions—and Cripps refused. And in spite of all this, and in spite of the legend of his rather governessy and stuffy austerity, his stature has grown immensely in the eyes of the people.

The austerity legend has grown out of his personal asceticism, his religion, and even out of his great generosity. For both him and Lady Cripps money has no value except as something to give away. Even when he was earning huge sums he and his wife would draw up a budget each year, carefully estimating their needs, and give the rest of their income to charity. Cripps has never saved or invested a penny. His religion is not orthodox, and far from pietistic—he knows stronger words than "damn."

Austerity for Its Own Sake?

His vegetarianism derives from the first World War, in which he suffered severe abdominal wounds. For some years he was almost always in pain and his doctor told him he must not eat fruit and vegetables. But one day a friend of his returned from Tahiti and advised him to adopt the diet of the natives there and eat only raw fruit and vegetables. "Well," said Cripps wearily, "I've tried everything else, so I might as well try this." Since then his health has been almost perfect.

Sir Stafford used to drink a little until he first went into Parliament. After a short time in the House of Commons he was distressed to see that many M.P.'s were "drinking the edge off their intellects," as he p[illegible] and then he gave up alcoh[illegible]

His vitality and energy [illegible] spectacular. "The monste[illegible] something like two o'cl[illegible] morning!" said one of his [illegible] he rises at four o'clock. He [illegible] office in his home, 11 Dow[illegible] until 6.45, then goes for [illegible] St. James's Park with Lad[illegible] a cold bath—and at last he [illegible] his main meal, dinner at 7. [illegible] his wife eat only raw vegeta[illegible] bread, fruit, never anyt[illegible] except an occasional egg [illegible] potato.

The British people rem[illegible] and feel somehow that [illegible] asceticism and so is not [illegible] virtuous. They feel mo[illegible] about his economic con[illegible]

Here then is a man wi[illegible] attributes—almost all the [illegible] greatness except the pow[illegible] people with the ardor [illegible] mountains.

It is a political weakness [illegible] from his virtues. S[illegible] intellectual pride and in[illegible] arrogance, are such that [illegible] appeal to emotion. He [illegible] the highest honors rather [illegible] any way compromised. [illegible] such thing as a good [illegible] says. He would not stoop [illegible] quer.

But he is warming up. He is now regarded as almost the [illegible] personality in British politics, and the "cold" legend is breaking down. And in my opinion he would lead [illegible] if she were suddenly looking [illegible] for a Man. ★

CANADIANECDOTE

Hatchet Men of York

THE scalp from a fallen enemy as a token of conquest was a characteristic feature of pioneer fighting in North America, but it had been discontinued many years before the war of 1812-14.

The Americans, however, were prepared to believe anything about the Canadian backwoodsmen—to the American of that time everyone in Canada was a backwoodsman—and the Canadians were even suspected of scalping their foes.

On April 27, 1813, a force of 2,000 Americans captured York (now Toronto), the capital of Upper Canada. There they found proof, so they thought, to back up the rumors about the scalping Canadians.

After the York garrison of about 600 men surrendered, the Americans began plundering the village. They broke into the parliament building, a small wood and brick structure, and, according to reports which were sent back to Washington, found a human scalp hanging on the wall above the ceremonial mace used for opening the colonial legislature.

Horrified at this apparent evidence of barbarism, they set fire to the buildings and burned them to the ground. But not before they had removed the "scalp" and delivered it to their general as justification for what they had done.

The Americans had mistaken the Speaker's powdered white wig for a human scalp. (C. Fred Bodsworth.)

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay $50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

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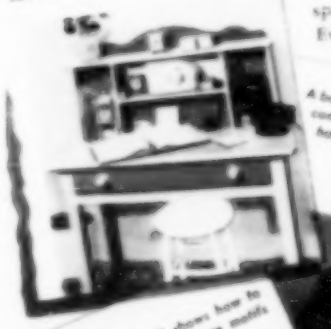

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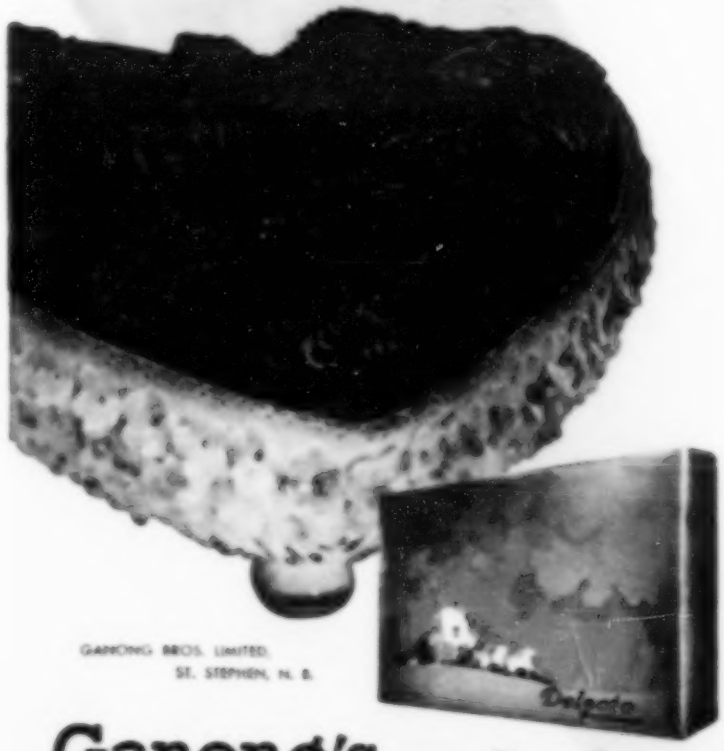

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A Kind Word for a Cannibal

Continued from page 19

person wear off in two to four days. Prof. W. J. Baerg of the University of Arkansas, who for research has allowed himself to be bitten many times, says: "The bites do not leave any noticeable aftereffects. . . . The patient always recovers (excepting possibly infants) unless the recovery is hampered by complications such as a very weak heart, or a syphilitic condition."

The black widow is a shining black spider with a large round abdomen, about half an inch long. She usually has a small red spot on the upper surface at the rear of her abdomen and a large red blotch shaped like an hour glass on the abdomen's lower surface. She is common in the southern states. In Canada she can almost be called common in southern British Columbia and Alberta, but not elsewhere. One was caught in Winnipeg recently and in Ontario it has been discovered twice along the shores of Lake Erie. Few Canadians have been bitten and there are no records of a Canadian having died from a black widow's bite.

The spiders are a big clan. Some 20,000 species have been identified and named, but because of a lack of scientific study no one will guess how many other hundreds of unnamed species there are. Thousands are no larger than the head of a pin. The huge South American tarantula has a body two inches long and a leg span of seven inches. This giant sometimes captures small birds, but its bite, though extremely painful, never causes death to humans.

Not Romantic Type

Canada's spiders offer a vast field of research. Only two Canadians have made a special study of them. They are T. B. Kurata, entomologist at the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology in Toronto, and Stanley Harrod, also of Toronto. Collecting spiders is Mr. Harrod's hobby.

Mr. Kurata says that there are still probably a great many spiders in Canada "waiting for some young naturalist to come along and have the honor of naming them." Next time you squash a spider in your own home you may be killing a creature that the scientists have never seen.

There are probably more than 1,000 species in Canada. In the Royal Ontario Museum's spider collection are 600 species, mostly from Ontario. In Harrod's private collection are 300 species, all found within 30 miles of Toronto. Two are new and one will bear the scientific name "Harrodi" in honor of the discoverer.

Mr. Spider is nature's most henpecked husband. He's a puny midget and a shiftless ne'er-do-well, barely capable of building his own crude web. The only time he eats well is when he can move in on the web of a hard-working lady. He dines on the scraps of her table—but he is in danger of being eaten himself. In most spiders the male is six to 10 times smaller than the female and the lady usually drives him out of her web several times before tolerating him. If he is slow in retreat she will make a meal out of him—or at least a mouthful.

There's no romance in her tiny, cold-blooded heart. If her eggs are at the stage where they require fertilization, she'll accept her mate's advances. Then she turns her deadly fangs against the father of her 500-odd children-to-be. Male spiders rarely survive one betrothal.

As a mother she deposits [illegible] a silken, waterproof bag [illegible] guard prepared to fight to [illegible] protect them. If she chances to a new home she wheels [illegible] front of her like a baby buggy [illegible] it along behind. When the [illegible] are ready to see the world [illegible] the bag open and the babies [illegible] around her. Many species [illegible] the youngsters around for [illegible] on their backs. If one [illegible] scampers up the closest [illegible] perch.

But Ma Spider is a [illegible] flies are scarce and her brood [illegible] hungry, she simply kills [illegible] her calipers and serves [illegible] brothers and sisters. In [illegible] the mother dies in the [illegible] leaves her babies in the [illegible] spring. There brother eats [illegible] sister eats sister in an orgy [illegible] all winter. By spring the [illegible] only a dozen or two of [illegible] family of 400 or 500. A few [illegible] 55 adolescent black widows [illegible] placed in a jar at the Royal [illegible] Museum of Zoology in Toronto. Three weeks later the 55 little [illegible] transformed themselves into one big fat one.

A Great Home Builder

Spider silk has more [illegible] to the spider than has steel to [illegible]. Furthermore, it is many times stronger than steel drawn to the same diameter. For its size, it is the sturdiest product in nature.

Every species spins a distinctive web. Most spiders have about seven spinnerets at the rear tip of the abdomen, each spinneret producing a different quality of silk. The spider can turn on whatever one he wishes at will. The silk is produced from a liquid which hardens in contact with air. With it the spider fashions its home and banquet table, its nursery, trap lines, telegraph systems, bridges, speed highways, lassos, aerial balloons, baby blankets, alarm systems and escape routes.

Some day you may observe a spider erecting her home. Sit down and watch. It's a construction feat worthy of an audience.

First she sets up a framework of reinforced foundation strands between a couple of twigs or grass stems. Then she puts in a central span, the centre of which will be the hub of her wheel-like web from which all of the 25 or 30 spokes will radiate. Here is where her geometric and engineering skill shows up.

She glues the first spoke's tip to the central point, then spins out the strand as she climbs to the reinforced foundation line above. Carrying it along the foundation line, she attaches it so that (if she's a 25-spoke spider) the angle it forms at the hub is just one 25th of 360 degrees.

Spoke after spoke is placed in the same way, every angle exactly the same. But she's too clever to go around the circle, setting in the spokes consecutively. She lays down a spoke first on one side, then the other, so that the weight is spread out evenly and the foundation spans are not pulled out of shape.

All these spokes are fashioned from a sturdy nonsticky variety of silk. These are the roadways which she herself will use and she doesn't want them to be sticky on her feet. When she has to she can oil her feet so that they won't adhere, but it's too big a job to keep eight feet oiled all of the time.

The dry spokes won't catch flies so she turns on the spinnerets which produce sticky silk for the trap. The job—home, trap and all—is done

three or four hours. After the web may be damaged spider must start all over

d a vacant web don't think ed. The owner may have out in a leaf nearby. She'll n her front legs a "tele- connected with the web. her she'll sit there for hours on her line tells her that a lored into the net. Then, fre, she'll dash down her dway to grab it.

ery of nature is how baby build such geometrically n without a single lesson ma. What strange instinct fant to erect a web with 28 a child of another species Each species usually sticks number.

ter's most highly developed t of touch. Though they eyes, few can see farther e five inches. They have no e tiniest gnat striking the a vibration that the spider mediately. And you can't er by plucking the web with She knows the vibration fly or mosquito.

n among designs is the ." At its bottom the owner ush. She'd have slim pick- relied on flies to alight on dal platform, so she strings a ords" above. A fly zooms cks into the cord and tail- the web below. Ingenious! commonest, the grass a funnel-web weaver. You her sheetlike web glistening on early mornings around if the grass is a bit too high.

A Fling at Aviation

Practically all spiders were aviators in their youth. Johnny Spider knows he'll really starve if he stays around home. When it's time to push off, he climbs up to the top of a bush or tall grass stem and spins out a flying machine. This is merely a dangling filament of silk. Air currents waft it upward and outward. Johnny reels out yard after yard. Soon the tug of the breeze on his kite yanks him off his perch. Contact . . . he's away!

Most flights end after a few rods. Sometimes an updraught keeps him airborne for hours or maybe days. Spiders have parachuted onto ships hundreds of miles at sea.

Man uses the web too, and in parts of Asia, Africa and Europe spiders raised on "farms" are cared for as tenderly as baby chickens. Though no attempt to weave spider silk into a textile has succeeded, there is a big demand for it in making gun sights, bomb sights, periscopes, microscopes and surveying instruments. They must have their optical fields graduated by fine hairlines on the lens for aiming and measuring. Unless these lines are very minute they will appear under the instrument's magnification as large as stovepipes. Spider silk is the answer. The black widow's is ideal. It is very fine, elastic enough to stand up under the recoil of guns and is not seriously affected by temperature and humidity changes. Most of the torpedoes, bombs and shells of World War II went crashing to their target on courses plotted by a spiderweb scale.

Banana Boy Not Deadly

On black widow farms the operators "milk" their spiders by tickling the spinnerets. Usually the spider twists four strands into a single thread but skilled "milkers" keep the strands separate to obtain a fine product. They reel each strand on a spool or card. A black widow in its lifetime gives about 1,000 feet of silk which during the war was worth $20 per 100 feet.

European instrument technicians who came to Canada during the war at first sent their instruments to England for spider silk. Going to Toronto Island for a swim, one technician discovered a good supply of silk. Thereafter, technicians from Toronto instrument firms made frequent early-morning jaunts to the island where, to the bafflement of residents, they collected the web production of the previous night. Toronto Island spiders made a valuable contribution to Canada's war effort.

Some spiders such as the trap-door spider of southern U. S., the Methuselah of his kind, live in a burrow with a watertight, silken lid. The trap-door spider reaches the ripe age of 12. Most spiders last only a year.

The crab spider lives in a flower and grabs off bees. The big yellowish spider which occasionally arrives in Canada in a shipment of bananas is not a tarantula, but a tropical species of the crab family. Despite sensational stories describing how store clerks risk their lives to kill him, he is no more ferocious than a mosquito.

Canada's largest spiders are the Dolomedes or water-diving spiders. Common around docks and boathouses of northern lakes, they scamper across the water just as fast as on land. They have been known to catch fish over three inches long. They overpower them in submarine battle, then drag them ashore.

Closely related to the spiders are the daddy longlegs (not spiders because they possess no spinnerets), scorpions, crabs, millepedes and centipedes, and the tiny mites, some species of which are responsible for the mange on dogs and the so-called seven years' itch of humans. Not a particularly illustrious crowd, but we can't blame the spider for his relatives.

A colorful race, the spiders. They've got everything except a public relations committee. ★

The Battle of Beliefs

Continued from page 14

As a matter of record, many good and wise things were done in the time of Charles II but the basic fact remains that Cromwell's rise to power was a rebellion rather than a revolution and that it did not alter the character of the people.

The revolution of 1945 is by comparison far deeper, if less spectacular. Under Socialism the habits of the people have altered, standards of life have been revalued, and sometimes it seems that even the British character is undergoing definite changes. The Socialist leaders are aware of it, which is one reason why they are burning the midnight oil in trying to determine the direction Socialism should take if it is given a further mandate by the electorate.

In other words the decisive phase has been reached in the battle for the minds of the workers. What does the industrial and agricultural worker want? What does he expect? What are his fears and hopes? Liberals, Socialists and Conservatives have turned their best brains on these questions.

A few days ago I went to the fishing port of Grimsby to speak on world affairs and was invited to visit the docks at 7 a.m. I found a scene which was

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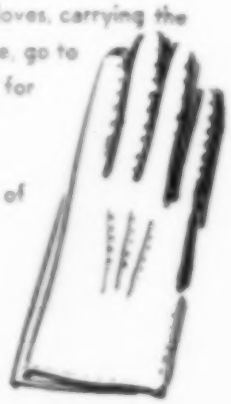

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FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER

grimly picturesque, with trawlers creeping in from their 18 days' battle with wild winter seas, of men unloading the precious cargo while a razor-edged east wind drove flurries of snow before it. The rattling of the trucks on the cobbled roads and the din of barrows and heavy hobnailed boots combined with the shouts and badinage of men and girls as the fish were sorted and then hurried away on their destination to the British stomach.

"We have not time to consider quality now," said one of the bosses. "Every firm has its allotment in weight and there is no choice. Prices are fixed by the Ministry of Food and the trawlers are paid so much a ton. That is why they stay out two or three days longer so as to make more money, but it means that their catch in the first two days is losing its quality. They don't go as they used to where the best fish can be found. Now it's weight they're after, and you can't blame them. But some day we shall have to pay for this. People are eating fish now because they can't get anything else, and a lot of it is low quality. When things become normal we will find that we've built up a resistance movement against our product."

Smokers Pay Bill

I have described that visit because it typifies what is going on in many directions. The employers are really no more than agents for the Ministry of Food. They supply wholesalers without regard to any special requirements and in the end the customer takes what he can get. Prices, allocations and wages are fixed by the ministry in consultation with the unions and the employers. It is all strangely impersonal, but wages are good and Grimsby is doing well.

It is beyond question that a worker likes the feel of a well-filled wage envelope, even if its purchasing power is heavily curtailed by high prices, purchase tax and National Health deductions. He likes, too, the 14 shillings per week which is what the food subsidies mean to an average family of four. One of the favorite arguments of the Socialists is that if the Tories come back they will do away with food subsidies and thus add 14 shillings a week to a normal family's cost of living.

In reply the Tories tell the workers that they themselves have to pay the food subsidies. For example, a package of 20 cigarettes costs three shillings and fourpence. Tobacco has always been heavily taxed yet before the war the same package of cigarettes sold for one shilling.

The food subsidies at the present time are running at about £500 millions a year. There is much to be said for them since they keep the cost of living down in the most essential realm. But they are not a gift from a philanthropic government. Last year the cigarette and pipe smoker paid no less than £367 millions to the treasury. Not satisfied with that, the chancellor took £274 millions from the beer drinkers and £81 millions from the consumers of spirits. It is a fact that if the British stopped drinking and smoking the chancellor would be deeply embarrassed.

To bring it down to the individual, a man with a shilling in 1938 could buy a package of 10 cheap-grade cigarettes, a pint of beer and a penny newspaper, and still have a penny left over. The same man today would have to pay one shilling and eightpence for 10 cigarettes, and one shilling and fourpence for a pint of beer—exactly three shillings, and with nothing left over for a newspaper. He grouses about it but likes to feel the money in his wage pocket even if its purchasing power is so small compared with [illegible] of James.

That is one of the m[illegible] psychological problems which [illegible] present itself to whatever g[illegible] is formed after the next [illegible]. We need to get our costs [illegible] down to compete in [illegible] rivalry of export mark[illegible] the worker would rather hav[illegible] pounds with a reduced purchasing [illegible] one pound with increase[illegible] power. Human nature [illegible] stronger than logic.

Nevertheless, it is inher[illegible] human nature to overvalue the [illegible] of a subsidy, and to prefer [illegible] to direct taxation. Thus [illegible] worker detests income tax yet [illegible] up with purchase tax and the cr[illegible] impost on tobacco and beer. [illegible] of income tax is so intense [illegible] when his earnings have reached [illegible] where an increase will bring him [illegible] he frequently becomes an [illegible]. In fact, absenteeism is [illegible] which has emerged and [illegible] to a remarkable degree under [illegible].

No one loves income [illegible] yet in essence it is the fairest [illegible] of income deduction. You [illegible] have to pay it unless you earn [illegible] a certain figure. One would think [illegible] worker would be proud that his [illegible] had brought him within the [illegible] group, and that he might [illegible] feel a certain dignity in contributing to the cost of the services, of deductions and of the outlay to which a modern state is subject. Unfortunately it is quite evident that the average [illegible] none of these things. "What's the use of doing overtime," [illegible] "when Cripps takes the blooded [illegible]."

If you burrowed beneath the surface you would find that this is a live attitude fostered by the development of the state as opposed to the country. The state is impersonal, inhuman. It is neither English, Welsh nor Scottish, having no flag, no tradition, no emotion. It is a graven image which no one worships except the Socialist planners and the vast army of bureaucrats. A country has its songs but the state only has endless forms. It was the Nazi State which brought Germany down; it is the Socialist State which casts its shadow on Great Britain.

Treason to Strike?

Let us see how often the state enters our lives in a single day. The gas that cooks the breakfast, the post that brings the letters, the coal that burns on the grates, the electricity that lights our houses, the telephone that pesters us, the telegram which we send, the bus or tube or train that takes us to our work . . . all these are state-owned or state-produced, for the state is a mighty employer. Now the hospitals have been taken over by the state and the medical profession is nationalized. Even the extraction of a tooth requires a form, for the state pays the dentist as well.

But the trade unions are beginning to look on the new monster with a mingled pride and fear. Can the unions strike against the state as they did against the employers? Or, if they do, will it be regarded as treason? Left wingers reply that there are trade unions in Russia, which is quite true, but when did we last hear of a strike in the Soviet?

The individual worker is doing some thinking as well. In the bad old days he was subject to the sack but so was the employer. A good workman could always sack the boss and get another job, but now if he is a miner or railway worker or truck driver there is only one boss and if he leaves him he cannot turn

...r work that he understands.

...may be true," say the ...philosophers, "but when the ...n their industries, as they ...nationalization, why should ...to leave?"

...doubt that employees take ...in working for a state-...prise, but they are finding ...gement still has to take ...that under nationalization ...gement is inaccessible. in-...e Coal Board, for example, ...arge country house and its ...re almost as remote as the Kremlin. In fact so remote ...hierarchy that the M. P. for ...area actually stood up in ...and declared that the ...ried more authority vested ...gement on the spot.

...erations they had fought ...al control and demanded ...ership, but, having come ...stant directive, they want ...restored to the manager on ... That speech made a deep ...on us all, for it was clear that ...the wishes of the men who ...days at the pit face.

Needed: A Miracle

The Socialist Party is in the grip of a dilemma. Can free enterprise and nationalized industry work together? Abraham Lincoln declared that America could not exist "half slave, half free," and to some extent his dictum applies to Great Britain. But the dilemma of the Socialists does not end there. Supposing they are returned to power and then declare that they will carry out no more nationalization measures but will leave Capitalism and Socialism to work things out together. The Government would at once be attacked by its fanatics and would probably break up from its own inertia.

In other words this monster "the state" has an appetite which grows with what it feeds upon. The bureaucrats, that is to say the hard-working civil servants, have permeated the life of the community. Can they do business with the freebooters of Capitalism? Are authority and laissez faire able to work together side by side?

They might do so under a Conservative or Liberal Government, although the difficulties would be great. I cannot see how it could be done under a Socialist Government, which by its pledges and philosophy is bound to bring the means of production and distribution under public ownership. If the miracle was accomplished, then inevitably private enterprise would become the slave of state control even though it was allowed to retain the status of freedom.

As usual, neither industry nor the Conservative Party is putting its case well in this struggle for the minds of the workers. Industry in Britain has always been incoherent and has stubbornly refused to cultivate the modern technique of public relations. It is true that the Federation of British Industries and the Chambers of Commerce periodically issue a warning to the chancellor or make a protest, but they do not understand the human touch which is essential to propaganda and exposition.

The average British worker is a sensible man and is politically developed. He has seen in Europe how Socialism has paved the way for Communism. He has had his taste of remote control and realizes its unavoidable inhumanity. Yet he also remembers the years when there were derelict areas and when he walked the treadmill to the labor exchange for weary days and months only to be told that there was no work for his willing hands.

I believe that he would prefer a system of responsible, humanist Capitalism to that of state domination. So would the trade unions, who see their authority being weakened as their members look toward the government or the state and ignore their own leaders. Yet the Conservative Party, as the champion of individual freedom, seems unable to enunciate its principles so that the man at the bench and the laborer in the fields will understand and believe in them.

So the battle for men's minds goes on. The result of that battle will concern you almost as it will those of us who dwell in these islands of political experiment. ★

"We've got to find something to sell to baby sitters. The ladies are never home!"

Montreal—"Winter made my skin so dry and flaky I couldn't use powder," says lovely Pat Heselton. "But since using Noxzema as my Powder Base, chapped skin is no longer any problem."

"Ice Follies" Star Marilyn Ruth Lake says, "I've used Noxzema since I was ten—it's my only skin cream. A nightly Noxzema treatment is all I need to keep my complexion looking soft and lovely."

Vancouver—"Our local druggist recommended Noxzema to me for chapping," says charming Louise Prestlien. "It's grand for dry, rough skin, but it's a wonderful all purpose beauty cream, too."

Halifax—Sportswoman and swimming coach is pretty Margaret Eustace who first used Noxzema for chapped skin. She says, "I use it now as a Night Cream, and love the way it softens and smooths my skin."

Which of These 6 Canadian Women is the

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Each woman followed faithfully Noxzema's new 4 Step Medicated Beauty Routine. At 7 day intervals, their skin was examined through a magnifying lens. Here are the astonishing results: **Of all these women, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in two weeks! Yes, 4 out of 5 were thrilled to discover the marked improvement that Noxzema helped bring to their skin!**

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Winnipeg—Ada McDowell uses Noxzema morning and night. "It's real insurance against dry, rough 'winter skin'," says charming Ada.

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2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
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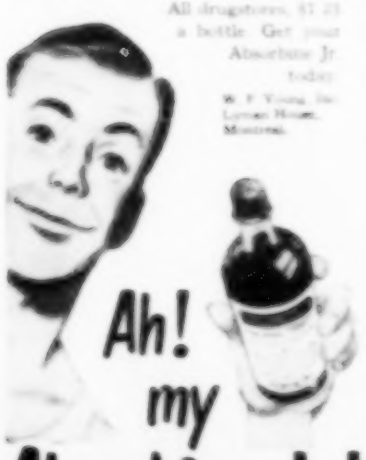

Ah! my Absorbine Jr.!

Swing Low, Fleet Chariot

Continued from page 15

go up or down. Plymouth, similarly, has a "suburban" sedan shorn of all possible fancy trimmings. Yet no really low-priced car is in sight. It is known that at least three manufacturers who had small utility models on the drawing boards two years ago have shelved them.

Why?

The most obvious reason is that automobile makers estimate there's an unfilled demand for 450,000 cars in Canada (and seven million in the U. S.). At the current rate of production (about 260,000 vehicles a year) it will take Canadian manufacturers about two years to clean up this backlog before going back to normal production of about 100,000 a year.

With the high cost of tools and plant, and with the demand for cars at any price still unfilled, it simply didn't look like good business to divert energy and capital to something that might or might not sell.

When demand shows signs of lessening, it is possible that the smaller, lighter car may appear as a new tidbit to tempt potential buyers—although even if someone started on it right now it would take 12 to 24 months to get it into production. But will a buyers' market bring the small car? Says General Motors president, C. E. Wilson, "The trouble with making a car two thirds the size of Ford, Chevrolet or Plymouth is that you take out value faster than you can take out cost. And if we could sell only 50,000 a year, a small car would cost more than a Chevrolet."

Clearly, Wilson and the other big makers have made up their minds that "bigger and better" will continue to be the answer to customers' demands, no matter what some surveys seem to say. Henry Ford II authorized spending $100 millions to tool up for the new streamlined, back-and-front line of Fords and Mercuries. Ford of Canada (which also makes the duplicate Meteor-Monarch line) spent $11 millions for tools alone. Young Henry Ford has estimated that the sellers' picnic will be over in a year, hence his strategy to get a jump on the competition with the prosperously styled car he feels will win the new race for leadership. Close on his heels, General Motors have spent $90 millions, Chrysler an equal sum, while Packard, Nash, Hudson, Kaiser-Frazer, Studebaker and others have all contributed heavily to the estimated total of half a billion dollars which the industry has splurged to prepare to battle for the postwar market.

The Lesson of the Model T

It is significant that it was the Ford firm which was first to take the restyling plunge in the "medium and low" price fields, for Ford's own history could be used to show that new-car buyers would never be content with an old-style car when something bigger and fancier is offered.

By the time the original Henry Ford had evolved the Model T he seemed convinced that he had the all-time answer to a motorist's prayer, and for several years his car did remain far out front in sales. But constant improvements by his competitors left the Model T far behind before Henry I finally abandoned it in 1928 for the Model A. This merchandising slip cost Ford the leading sales position to Chevrolet, and except for a brief period in 1955 Ford has been second ever since.

Despite such major changes the senior Ford continued until his death to cling stubbornly to another outmoded feature, the hard-riding transverse springs which were a hand-me-down from buggy days. Young Henry has thrown out this as well as many other of his grandfather's fixed ideas, and the Ford for '49 is the first Ford to boast independent front-wheel suspension, although this has been standard on other cars for 10 years.

Ford's unhappy experience is a reminder that the trend in cars has always been to a larger, better engineered model. In the face of such evidence, what maker today is going to gamble on an inflation-inspired demand for a stripped-down, prewar-style car, with a new era of heavy competition just ahead? For while Ford is now beginning to catch up in design, he's still a long way back in sales. According to the American trade paper, Automotive News, Chevrolet sold 661,928 cars in the U. S. in 11 months of 1948, against 439,285 Fords and 319,869 Plymouths. Next in order were Buick, Pontiac, Dodge, Oldsmobile, Studebaker, Mercury, Kaiser, Hudson, Nash, Chrysler, DeSoto, Packard, Frazer, Cadillac, Lincoln, Crosley, Willys, the English Austin and English Ford.

Canadian manufacturers decline to give out similar sales information in Canada. However, it is known that Chevrolet also holds the No. 1 spot in this country. In the first 11 months of 1948, Pontiac was second, closely followed by Dodge, Plymouth and Ford. On over-all production, on the other hand, Ford of Canada's full line of cars and trucks, including vehicles for export, topped General Motors and all others.

When today's backlog of unfilled car orders has vanished and the titans of the motor industry are again vying stoutly for the public's favor, it may

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be possible once again to determine through a process of elimination what the motorist does want in a car. Rhys M. Sales, Vice-president of Ford of Canada, is quite emphatic that it is the customer who dictates the changes, not the engineer or the manufacturer. A General Motors spokesman modifies this view a bit, observing: "I do not think it can be said that the public is either being led or followed. Let's say something like this: we make every effort to find out what the public wants and we try to give it to them in so far as it is possible within good styling, engineering, manufacturing and assembly prices."

Flops and Scoops

Chrysler Corporation's president, K. T. Keller, has explained his firm's policy as a belief that no matter how much the public may be swayed by appearance and other features, comfort is the determining factor with most buyers. As a result, "Chrysler designs from the inside out." Chrysler engineers noted, for example, that U. S. soldiers in World War II were, on the average, 1½ inches taller than the Great War doughboys. This clue as to the size of Americans set the engineers to altering their postwar motor blueprints to provide greater back-seat headroom.

The history of the motor car industry is footnoted with failures who have vainly tried to engineer the finest thing in motor cars and outguess the public's fancy. During the last 50 years some 2,500 makes of cars have been marketed in Canada and the United States—remember the Moon, Stutz, Grey Dort, Durant, Franklin (air cooled), Graham-Paige . . . ? Only 22 different trade names survive today. The automotive scene is littered with the unhappy wrecks of ideas that looked good at the time; and the story of those ideas and improvements which did click is in itself revealing.

In the heyday of the Model T the public's wants were simply met—an open body painted any color you liked as long as it was black. The T sold here for $590. In those days dust was synonymous with horseless carriages, until a bright but anonymous motorist installed what we now call a windshield. Carpenters quickly began to make windshields to order and by 1914 they were standard equipment. Next came tops, the first one developed by an umbrella maker. These and a lot of other improvements—windshield wipers, stop lights—met immediately recognizable needs and were quickly added on the competing production lines.

Certain other improvements which we take for granted today were available in inventors' workshops long before being adopted. Independent front-wheel suspension and coil springing could have been incorporated in cars as early as 1910, but it was 24 years before the much-shaken bones of the average motorist began to benefit. The 1888 Benz wore its gearshift lever on the steering column; the gadget was admittedly inclined to stick in cold weather and out of it grew the mechanically simpler "wobblestick" in the floor. The handier shift lever just beneath the steering wheel reappeared on the Hudson in the 30's. Soon all cars had it, and the added front-seat room that went with it. Good four-wheel brakes were available 10 years before they were widely adopted.

"All the companies have new bait to throw in the sales pool when the fish stop biting," was the happy announcement made recently by Stanwood W. Sparrow, Studebaker's engineering vice-president.

One of the most recent of the new baits is fully automatic transmission. A luxury item so far ($200 extra on Buick and also to be had for a fee on Oldsmobile and Dodge), it is claimed that a really efficient automatic transmission could save anywhere from 11% to 25% in fuel consumption. Several makers are trying to improve on the present devices and automatic transmission may become standard equipment on all cars before many years elapse—but the first car to boast a form of automatic transmission was made as long ago as 1909.

The Too-Early Airflow

Manufacturers have to go easy on such improvements to keep down the sales price. They also know that if they introduce an expensive new feature before the public is ready for it they are likely to have a lot of unsold vehicles on their hands. Take streamlining, for instance.

In 1935—at a time when there was already much talk of streamlining in the popular science magazines and the newspaper feature stories—Chrysler introduced the Airflow. It had many features we now accept—smooth sweeping lines from stem to stern, virtually no fenders. Yet it was a flop.

There was nothing much wrong with the Airflow except it had too much streamlining too soon. Detroit has had a lot of today's curves and lines on the shelf since the early thirties. One of G.M.'s vice-presidents drives a Buick so streamlined it stops traffic all over Detroit. It even makes 1949 cars look slightly dumpy. Yet it was dreamed up in 1938.

One thing is sure—car makers need never fear running out of ideas for

Continued on page 62

It takes the fastest stock auto 9.8 seconds to cover a quarter-mile . . . but in only

Glass of water test shows why Aspirin brings fast headache relief!

The stopwatch proves that within two seconds after you drop an ASPIRIN tablet in a glass of water, it starts to disintegrate. And when you take ASPIRIN, it does the same in your stomach . . . actually is ready to go to work almost instantly. That's why for really *fast* relief from headache, the thing to do is take genuine ASPIRIN.

Remember that. And also remember that ASPIRIN is a single active ingredient that is so wonderfully gentle to the system it has been used, year in and year out, by millions of normal people—without ill effect. So when you buy, ask for ASPIRIN.

Lowest Prices Ever!
Pocket box of 12 . . . 14c
Economy bottle of 24 . 29c
Family size of 100 . . 79c

WHEN YOU HAVE A HEADACHE, TAKE GENUINE ASPIRIN

Trade Mark Reg. in Canada

How old are you in your daughter's eyes?

Suppose a younger woman comes to you again and again full of enthusiasm for discoveries she has made. And you show that you are indifferent to almost all of her new ideas. Then don't be surprised if she thinks you "set in your ways"—and "old" . . . You are probably also missing some excellent suggestions.

To many girls, Tampax is an important discovery indeed—a sensible, practical way to provide for monthly sanitary protection. Tampax discards belts, pins and external pads. It is worn internally and *cannot be felt* when in place. No hampering bulk or chafing. No odor—because odor cannot form. No need to remove before taking bath.

Tampax was invented by a doctor and is now used by *millions*. Made of compressed absorbent cotton, each Tampax is firmly stitched and enclosed in an efficient applicator. Changing is quick. Disposal easy (only 1/9 the size of external pad). Average month's supply slips into your purse. Buy at drug store or notion counter and have ready when needed. *Three absorbencies*: Regular, Super, Junior. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.

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CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION LIMITED, Brampton, Ont.

Please send me a plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

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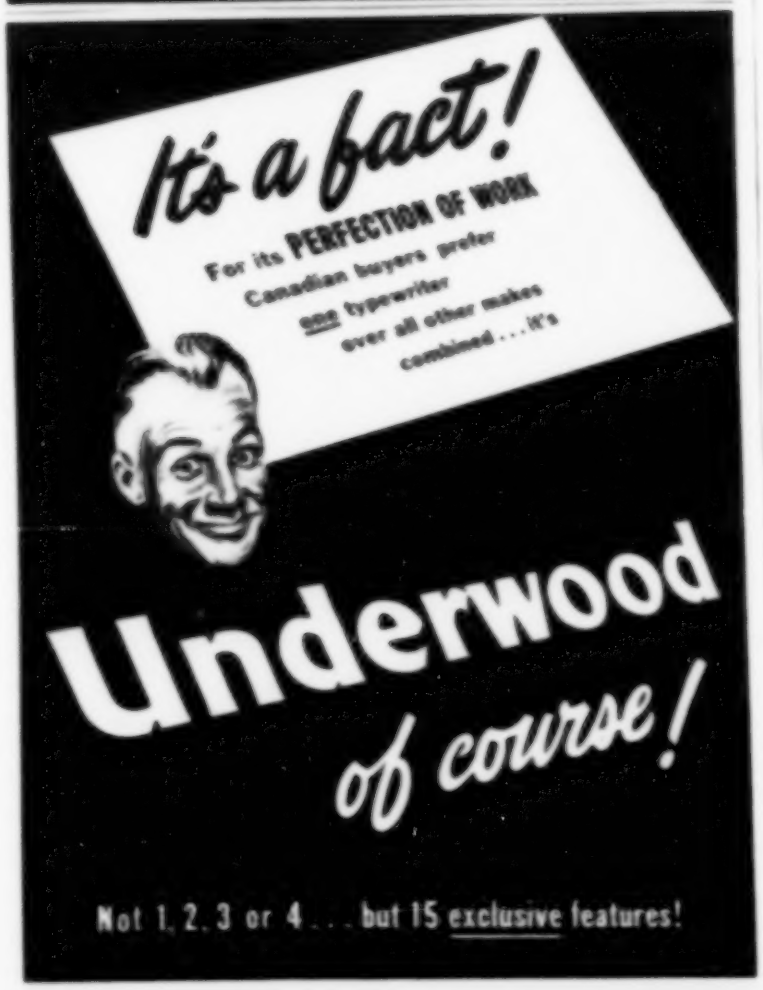

WIT AND WISDOM

Lose More Wives That Way—A recent press release from the United States starts: "Let's face it, men! An attractive physic and a fine car will assure a date with your lady fair, but it won't keep you happily married to her." Presume that physic stuff is preventive medicine.—*Brantford Expositor.*

Pure Science—Einstein says that in mathematical theory it is possible to turn a tennis ball inside out without breaking the cover. So things aren't perhaps quite as hopeless as they look.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

Listeners Wha' Hae Wi' Commercials Bled—The word "slogan," we learn, is a degeneration of the Gaelic sluagh - gairm, "a Scottish army cry." This may account for the warlike fury aroused in some listeners by the monotonous repetition of certain slogans on radio programs.—*Kingston Whig-Standard.*

The Fire Joined Alcoholics Anonymous—Water being scarce, neighbors fighting a Connecticut farmhouse fire tapped 50 gallons of hard cider. At a late hour the volunteers were being brought under control.—*Calgary Herald.*

Form That Fits—The wry humor with which Canadians are prone to treat news items on income-tax matters will doubtless be exercised on the dispatch which stated a new form, pocket-sized, will be issued soon. Naturally, the cynics will, of course, be discussing the dimensions. Taxpayers are entitled to have something that fits their pockets, even if it is only a form.—*Victoria Times.*

If She's a Bright Hen She Won't—Researchers have fed radioactive mash to hens, and the hens laid radioactive eggs that hatched radioactive chicks. The idea is to improve poultry practice. With practice maybe the hens can lay atomic bombs.—*Woodstock Sentinel-Review.*

He Has Bikoom Too—Fen, of the **First Hundred and Ten**—The Fen of Bikom declares that he is not going to add any more to his 110 wives. At the age of 80 the Fen is getting wisdom. Still in a colder climate a few wives would come in handy for a man who has a warm heart and a lot of snow to shove.—*Toronto Star.*

Red Tape for the Stork—Babies about to be born in Britain must wait till the doctor fills out seven copies of the permit.—*Brandon Sun.*

Lunar Lunacy—National boundaries of the lands on this earth are now and have long been a subject of contention. But what do you think of the action of a delegate to the United Nations meeting at Lake Success last year, who cabled to his government for permission to bring up the question of ownership of the moon?—*Petrolia Advertiser Topic.*

WILFIE — **By Jay Work**

"You're not supposed to shave now. You just got up to give the baby his four o'clock feeding!"

Test for the Torpid—He had just returned from church and his wife said to him, "What was the text of the sermon today?"

"He giveth His beloved sleep," was the reply.

"Many people there?" she enquired.

"All the beloved." — *Kingston Whig-Standard.*

Signal Success—Auto Examiner: "Do you know what it means if a driver puts out a hand?"

Applicant: "Well, if it's a woman, it means she is going to turn right or left, shake the ashes off her cigarette or reverse or stop, or she's pointing to a hat store, or admiring her ring, or—"

Examiner: "Yeah, and if it's a man?"

Applicant: "Why he's usually waving at a woman."—*Tilbury Times.*

You Can't Beat the RSM—A young officer wagered a brother officer that he could ask the sergeant-major a question that would baffle him.

The sergeant-major accompanied the officer on his rounds, in the course of which the cookhouse was inspected. Pointing to a large copper of water just beginning to boil the officer said: "Why does that water boil only round the edges of the copper and not in the centre?"

"The water round the edges, sir," replied the veteran, "is for the men on guard; they have their breakfast half an hour earlier than the rest of the company."—*Montreal Star.*

His Brother's Timekeeper—The pastor of a little church was noted for the fact that every one of his sermons lasted exactly 22 minutes. Then one lasted 45 minutes.

At dinner his wife asked him what had gone amiss.

"It was one of those things," said the pastor moodily. "My secret device was to slide a cough drop under my tongue just before giving the sermon. It dissolved in exactly 22 minutes. Then I knew it was time to stop. This morning I was talking for over 40 minutes before I realized that my cough drop was a trouser button."—*Calgary Albertan.*

Stalk Answer — Joe and Bill grubbed their lunch pails and sought a shady tree. Joe pulled out a long package and started to unroll it.

"What have you got there?" asked Bill.

"While my wife was away," returned Joe modestly, "I made myself a pie."

"A pie? It's kind of long for a pie, isn't it?"

"Of course it's long," answered Joe. "It's rhubarb!"—*Calgary Albertan.*

Heavenly Revolution—A woman approached the pearly gates and spoke to Saint Peter.

"Do you know if my husband is here? His name is Smith."

"Lady, we have lots of them here. You'll have to be more specific."

"Joe Smith."

"Lot of those, too. You'll have to be more definite."

"Well, when he died he said that if I was ever untrue to him, he'd turn over in his grave."

"Oh, you mean 'Pinwheel Smith.'"—*Victoria Colonist.*

Unsporting—It was the raw recruit's first turn of sentry duty. His his voice was rather shaky as he exclaimed,

"Halt! Who goes there?"

Out of the darkness came the startling reply:

"Foe!"

"Have a heart, chum," the sentry protested. "I haven't had time to learn the answer to that one yet!"—*Galt Reporter.*

Which is really Joan Fontaine?

co-starring in

"You Gotta Stay Happy"

A WILLIAM DOZIER PRESENTATION

A RAMPART PRODUCTION

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

[See answer below]

Spark plugs also look alike, but

AUTO-LITE

RESISTOR SPARK PLUGS

give you all these advantages!

It is hard to tell which is the real Joan Fontaine in these photographs. It's difficult, also, to select the best spark plugs from outside appearance. But you can tell the difference in performance when you replace your narrow gap spark plugs with the sensational new wide gap Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs. You'll be amazed at the benefits you get from this revolutionary development.

If you picked the girl at the left as the real Joan Fontaine, star of Universal-International's "You Gotta Stay Happy", score yourself 100%. Her "Look Alike" at the right is Pamela Randall, of Westchester County, New York. Score another 100% when you switch to the new Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug, designed for the finest in engine performance, the maximum in engine economy.

ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE LIMITED

Toronto 1 Ontario

Get these 4 Star Benefits

- A SMOOTHER ENGINE IDLE—wider spark gap helps eliminate occasional misfiring.
- IMPROVED GASOLINE ECONOMY—permits burning of leaner mixtures and reduces misfiring.
- INCREASED ENGINE EFFICIENCY—up to 20% and more.
- IMPROVED RADIO RECEPTION—reduces plug interference with radio, radar and television within 30 mm. to from 240 to 150 mm. or 30 ft.

Because of its low rate of electrode erosion, the new Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug permits wider initial gap settings and makes these advantages possible.

X-RAY VIEW of Auto-Lite Resistor shows the 15,000 Ohm Resistor which helps eliminate television, radar, and radio interference caused by ordinary spark plugs.

Listen to the Auto-Lite Radio Show, "Suspense" - Radio Adventure at its Greatest - Thursdays 9 P.M. E.S.T., Dominion Network - CBC

Confession?—Ask The Man Who Goes There!

Catholics go to Confession to a priest for one reason only: to obtain divine forgiveness for their sins.

But why, you ask, go to a priest? Why not confess our sins directly to God?

Ask the man who goes to Confession and here's what he will tell you: Sin is an offense against God, it must be forgiven by God. It is God, not man, who determines how forgiveness must be obtained. Christ plainly pointed this out when He empowered His Apostles and their successors to forgive sins or to refuse forgiveness:

"Whose sins you shall forgive," Christ said, "they are forgiven them; whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." (John 20:21-23). Thus Christ authorized the Apostles and their successors to pardon or to deny pardon as they judged the sinner worthy or unworthy. To do this they had to know what they were forgiving . . . the sinner disposition of the sinner . . . his sorrow and willingness to repair the wrong done to his neighbor by his sins. Who could make this known but the sinner himself—and what is this but Confession?

But Confession—the Sacrament of Penance—is only one of the seven Sacraments Christ left in His Church. Yes, seven—no more and no less! Christ's religion is not merely a message to be accepted, but a life to be lived—from the cradle to the grave. Christ's seven Sacraments are the answer to man's seven basic needs.

Man is born, but he needs to be reborn a Christian in the Sacrament of Baptism. He is nourished, but he needs Christian nourishment in Holy Communion, the Sacrament of the Eucharist. He grows, but he needs to grow and be strengthened in Christian life by the Sacrament of Confirmation. He is cured of disease, but he needs a remedy for sin, so destructive of Christian life, and this he finds in the Sacrament of Penance.

Man lives in society which needs officials to promote the common good—and for his life in the Church, he finds officials provided by the Sacrament of Orders. He perpetuates the human race in marriage, which Christ made the Sacrament of Matrimony. And at death, he needs consolation and strength for the last dread hour which he finds in the Last Anointing—the Sacrament of Extreme Unction.

Would you like to know more about each of the seven Sacraments? How they can help you to meet the seven basic needs of your life? Then write today for a free pamphlet which gives important information concerning them. Ask for Pamphlet No. 5-MM.

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
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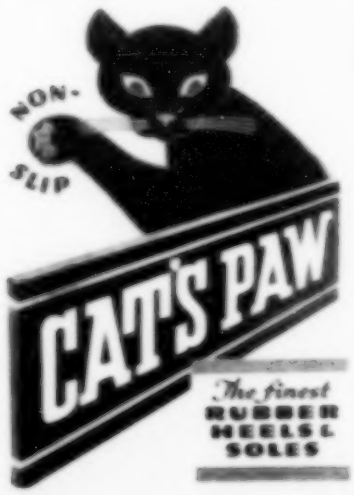

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If you like meeting people and need extra cash, then write to us today. We have just the plan for you . . . a pleasant, dignified business that will turn spare time into profit. Absolutely no cost or obligation to you, everything is supplied without charge. Clip out this advertisement NOW and mail it to—

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TORONTO 2, Canada

Continued from page 59

innovations. One driver suggested an adjustable rear seat complete with folding bridge table. Television sets, refrigerator, bars, are all frequently proposed.

The industry itself keeps dreamers on its payroll, visionaries who whip up endless batches of Buck Rogers creations no one will ever see. But from their engineering concoctions, the down-to-earth designer who actually fashions the cars we buy gets an idea here, picks out a curve there which might be incorporated in a future design.

Sometimes even hard-headed production men fall for one of these futuristic jobs. In 1946 some G.M. officials thought a particular creation had what it takes. A model was built. It quickly became clear that while it was a fine-looking car, the front seat could only accommodate people without legs.

Birth of a Model

Automotive history shows that improvements in cars usually appear in three ways:

1. Minor engineering and design changes.

2. The annual model change. This usually follows an alternating pattern: one year a redesigned body, the next a major mechanical change. For the most part these are sales "hoits."

3. Twice in a generation a complete reengineering which means a new body, chassis, engine and accessories.

Today the industry is passing through this twice-in-a-generation stage. It is the third time for Ford since the Tin Lizzie. The decision to take the big plunge was made in September, 1946. Hudson's new car is a product of prewar research, and was eight years in the making.

Building of the new Chrysler models shows just how big a job is involved when a manufacturer decides to turn out an entirely new car. Months of conferences and examination of hundreds of rough drawings, including some of those dream sketches, finally result in an official drawing on paper. Next a scale model is fashioned, three eighths of normal size. Then a full-size drawing of the car is put on a blackboard, superimposed over a drawing of last year's car so that all changes can be seen at a glance.

At this point the car is modeled full size in clay to determine final dimensions and then carpenters make a full-size wooden "mockup." Painted, it's hard to tell from a real car.

Draftsmen now make a drawing of the car on unshrinkable, unstretchable aluminum. The final "dummy" of the new car is fashioned, piece by piece, out of polished mahogany. From these pieces patterns and dies for all the car's component parts are created. Mass production is thus made possible.

Meanwhile, the first full-scale wooden model is put to a secondary use: from it craftsmen pattern hand-hammered metal parts and build half a dozen handmade operating models. These are "run to death" on proving grounds in a search for flaws which can be corrected before mass production begins.

Detroit still likes to shroud new models in secrecy, for surprise impact on customers, although designers always have a pretty good idea of what the opposition is cooking up.

A Ford display room burned down seven days before the official showing of the new models. Several cars had to be driven out and exposed to public view before time. "It was like a woman being caught in the shower bath," said one Ford man.

Every Woman SHOULD KNOW

about MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM

Now lovelier, lighter skin beauty within the reach of any woman who offers it allied with **Mercolized Wax Cream.** This famous Cream contains active ingredient used as long as history has been recorded. It loosens and dissolves scaly little chappings and is effective in helping to make skin firmer—more translucent. In the presence of **Mercolized Wax Cream** a lovely bleaching action has taken place on the skin surface and the appearance of dingy, cloudy complexion is retarded. If your complexion is PASSABLE, don't be satisfied—seek to make it more radiant, more attractive and younger looking with **Mercolized Wax Cream.** Use only as directed.

Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere.

The [illegible]motive cat almost got out of the [illegible] earlier than this. A hand-made [illegible] was on a test run back in July, almost a year before production [illegible]. The new body had been [illegible] as much as possible with [illegible]ove blacking. All possible identification were removed. But [illegible] caught in a traffic jam in Detroit before the driver knew it he was surrounded by curious motorists.

"[illegible] it, a Studebaker?" demanded a [illegible]onlooker.

"[illegible]" mumbled the Ford test [illegible]ligibly and drove off.

[illegible] the postwar car, after long dreaming, talk and delay, has taken over the highways—the other age-old dream, the car of tomorrow? With an eye cocked to the future, the industry is busy at work.

Some features to watch for:

Low [illegible]oods, and curving one-piece windshields for better vision. Rear-window ventilation, and on more and more cars air conditioning. Wider rims for softer balloon tires, providing a better ride. Wrap-around bumpers, automatic transmission, automatic window lifts, hydraulic steering aids and built-in jacks. Most of these features are already available on some cars, often as extras; more and more cars can be expected to adopt them.

At the same time engineers are making cars cheaper to run. Small economical engines are on the way. G.M. is now producing the new Kettering high-compression engine which is expected to save up to one gallon in three. Other firms are working on power-boosting devices which inject water and alcohol mixtures into cylinders to increase mileage and efficiency.

But don't expect anything radical in the way of engineering for some time to come. Bodies of plastic or light-weight metal like aluminum still cost far more to manufacture than steel. Most firms are experimenting with both front-wheel drive and rear-engine cars. A Pontiac rear-engine car has already been tested on G.M.'s proving ground.

Harold T. Youngren, Ford's top engineer, says rear engines have very definite advantages. They would permit lower over-all heights (how low can a car get?) and possibly an over-all reduction in weight. Some European manufacturers adopted the rear engine years ago. The chief reason it hasn't been adopted here is it would represent a multimillion-dollar gamble for public acceptance of a radical change. It may not come for 10 years—if ever.

Some 6,000 engineers, chemists, physicists, metallurgists and designers, hundreds more than before the war, are busy at work on the car of tomorrow in nearly 200 laboratories all across the continent. Ford is putting up the first of eight new buildings in its $50-million research and engineering centre at Dearborn, Mich. Chrysler is expanding its elaborate indoor testing laboratories. G.M. has plans for a multimillion-dollar technical centre.

The reason for all this bustling activity is not hard to find. The days are nearly over when customers will scramble for anything with four wheels and a motor; they'll soon be getting choosy again about models, styles and prices. When that day comes the driver will be back in the driver's seat, giving the horn to the industry. ★

Listen Here, Boss

Continued from page 12

did you go? I've run up and down stairways like a mountain goat, roamed corridors and poked my head into strange offices so many times without even scenting the trail that I've often thought you used a rope trick.

And what made you think I was so helpless? You know, you never could quite believe that women had any brains. How I've wanted to strangle you with an old typewriter ribbon at times when you used to tell me just how to do everything, from indenting a letter to making reservations on tomorrow's sleeper for New York. I've listened to you explain, almost with diagrams, how to find the number in the phone book, how to dial, what to say when the ticket agent came on the line, how to explain that you wanted a lower berth, somewhere not over the wheels, especially if they were flat, and so on and so on until I used to make a dash for the "Help Wanted, Female" columns.

Honest. I did go through public school and even *farther than that* before I met you.

Those Cigar Syllables

Maybe when I'm settled down in a bungalow with my six kids I'll begin to miss the gay, glamourous life of a personal secretary. But one thing I'm not going to miss is dialogue like this: "Miss McCormick, I'd like you to look up a letter that came in here this week, or maybe it was last week—to tell you the truth, I'm not sure that it did come in, but I seem to recall seeing something about a ruling on aluminum products, or maybe it was just kitchen-ware in general—I think it might have been from the Better Business Bureau, but it might have been from The Association of Aluminum Manufacturers, or it could possibly have come from Ottawa."

I'd start off with fewer clues than Perry Mason on his toughest day.

I've spent probably two years of my life looking for letters that may have come in this week, but could have come in last week, getting behind with my work but determined not to bother you by asking for more information. Then, finally, I'd give up and go into your office again. You'd frown thoughtfully, swivel around and stare out the window and say, "Come to think of it, I don't think it did come in here. It was a letter that Art Meldrum over at the agency was telling me about. We'll just leave it for now."

Another thing I'm not going to miss is that cute trick of yours of asking me to make a careful note of your appointments, then going into a day-long conference behind a closed door. What was I supposed to do? If I broke in to remind you of your date, you'd give me a hurt look for interrupting you. If I didn't, you'd look exasperated and ask me why I didn't interrupt you.

I'm going to wake up every morning *so* pleased "Mrs." and just lie in bed thinking that I no longer have to listen to anyone dictate around the end of a cigar. I've strained so hard to get all those words that I've probably got varicose veins in my ears, yet if I made one mistake you always gave me that well-I-guess-a-man-just-has-to-put-up-with-it look. If I asked you to repeat what you said too often, you began to think I was a bit dense. If I didn't, I gave you a letter to sign that had so many strange words in it that it looked as if it were dictated by two other people.

Just to get a little more personal, why could you never put the leads in that mechanical pencil of yours? You

SMART MEN

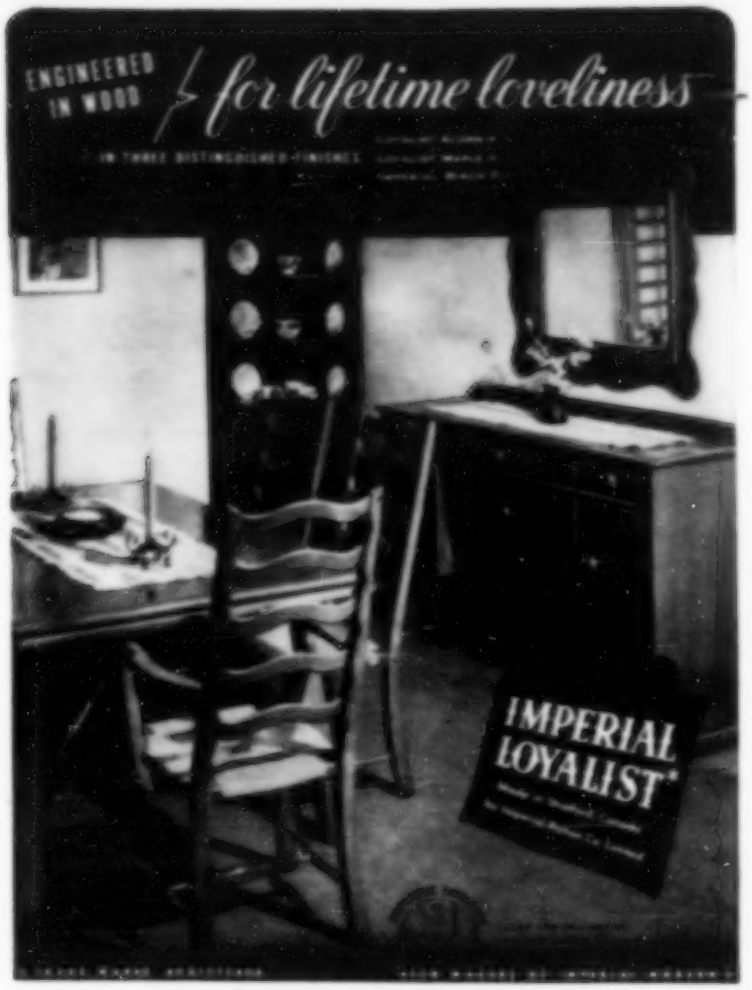
use this pure, clear hair dressing—and save money

NO MUSS
NO RESIDUE
NO DRY SCALP*

• **Just a few drops** of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic before brushing or combing conditions the scalp, gives natural life and looks to your hair, keeps those unruly 'cowlicks' in place without smearing. Hair is easy to groom . . . and stays groomed all day with this *economical* hair tonic. A bottle lasts a long, long time.

* **Symptoms:** *Itchy feeling; dry, brittle hair; loose hairs on comb or brush. Unless checked may cause baldness.*

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK



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Historic

BRITAIN

Come to Britain this year. A great programme of cultural and sporting events has been planned for your pleasure in this historic, hospitable land . . . colourful ceremonial . . . festivals of music and drama . . . golf at St. Andrews . . . racing at Ascot and other famous courses . . . yachting at Cowes. Come — and renew old friendships. But, make your reservations early, for transportation and hotels. See your travel agent now.

COMING EVENTS

Grand National — March 26th. Stratford-upon-Avon, Shakespeare Festival — April 14th-October. Royal Academy — April 30th-August 7th. British Industries Fair — May 2nd-13th. Bath Assembly Festival (Opera, Music, Drama, Art) — May 5th-23rd.

Trafalgar Square

COMING EVENTS

Racing: The Derby — The Oaks — June 1st-4th. International T.T. Race — Isle of Man — June 13th-17th. Royal Ascot — June 14th-17th. Canterbury Festival (Drama & Music) — June 29th-July 2nd.

Information and illustrated literature from The British Travel Association (Tourist Division of the British Travel and Holidays Bureau), 552 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont., or Room 440 Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, Que.

87 1066

used to look so helpless sometimes when you wandered out of the office with it on your hand that I'd feel like crying. And back there when I first started with you, when it hurt you so deeply those times I forgot to dust off your desk and fill your inkwell, why didn't you tell me, instead of looking at me like a whipped spaniel every time I came into your office for the first week?

It was things like that that often for the balance of the day made me feel kind of tender and motherly toward you. But the next morning you'd always do something that had me wishing someone would put you in a box, tie you with a ribbon, and drop you — anywhere.

For instance, the times the jolly good fellow inside you cracked through that executive veneer. The president would start asking questions about where you were. If you only knew the important meetings you've been at! I used to use the United Welfare Chest meetings mostly, it sounded so above suspicion. Then I'd find out if I could what the president wanted, and start phoning Joe's and the club: just what kind of a club is that you belong to?" and prime you over the phone like a mother priming her little seven-year-old boy for a visit with his rich aunt.

And those mornings you'd feel your way to the office, tell me to tell everyone that you were holding an important meeting, and start to shave. I'd just finish telling someone you couldn't possibly see them, when you'd pop your head out with a beaming "Hi, Tom. Come on in," and I'd get a look from Tom like a debt collector listening to a weak joke about money not being important. It got at times that I had no conscience left.

The nearest I ever came to leaving you, though, was that time you went at me like a football coach right outside your office where every stenographer in our building, and probably the one across the street, could take the whole thing in. Do you know that's about the worst thing a boss can do?

Most girls are willing to put up with the boss' moods, even when he growls at her for no particular reason, so long as it's done behind a closed door. She realizes that he's a human being, subject to ups and downs, and is willing to go along with him so long as it's kept between themselves. But, take a tip from me, if you want to keep your next secretary don't bawl her out in front of others.

New Hair-Do's Were Wasted

Another point you slipped up on frequently was in showing appreciation. It's a big failing among bosses. An occasional verbal pat on the back means a lot to a woman. You're not married yet, so it's hard to tell about you, but most husbands know enough to show appreciation when their wives do a good job. They should do the same for the women who work for them. Just some little compliment like, "I like the way you're doing your hair", or "I like that dress you're wearing."

I pass this on for the benefit of my successor. I know how I've felt many a night after an hour's overtime, when I'd be showing through my make-up and hardly able to keep from falling off my chair, and you'd come out of your office with your hat on, read the letter I'd finished, say, "Good night, Miss McCormick; don't forget the insertions," and ankle off.

And look, if you want to keep that new girl of yours, don't breeze into the office about 4.30 in the afternoon with good old Alf Simms from the Saskatoon office, full of energy and a long wet lunch hour, and ask her if she'd mind taking a bit of Mr Simms' dictation. Take it from [illegible] The poor girl won't be [illegible] out good old Alf Simms [illegible] style, or even the reason [illegible]

I'll say this for you, th[illegible] are even more confused [illegible] days than you. I've w[illegible] and I know the secretari[illegible] three more. You should [illegible] their hair down. You and [illegible] we stood with one anoth[illegible] the boss and I was your s[illegible] with this new type that [illegible] the same time as market[illegible] tic relations and commu[illegible] ogy, the scientific man[illegible] sonnel - relationship typ[illegible] is quite sure who's who [illegible] getting the most out of [illegible] run an office as if it were [illegible] happy garden party. H[illegible] to be friends with everyb[illegible] up by having everybody [illegible] his throat.

Phooey on Old Home Week

He never says, "Miss S[illegible] need this or that." H[illegible] "Miss So-and-So, I don't want [illegible] now if you're busy, but [illegible] a moment. I wonder if [illegible] look for [illegible] I tell you [illegible] for [illegible] I like you to [illegible] thing is important when [illegible] " until the girl is [illegible] a thoroughbred Boston [illegible] he'd just tell her to get [illegible] quick.

This is the type of man who never gets mad, refers to everyone by their first name and expects to be called by his first name, and has his private life so mixed up with his business life that it leaves you puzzled about which is.

He likes to use terms like "our little group," "chat things over," and "our team."

There are just two things wrong with this type of boss. He's usually about as fast on his feet as anyone you'd ever want to meet, and his eyes move sideways when he's talking. He doesn't fool the smart ones, and it works in reverse, because if there's anything a smart girl resents, it's being tricked.

And, of course, that's all there is behind this big, friendly, garden-party-old - home - week - Bible - class - chuckling - don't - let's - mention - money act. He just thinks he sees a faster way of getting to a buck.

But the worst type of all, even worse than you, who didn't know much about managing an office or a secretary, is the man who knows exactly how to manage both.

He is the character who has studied books on psychology and office management and knows exactly how his secretary will react to any given situation. He knows that you must treat them kindly to get the most out of them, like feeding a cow on nice sweet hay.

This gets any girl's back up, because it is in direct contrast to the attitude she wants him to have toward her. He's thinking of her as a unit in the organization, a piece of machinery that will get out a lot of letters if oiled regularly, whereas she'd rather be thought of as a warm-blooded, thinking, emotional and sensitive member of the human race.

Here's something in your favor—you never passed the buck the way a lot of bosses do. I had one. He'd never take the blame for his own mistakes. He'd try to weasel out of a right spot every time and let me take the rap for him.

The framing was usually done in a subtle way, like: "It's really not Miss McCormick's fault. She's really got too much work out there. I guess she just overlooked sending it."

That sort of remark, he figured, did

[illegible] It cleared him and at the [illegible] made him look like a pretty [illegible] for trying to protect his subor[illegible] But it took the heart out of [illegible] Cormack. The implication [illegible] fallen down on the job hit [illegible] than he ever imagined. That [illegible] left him.

[illegible] you were never a wolf. [illegible] just figured you couldn't [illegible] enough, but that never both[illegible] men I've worked for. What [illegible] most about them was their [illegible] They never gave up. I [illegible] up—my job.

[illegible] always a gentleman—a [illegible]—but I always respected [illegible] other reason would have [illegible] with you for five years?

[illegible] last point has something [illegible] the next one, but one other [illegible] your favor was that you [illegible] married. The boss' wife is [illegible] one the girls would like to [illegible] long vacation.

[illegible] have the habit of regarding [illegible] secretary as a family [illegible] and will call in asking her [illegible] chores, regardless of how [illegible] girl is—to pick up parcels, [illegible] fixed, buy gifts. And there's [illegible] wife who calls in every hour [illegible] to see what her husband [illegible]

[illegible] leave next week to marry [illegible] going to promise one thing: [illegible] call you to check up on you, because I know that when that new secretary of yours straightens her girdle, sharpens her pencil and quietly opens your door for the first time, she's going to be too confused from then on [illegible] think of anything but getting through her day's work. ★

Seven Wise Men

Continued from page 9

But the essential thing that the seven have in common is ability. Every once in a while they get a chance to demonstrate this in matters which have little to do with the law, but which the layman can appreciate.

Mr. Justice Rand went to Windsor in 1946 to arbitrate the Ford strike. Company and union had been deadlocked for weeks on the issue of union security. The men wanted a union shop—all employees to be union members on pain of dismissal—because they feared postwar layoffs would be used to smash their union. The company insisted that every employee retain the right to his job, union member or not. Mr. Justice Rand broke the impasse with a compromise, the "Rand Formula," since adopted by several other big companies: employees need not be union members, but must all pay union dues. Thus the worker's job and the union's treasury are both protected.

Mr. Justice Kellock was commissioned to investigate the Halifax riots in 1945. He found negligence on the part of the Navy, a decision that cost the federal treasury millions in property damage claims. Justices Kellock and Taschereau made up the royal commission that reported on the espionage case in 1946. Mr. Justice Rand was Canada's delegate on the United Nations committee that went to Palestine in 1947, and recommended partition.

But these are sidelines. The main job of the seven is to be Canada's court of last resort. They make the final decisions in criminal and civil cases which become the jurisprudence of Canada, binding in future decisions of all other Canadian courts. They settle the controversies between provinces

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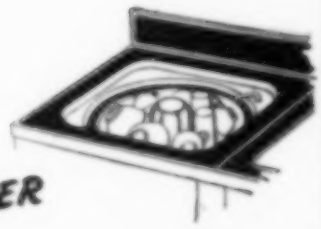

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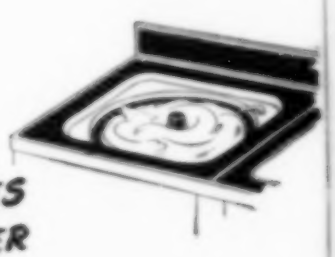

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and Dominion which, as much is settled, shape the Canadian constitution.

To watch them at work, you'd hardly realize the power they exercise. Argument before this highest court of the land is a quiet, dull process. There are benches for spectators, but they're seldom occupied: the proceedings go on with nobody present but the judges, the opposing counsel, and the clerks and messengers of the court staff.

No witnesses appear, for this is a court of appeal, not one of original jurisdiction. Long before a case gets here, the evidence is all in. No prisoner stands in the dock—in fact, there isn't any dock. Even though a man's life may hang on the decision, he doesn't hear the argument: he stays in jail. What goes on in the high paneled chamber is a quiet, learned discussion on delicate points of law.

They have to be delicate, for this is the end of a long road. Supreme Court cases involving private citizens have been heard first by a trial judge, then by a court of appeal in their respective provinces.

Actual hearing before the high court takes only a day or two. Each session of the court, in February, April and October, lasts a few weeks and covers perhaps a dozen or 15 cases. But when the hearing is over, the judges' work is not ended: it's only begun. The hard work is to reach and write a judgment.

In civil or criminal trials the judgment settles a point of law and becomes binding thereafter on all lower courts for similar cases. In the constitutional cases the judgment sets the form and application of the British North America Act. It's delicate work to phrase a decision so that it can be applied correctly, without distortion or miscarriage of justice, to all similar issues for years to come.

Printing Comes High

Supreme Court judges arrive at their offices, whether court is sitting or not, at nine in the morning and work until five or later. Even during court sessions, only five judges as a rule are on the bench at one time; the other two are working over cases already heard.

Each man works independently on each case, but consults the others a good deal. Some of the consultation is informal. Three or four of them usually lunch together several times a week and talk shop. When they disagree, as they often do, the Chief Justice may call a formal conference to discuss a case; obviously, the ideal is a unanimous judgment, and they try for that when they can. But each judge makes up his own mind, and is free to adhere to and express his own opinion. It's not uncommon for the Chief Justice himself to dissent from a majority opinion. The majority is still the binding judgment of the court.

For the litigant all this service is expensive. He has to pay for the printing of all evidence at previous hearings, for the record of each case is presented to the Supreme Court in book form. Printing costs run about $4 a page. One appellant had a printing bill of $9,000, and heard his case dismissed without the respondent even having been called.

Then there are lawyers' fees. Some lawyers charge as much as $1,000 a day in court, and $200 a day for preparation. Theoretically the loser pays all costs, including his opponent's, but in practice the winner pays too. The court is liable for such counsel fees as the court may fix, but the court normally fixes only $250 or $300 for each day's actual pleading. That might be only 10% of the total fee.

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[illegible]ally none of this money, how-[illegible] to the Supreme Court itself. [illegible] annual revenue is only about [illegible] up of assessments for filing [illegible]10 each; and various small [illegible]. Operation of the Supreme [illegible] the taxpayer about $285,[illegible] [illegible]r—$20,000 salary for the [illegible]ce, $16,000 for the other [illegible] thirds of salary as retire-[illegible]ion, and the rest for clerks [illegible] staff.

[illegible]he court is firmly established [illegible]ch and early life both were [illegible] its early days it had few [illegible] many enemies even among [illegible]mbers.

[illegible]deration in 1867 something [illegible]preme Court was vaguely [illegible] section 101 of the B.N.A. [illegible]rizes Parliament to set up [illegible] court of appeal for Canada." [illegible] people in that day thought [illegible] final court of appeal.

[illegible] 1875, Alexander Macken-[illegible]ral Government brought in [illegible] Court bill purporting to set [illegible] court of appeal in Canada [illegible] terrific outcry. Sir John A. [illegible]d, then leading the opposi-[illegible]ed it "the first step toward [illegible] of the Dominion from [illegible] country." In Britain the [illegible] secretary, Lord Carnarvon, [illegible] this view. He warned the [illegible] Government that the bill [illegible] disallowed at Westminster.

However, the act was passed and the Supreme Court was declared a court of final appeal. But it also contained the provision that Her Majesty the Queen could exercise her royal prerogative and grant a subject special leave to take a case from the Supreme Court to the judicial committee of the Privy Council. In the important and far-reaching cases this special leave was almost invariably granted. In practice, the Supreme Court was not supreme at all.

Controversy on this score subsided, but there were others. The judges quarreled among themselves. Mr. Justice Samuel Strong described the judgments of his colleague, Mr. Justice William Henry, as "long, windy, incoherent masses of verbiage, interspersed with ungrammatical expressions, slang and the veriest legal platitudes inappropriately applied." Nothing but Henry's removal, he thought, could save "this unfortunate court."

Strong also had a low opinion of Chief Justice Sir William Richards. "I am not sure that the change, if effected, will make the court efficient," he said. "He (the Chief) seems to think of anything rather than his legal work and is never ready with his judgments."

What with one thing and another, the court wasn't very highly respected. People called it a refuge for political hacks. The Canadian Law Journal dismissed it as a failure. Several bills were introduced in Parliament to abolish it.

But in time went on the Supreme Court established its prestige with the Canadian people. Gradually the curtain lifted. Instead of wanting to abolish their own court, Canadians began to be ashamed of its limitations. Canada could write her own laws, but they were taken beyond the borders of Canada to be interpreted—often by people who knew nothing about Canada—kept the dry bones of its legal [illegible]

Finally, in 1939, the late Hon. C. H. Cahan, who had been Secretary of State in the Bennett Cabinet, introduced a private bill to abolish appeals to the Privy Council. The Liberal Government doubted whether the Canadian Parliament had authority to make this change. It referred the Cahan bill to the Supreme Court itself, which ruled four to two that Parliament could do as it liked. Then the same question was put to the Privy Council; a year ago it answered "Yes."

But even then Canada was not unanimously in favor of the change. Four provincial governments sent counsel to London to argue against it—Quebec, Ontario, British Columbia, and Nova Scotia. Only Saskatchewan and Manitoba actually supported the federal argument. The other three provinces remained aloof.

"As Lonely as Monks"

What's the reason for this mistrust of our own court? Provincial rights. All four dissenting provinces, especially Quebec, seem to fear that an Ottawa court would do Ottawa's will—that without some impartial tribunal to hold the balance, federal power would crush provincial autonomy. In the Quebec Government the fear seems to be strong enough even to overcome a nationalist resentment that Canadian law should be interpreted in a British Court.

On the record, this fear seems to be unwarranted. The Privy Council and the Supreme Court of Canada almost always agree, nowadays.

Over the past 11 years, 55 cases have been carried to London from the Supreme Court. In 22 of them, leave to appeal was refused; the Supreme Court became final in those cases. Of the other 33 cases, 27 were dismissed and one withdrawn. Only five Privy Council judgments reversed the Supreme Court, and in none of the five was there a constitutional point involved.

Does this mean that genuine supremacy of the Supreme Court will have no effect on our constitutional structure?

Not at all. It means that an immediate, revolutionary change is unlikely. But over the years it will surely make a difference that Canadian law is being molded by Canadians—men who know Canada.

Supreme Court judges are supposed to be immune from political influence, and so far as is humanly possible they are. Certainly no government would attempt to persuade them to its will. But they are not immune, any more than other citizens, from the prevailing tides of Canadian thought.

Even though Chief Justice Rinfret complains that they lead lives "as lonely as monks," they're in far closer touch with the average citizen than he is with them. As a matter of fact, one of their grievances is the average Canadian's profound ignorance of what the Supreme Court is and does.

"In the margarine case," said the Chief Justice, "we were astounded. Somebody phoned my secretary to ask if we had set the price of margarine yet."

There will be changes. What no one knows is how soon or how often the changes will come.

The Supreme Court has been bound in its decisions by previous rulings of the Privy Council. Will this be true when the Privy Council is no longer the superior tribunal? The judges themselves don't know yet. That's one of several things they've been thinking over.

All that's sure is from that time on Canada and Canada alone will shape her own law. ★

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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

Other Quebec Nationalist speakers went even further. Rene Chaloult, who was a powerful force in the Bloc Populaire's fight against conscription, spoke in the Quebec Legislature a few days before the Nicolet-Yamaska election. Mr. Drew, he said, offered to French Canadians "more guarantees than Mr. St. Laurent."

"I'd rather have an Anglo-Protestant who is Canadian at heart," he said. "than a French-speaking Catholic Prime Minister who is British at heart."

Mr. Drew might be an imperialist, said Mr. Chaloult, but "I wonder if Mr. Drew won't say some day that Mr. St. Laurent is too British for him."

* * *

By all accounts Nicolet-Yamaska was a dirty campaign on both sides.

"I never saw anything so urly in my life," said a Liberal MP on his return. "Our fellows were as bad as the Tories — worse, if anything."

Apparently there was a fine display of all those practices that Hon. "Chubby" Power described, in a recent issue of Maclean's, as having gone on in the bad old days. Nicolet and Yamaska are dry counties, but one Liberal committee meeting of 60 people consumed nine gallons of whisky, according to a man who was there.

As for the campaign speeches, they hit about as low a level of personal slander as any within human memory.

Liberals appealed quite frankly on grounds of race and religion. Which did the voters want — a French-Canadian Catholic Prime Minister or an "English Protestant Freemason"?

Progressive Conservatives hit back by spreading stories that Prime Minister St. Laurent was not a French Canadian at all, but an adopted child who couldn't speak French. One PC campaigner used to give what purported to be impressions of the Prime Minister speaking broken French with an atrocious British accent. "That's how St. Laurent talks," the voters were told.

Those were the printable stories. Others were circulated, on both sides, which would be libelous even if they were decent.

* * *

Backbenchers on the Government side were astonished and dismayed at the result — they'd been taking Quebec for granted as an impregnable Liberal fortress, but in the higher councils of the Liberal Party the defeat was no surprise. Prime Minister St. Laurent's statement to the press, [illegible] result, was drafted hour[illegible] before the polls had closed.

Mr. St. Laurent offered [illegible] "We made every mistake [illegible] he told friends, "and we [illegible]."

First and worst mist[illegible] to Liberals who went [illegible] campaign, was their choi[illegible] date. They're still tryin[illegible] how and why he was cho[illegible]

Paul Trahan had be[illegible] Liberal candidate in [illegible] soundly beaten by the [illegible] Dubois, an Independent L[illegible] Mr. Dubois died a few m[illegible] the by-election was [illegible] MP's warned the Liber[illegible] mand that "we won't h[illegible] with Trahan."

They were assured, [illegible] Trahan wouldn't be [illegible] There were six Liberals [illegible] in the early stages, who [illegible] run. All six were called t[illegible] a conference. They agre[illegible] convention, because they [illegible] stir up local animosities [illegible] hard to heal.

All six agreed to abid[illegible] of Hon. Joseph Jean, w[illegible] who was Liberal campaig[illegible] But in making that [illegible] of the six believed that [illegible] would not be chosen. [illegible] was announced as the party's offic[illegible] candidate, the other fi[illegible] work for him.

Meanwhile, another man had be[illegible] found who, in the opinion of young Liberals, would have been a bette[illegible] candidate than any of the original six. Efforts were made to persuade Mr. Trahan to withdraw before nomination day. He wouldn't.

Grits tell these stories as explanation of the defeat, but not as excuse. They know all too well how little gu[illegible] it does them to plead that they had a poor candidate. The inevitable answe[illegible] is: "Who picked him?"

That's why you hear so much tal[illegible] these days among the Liberals about a complete shakeup in their Quebec organization. Both parties kno[illegible] Quebec is a critical region, the battleground on which the general electio[illegible] will be won or lost. Liberals know that without virtually all the Quebec seats they have no chance to survive. Yet the responsibility for this vitall[illegible] important sector of their political fro[illegible] has been left to leadership of dubio[illegible] competence.

Some people are talking of bringing back Chubby Power, an old politic[illegible] warhorse who has forgotten more abo[illegible] winning elections than some of his ex-colleagues ever knew.

Continued on page 70

"Which one has the Toni?"

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APPLIANCES

Continued from page 68

Others think this would be a good time to promote Hugues Lapointe, son of the late Quebec leader Ernest Lapointe, to the Cabinet. He has been a parliamentary assistant for three and a half years, and some Liberals regard him as an abler man than any French-Canadian minister except Mr. St. Laurent.

They used to say about Bob Lapointe that he was a bright lad, but too easy-going. He is a genial, popular chap who seemed quite happy to coast along without making any strenuous efforts. But lately, where he's been given more work to do, he's shown real talent for getting it done.

Lapointe went to Paris last fall as a member of the Canadian delegation to the United Nations Assembly, and made a considerable impression there. Officials on the delegation, who have often had trouble getting any work out of parliamentary delegates, were astonished to find him just as industrious—and, after he'd learned the ropes, just as competent—as any professional in the party.

There are other French Canadians in the present Parliament who are still in subordinate roles but who seem to have more on the ball than their elders. For several years now, there's been a recurrent talk about a Cabinet cleanup, and especially about strengthening the French-Canadian representation. If Nicolet-Yamaska doesn't bring some action in this regard, it's hard to imagine what would.

* * *

On top of all their other worries, Liberals are digesting the fact that the new Opposition Leader, George A. Drew, is a great deal more effective in Parliament than they expected him to be.

They hadn't taken him seriously before the session opened. The Grits were confident that Drew would not be one of these new provincial leaders who can invade the federal field with success.

His performance in the Carleton by-election increased the Liberals' complacency. True, he'd got a record majority, but they thought his platform tactics were pretty vulnerable. He'd lost his temper at an election meeting, and Liberals felt sure th[illegible] thin-skinned and hot-tem[illegible] would be an easy tar[illegible] for the parliamentary picadors.

Mr. Drew crossed the[illegible] He has kept his temper [illegible] severe and skilful pr[illegible] evening he rode out a [illegible] almost continuous int[illegible] personal abuse without l[illegible] balance, let alone his tem[illegible]

Whether he actuall[illegible] parliamentary skirmishes [illegible] impossible to say. The[illegible] satisfactory means of [illegible] In his followers' eyes [illegible] Drew is more than hol[illegible] Moreover, he has put a d[illegible] of fighting spirit into the Oppo[illegible] never had before. There [illegible] of able men—six or eight [illegible] 69 members used to [illegible] frustrated and discourag[illegible] Parliament; try as they [illegible] couldn't seem to get any[illegible] for the first time, they ha[illegible] that is pulling them tog[illegible] fighting team and the [illegible] remarkable.

Parliament, of course, is not the country, and parliamentary victories do not always register with the voters. But in this case there is already solid evidence that Mr. Drew is making an impression on the general public.

In the days of John Bracken's leadership, the ordinary run of mail to the Opposition Leader's office averaged about five letters a day. George Drew's mail, since Parliament opened, has averaged 100 letters a day.

This includes, of course, critical as well as laudatory letters, and some that are neither pro nor con, but enquiring. Progressive Conservatives feel, though, that the run of mail is a fair index of the revival of public interest in their party.

* * *

Add game from Hansard:

Mr. Rene Arseneault (explaining his bill to make the Civil Service bilingual): This bill, if enacted, would be a contribution to better understanding between French and English Canadians, and a means of promoting national unity.

Mr. Tommy Church: That's contrary to the British North America Act, is it not? ★

"My husband gave it to me."

JEAN SIMMONS

Austr nd the Fiji Islands Are Both Route to Canada

Motion picture film required to record voyages of discovery and exploration by pioneers from the J. Arthur Rank studios will in the greatest rate soon be sufficient to girdle the globe with celluloid, following a route which passes through the Yasawa chain of islands in the Fiji.

* * *

At that point also, much of THE BLUE LAGOON was filmed in Technicolor. The star is Jean Simmons, the teen-ager who plays Ophelia to Laurence Olivier's HAMLET. The story is H. de Vere Stacpoole's novel, best-seller of all best-sellers among South Sea island, boy-and-girl romances.

* * *

The current trend toward travel was started by SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC, now showing in Canada and CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, starring Fredric March, which will not be seen here till late in the year.

* * *

One of the most interesting of the far-location films is EUREKA STOCKADE from Australia which brings back again the elongated outdoor star of THE OVERLANDERS, Chips Rafferty.

* * *

Gold mining in the Antipodes had violent and bitter beginnings. To the digger, down-under, EUREKA STOCKADE, as the story of a fight for freedom, is as important as the revolution is to Frenchmen.

* * *

After considerable personal travel, including Canada, John Mills, Britain's leading star, returned to London to become an actor-producer and do a thoroughly British film.

H. G. Wells' personal success story of the little man who defied the conventions in order to live in peace, THE HISTORY OF MR. POLLY.

* * *

For the local playdate on any J. Arthur Rank picture, ask at your own Theatre.

An EAGLE-LION Release

Are We a Godless People?

Continued from page 7

isn't true. My father doesn't believe it and he's done very well."

I had nothing to say to this.

"It keeps on talking about faith," the boy went on. "I looked that word up in the dictionary and it says faith means having complete confidence in someone or something open to question or suspicion. I don't see anything good about that."

"Why not?"

"In science it says you should never believe anything unless you can prove it." Then he looked puzzled and said, "I don't understand why people took all that stuff seriously. God just wasn't very intelligent."

Looking at the earnest face, I knew that the boy was sincere. Even at 17, he had retained the poignant eagerness to do the right thing which is one of the loveliest characteristics of a nice child.

"Well," I said, "I've heard some strange things said in this school, but this is the first time I've ever heard God called unintelligent."

"Perhaps," the boy conceded, "it was a good idea at that time in history."

"What was a good idea?"

"This business of sending Christ to show people how to live."

"You mean, it was a good idea 2,000 years ago in the sense that the Wright brothers' airplane was a good machine for 1903?"

He brightened somewhat, but he did not yield. "No, sir, not exactly. After all, modern aircraft have been developed from the original idea of the Wright brothers, but it's 2,000 years since Jesus lived and the history master told us that people are just about the same now as they were then."

I have recorded this dialogue, not with the intention of being shocking or flippant, but because to me it illustrates more clearly than any amount of argument how abrupt has been the fracture with 2,000 years of religious tradition. I was nearly 20 years older than this pupil of mine, and 20 years is a very short period when measured in terms of world history. Yet I believe it would have been impossible for a similar case to have existed when I was at school. Even if the boy had been brought up in a family of militant atheists, he could hardly have talked like this. He would at least have been aware of the identity of St. Paul and St. Mark. He would have lived and moved, whenever he left his home, in an atmosphere in which people were conscious of religion. Yet this boy had gone for eight years to a school where every morning he had listened to a brief prayer read to the assembled boys from the Prayer Book. If he had ever thought of this ritual at all, he had apparently decided that it was intended as a technique to make the whole school fall quiet for half a minute in the locker rooms before marching up to their classes to begin the day's work.

As I walked home that night, I turned over in my mind what seemed to me the salient points raised by my discussion with this boy. His father was a middle-aged man of scientific training who had apparently carried

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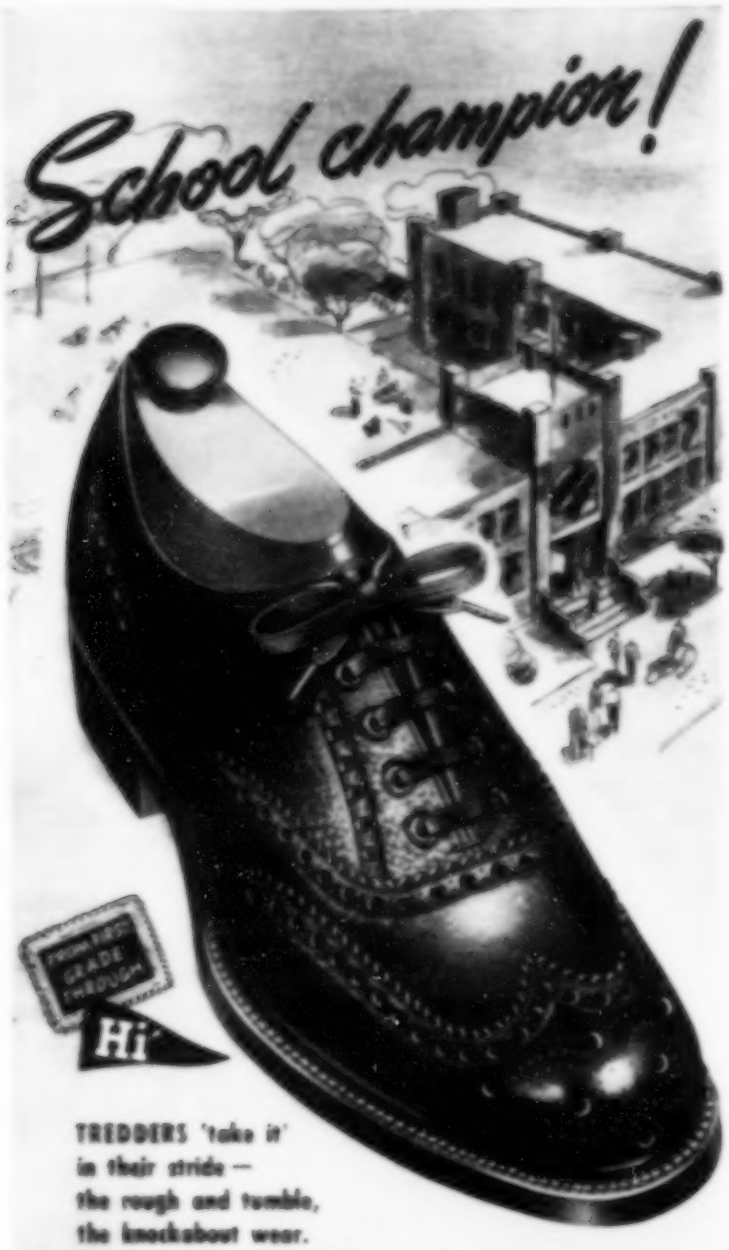

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the logic of his thinking into his active life and that of his family. Beyond this, how different was he really from the majority of city-dwelling Protestants of his own age, training and education, who go to church for the music on Easter, eat turkey and sing carols at Christmas, and feel that the Christian religion, while it bores them, is probably a good thing for other people and certainly can be relied upon to provide ringing slogans during a war?

The second point that seemed to me significant was the boy's unquestioning acceptance of the scientific attitude. If a point of view appeared to conflict with what his untutored mind assumed to be scientific procedure, he was prepared to believe immediately that such a point of view was wrong. Here, surely, was a new form of bigotry the scientists themselves encourage.

Christ as a Project

Finally, there was the North American attitude which regards everything as a "project." He had even reduced Christ's mission to the world as a project, and had decided that time had proved it to be outmoded.

With this analysis I dropped the matter for the time being. But for months, and then for years, I kept remembering this discussion whenever I heard people examining the plight of religion today. Again and again I read, as you also have read, that the spirit of the Christian religion is dying, and that compared to the world of our grandfathers, Protestant North America has largely become a pagan civilization.

That orthodox religion in the Protestant churches, at least as our forefathers understood it, has suffered a profound decline is a fa which no body denies today.

We have been told rec that the enrollment in the churc of North America has shown con rable in crease since the beginni of World War II, but I believe ate for clergymen who take in consider from these figures.

How many of these ted wit the Protestant churches d serv regularly? How many e high educated group who are others what Professor A. J. Toy "the creative minority" go to ch or a unless they are Roman C

When Canadians con them selves to the citizens of r lived they probably have no claim that they are living religious country. Certainly no of the Roman Catholic world is deeply devout than French-spe Canada and the Protestant chur still represent a considerable forc among Protestants of advance education, especially among college g uates, the same phenomenon is occ in Canada now as occurred in United States a generation earlie They are leaving the churches. So are the young people. This is true even in small towns.

Canada, one might say, has the habit and perhaps the desire for religion; she is by no means exultant in her growing drift away from it, but it would be a travesty on the meaning of the word to claim that Protestant Canada is still a religious community.

In recent years I have made enquiries among many of my friends on the subject. Most of them are professional men: doctors, lawyers, newspaper writers, scientists, professors, research workers, men in public life. They

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response is a curious one. prepared to call himself hardly one of them goes often as once a year. me they discover their gious release in art and say they have no religious all. None of them—and utely none with the excep- or two who are actually find any satisfaction what- services of an established gh one man admitted that lly goes to a service be- nds him of his childhood.

Sense of Guilt

equently been asked by nts whether I think they their children to Sunday though they don't them- what their children will This question has always me singularly pathetic. It saying, "When I was young in fairy tales and I was I am lonely, and though to believe any longer I'd ildren to have the same I was once given."

complaint we constantly ted against the clergy. We gain and again that the not meeting modern needs. non, any non-Catholic who blames the clergy for the the churches is merely look- scapegoat. The Protestant not sacerdotal; they are assemblies.

neither better nor worse people who compose their congregations. To blame those minis- made fools of themselves in United States at the time of the so-called monkey trial at Dayton is justifiable. To blame fanatics who stir up agitations for prohibition in the name of the Christ who turned water into wine is the part of a good citizen. To feel indignation at self-righteous puritans who would make little children feel guilty for their human nature, while at the same time withholding from them the release of confession and absolution, is natural and right. But to blame the Protestant clergy as a whole for the present state of the Protestant faith is a gross injustice to men who are virtually forbidden by their own congregations to raise any issues which would make those congregations uncomfortable.

It would be far more sensible to blame nobody—to forget this futile, haunting, primitive sense of guilt which is the worst legacy of puritanism—while we try in all humility to understand what is happening to our spiritual lives.

Religion can never be anything save a thing of the spirit; its values are of the spirit, its aims are of the spirit. But the society in which we live has become so increasingly materialistic that even our standards of goodness are generally materialistic ones. It is not a change in our judgment of what constitutes evil that marks the extent of our drift from our spiritual past. It is the change in our judgment of what is good.

In the past, a man's goodness was primarily measured by his devotion to God, by his service to God, and neither of these phrases then seemed mysterious or obscure. Today a man's goodness is measured—at least in the non-Catholic world—by his material services to his fellow man.

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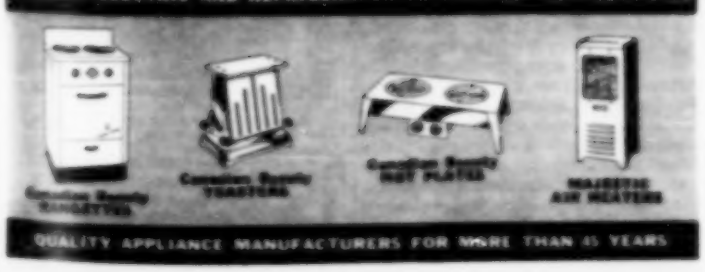

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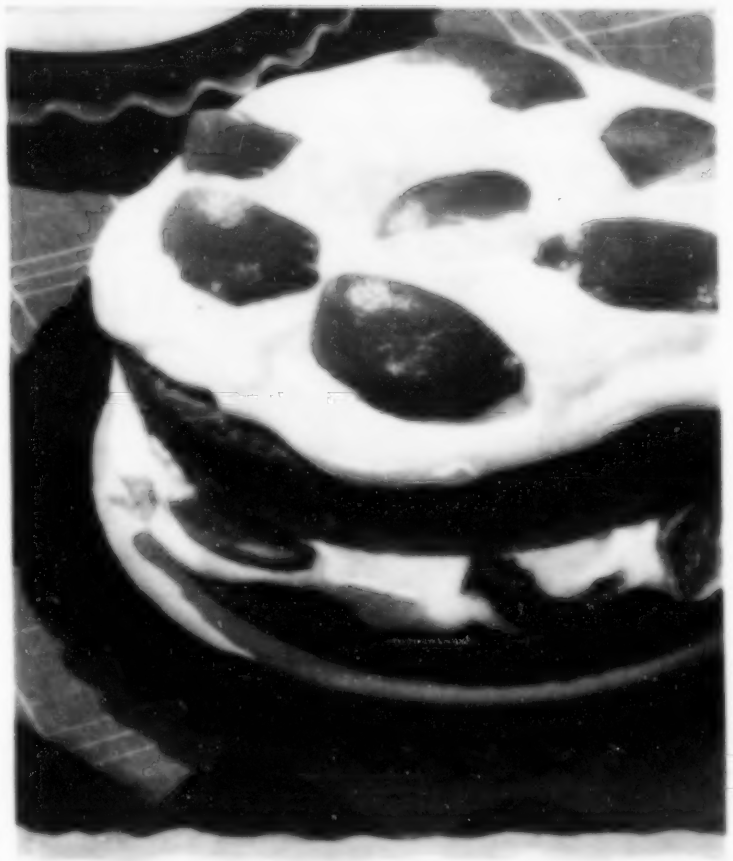

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2½ cups sifted cake flour
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1½ cups granulated sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
¾ cup milk
1½ tsps. vanilla
½ tsp. almond extract

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together 3 times. Cream shortening, gradually blend in sugar. Add beaten eggs, part at a time, beating well after each addition. Measure milk and add vanilla and almond extracts. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of milk and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into two 8" or 9" round layer cake pans which have been greased and lined on the bottom with greased paper. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, 20 to 30 minutes. Put cakes together with halved or sliced peaches and whipped cream between and on top.

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of poverty in order to meditate on the divine would be considered to have lived a worthless life, and might even be advised to consult a psychoanalyst. On the other hand, a man who never gave a thought to the things of the spirit, but who organized boys' camps, or promoted slum clearance, or led a political crusade to clean the graft out of civic government—this man, if he was also kind to his family, would be considered an ideal human being.

Today, more than ever before, a man's goodness is judged by his work, by his co-operative attitude toward society as a whole. Here, in the ultimate test of human worth, is revealed our true sense of values. Man, not God, is the master who must be served. The present human world, not the divine eternal world, is the one which counts.

Wanted: a New Vision

This state of affairs signifies one thing very clearly. Our Protestant society may be a good society in the human sense of the word good, but it has completely lost sight of its old religious goal. It can perhaps be called a Christian society still, but it can no longer be called a religious one. Therefore it stands in great danger.

History reveals clearly that no civilization has long survived after that civilization has lost its religion. Our own recollections of happenings in the present century should show us a danger which is far more imminent than the prospects of a slow decline, for where religion is concerned nature abhors a vacuum.

Nationalism, Fascism and Communism, as everybody should know by this time, are fundamentally neither political nor economic movements. They are, in their appeal to the masses and even to intellectuals, aberrations of the religious impulse. They are religious in their appeal because they provide materialistic-minded people with an easily recognizable master whom they can serve, an easily recognizable purpose which seems to make sense out of the mystery of human existence. They are aberrations because their dogmas are founded on hatred rather than on love; and it is this quality of hatred which makes them hideous creatures, so destructive and dangerous that they will bring about the extermination of the human race unless their growth is arrested. But their growth cannot be checked by material force alone. It will shrivel only when confronted with a countervailing idea.

Does Christianity contain a countervailing idea great enough and [illegible] ing enough to save society from totalitarianism and our souls from the materialistic desert in which they now wander?

As Christianity is at present taught and understood, we delude ourselves if we think it can save us. It is at least a century since a new vision of the Christian "idea" has excited a multitude anywhere in the world.

The churches were helpless to prevent two appalling wars; they have surrendered their principles again and again to various national states; and only in the last two years, aided by the Marshall Plan, has the Roman Catholic Church been strong enough

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[illegible] growth of totalitarianism [illegible] country.

[illegible] in one of my novels, an [illegible] from a base in England [illegible] for the bombers to return [illegible] said, puts down these lines [illegible] "I seem to be haunted [illegible] that at a time when more [illegible] will in our hearts than [illegible] the organized doing of evil [illegible] our chief industry." This [illegible], phrased somewhat dif- [illegible] made to me by a young [illegible] the war. It seemed to [illegible] it still does, to contain [illegible] of our modern spiritual [illegible] individuals we lead on the [illegible] lives. But as nations we [illegible] cruel, wanton, vindictive [illegible] than not destructive. [illegible] decency stems largely [illegible] ignorance of much of Christ's [illegible] daily lives. National [illegible] derives from our loss in [illegible] total of the idea of the [illegible] Providence.

[illegible] having lost his nearness [illegible] God of the Christian [illegible] ing come more and more [illegible] Christ as merely the most [illegible] perfect [illegible] man being who ever lived, [illegible] a century been striving [illegible] to recreate the God idea [illegible] in the shape of a national [illegible] state. It is our tragedy that this effort [illegible] largely successful.

Old Symbols Are Out

A [illegible] national state, no matter what its governments, rests fundamentally on power and on nothing else. At best it stands for the order of the [illegible] as Rome, Britain and the United States have stood or now stand for order. At worst it is an instrument of brutal aggression. But it can never stand for love.

Nationalism takes infinitely more than it can ever give. In the name of the state the most monstrous crimes are not only justified; they are demanded. Merciful Americans, who would have been horrified if they saw their neighbor kick a dog, rejoiced when they heard on their radios that the atom bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima.

If the state of mind resulting from our loss of the sense of God's nearness constitutes the greatest crisis of our time, it surely behooves us at least to try to understand why this loss has occurred. It is my belief that it has occurred mainly because the symbols employed by the churches in explaining God to the people no longer seem valid in an age dominated by science.

God is at once purpose and cause. He is the cause of our existence and the purpose behind the universe. In Plato's language, God is the "self-moved mover of motion." In the language of the Christian church, God is an "infinite" being.

Because the human mind is unable to imagine infinity, it was the problem of the Christian theology to make an infinite God appear near and real to finite mortals. To do this, the church used symbols. Following the example of Jesus himself, the church constantly spoke of God in poetical and metaphorical language. "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." God, Jesus told us, is our heavenly father. Speaking of the hereafter, Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions." Speaking of death it was said, "God will wipe away all tears and there will be no more death." The essence of Christian religion was that God would justify our existence if we justified ourselves to Him, and this we could do if we believed in Him, through the intercession of Jesus Christ and His redemption of man on the cross.

Until very recently this symbolic interpretation of purpose, of cause and of the infinite satisfied the bulk of people in the western world. Indeed, one has only to utter such phrases as these, to think such thoughts expressed in the old language; one has only to regard the serene beauty of medieval religious paintings; one need only listen to the sublimely humble confidence emerging from Bach's prelude called "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" — to realize what a peace, what a glory and hope, have passed away from the world with the loss of the idea of God's nearness.

"Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." Who believes this today? Or, if he does believe it, is able to say so with the same simple confidence that he says the sun will rise tomorrow?

From the time when Copernicus upset medieval theology by proving that the earth was not the centre of the universe, science is said to have

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struck steadily at the heart of Christianity. It was science that weakened belief in the miracles as evidence of Christ's divinity and special mission. It was Darwin's theory of evolution which destroyed the validity of the Old Testament account of man's origin and original sin. Then Freud and the psychoanalysts, by their discovery of the workings of the subconscious, shattered the idea of God as a heavenly father by equating it with the subconscious yearning in all of us for the reality of our own childhood, when our earthly fathers stood between us and the blows of the world.

Above all else, science gave to the bulk of men in the West—especially to those who live in towns and cities, a new frame of reference. By causing men to live in proximity to machines, it made men think of causation as a mechanical process. It is no accident that farmers, close to the mysteries of germination, growth and death in the plant and animal world, are as a group more religious today than industrial workers.

The Romans Were Snobs

All these things science has undoubtedly done. Yet what harm, in truth, has science done to essential religion save to create the surface illusion that it is less important than it was, to flatter us into believing we can become omnipotent, and to destroy the validity of the traditional symbols by which the church has tried to explain the idea of infinite God to finite man?

If the churches are taking stock of their position today, here surely is the essential point they should consider, and having considered it, take heart. Symbols are not now, and never have been, a reality. If the old ones stand between modern man and the reality of God, then new symbols must somehow be forged. For science has not even touched the cardinal idea of God.

Science, like primitive man, has also been driven to postulate infinity. Science has merely shattered a theology and, as Jesus constantly pointed out to the Pharisees, theology is not the same thing as religion.

Few tasks in history will be harder than the reconstruction of Christian theology in an age dominated by science among the educated and by industrialism among the masses. It will be a task calling for consummate religious genius. Yet it is well for us to remember that new symbols have been forged before, and more than once.

Jesus, followed by the apostles and early saints, performed this mighty service for the world of the Roman Empire and ultimately transformed it. When Jesus was born, the Roman Empire was as materialistic as is the United States today. Its learned philosophers were, if possible, more bumptiously ignorant of the spiritual needs of the masses than are modern scientists, taken as a class. There was the same growing weariness of spirit, the same intellectual snobbery and handwashing on the part of the so-called intelligentsia, the same emphasis on efficiency and organization among the "practical" men, the same tendency to measure a man's worth in terms of social and national service.

There was even the same danger that "western" civilization might be overrun by the barbarian tribes.

But there is another, and a very laudable, aspect to our present situation which most of us, guilt-haunted as we are, never seem to consider. In our realization of what we have lost, we too frequently forget the enormous amount we have gained. If we on this continent have largely lost the capacity to be near to God, we have perhaps gained the capacity to be [illegible]

To me, who speak only [illegible] the stupendous achievement [illegible] early Christian church [illegible] link it contrived to forge [illegible] conception of God and [illegible] of Jesus Christ. At the [illegible] in North America, the [illegible] Jesus—at least of Jesus [illegible]—has been so assimilated [illegible] that we have almost come [illegible] assimilation for granted.

If Jesus had not lived [illegible] the boy with whom I [illegible] extraordinary discussion [illegible] ago would never have [illegible] of person he was and [illegible] kindly, gentle, merciful [illegible] others, eager to help others [illegible] honorable and self-sacrificing [illegible] of that boy constantly with [illegible] my contemporaries talking [illegible] younger generation.

Young men on this continent today are gentler and kindlier [illegible] when I was young, and [illegible] a boy we were gentler and [illegible] boys were in my father's generation. Bullying is virtually [illegible] among the underprivileged in large cities and in backward areas like the southern states.

In adult life in North America there is much to be found with which Jesus would be pleased—more pleased than He could ever have been by the habits of men in the far more religious 17th century. People have become more considerate in their dealings with one another. They are more tolerant. They have come to feel a profound sense of responsibility toward the underprivileged.

The idea of charity on a vast national scale—which the United States has twice practiced within a single

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generation would have been unthinkable 100 years ago. No European or American nation has ever shown charity in such proportions. We would do less than justice to the Protestant churches of North America if now, in the hour of their decline, we failed to acknowledge that Christ's example of merciful living has passed over into our habits, and we have largely the churches to thank for it.

The Jesus whom the Protestant churches of North America preached to their people was almost invariably a practical Jesus. In their puritanism many preachers made God appear like a vengeful monster, they denuded their services of beauty and art and even of good taste, yet they did succeed in making their people understand the sense of mercy which Jesus introduced into religion. It was seldom the mercy of the atonement—according to Calvin, redemption was only for the elect—but it was certainly the more homely mercy of the Jesus who healed the sick and pitied the poor, who turned the water into wine and performed the miracle of the loaves and fishes, who drove the moneylenders out of the temple and rebuked snobbery by the parable of the Good Samaritan.

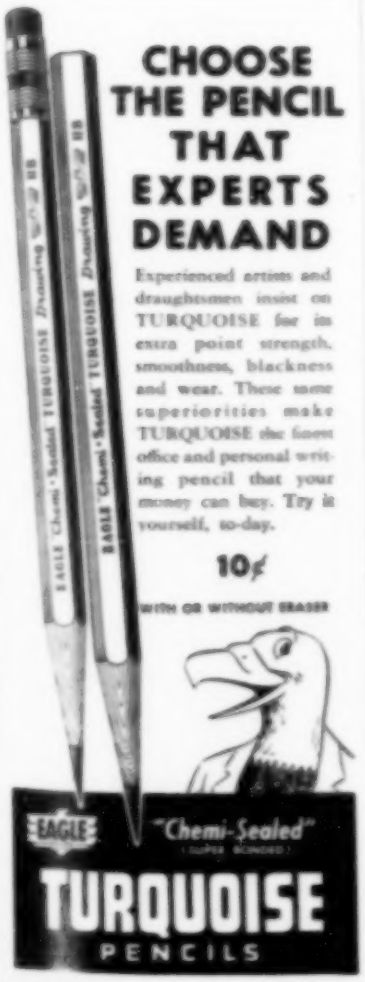
This we should remember now, when thoughts of failure haunt us.

But we should also remember that the conception of the practical Jesus is only one aspect of the Christian religion, and perhaps not the most essential one. Our great need today is for a new vision of God, and already our most advanced thinkers—even some who a few years ago loudly trumpeted the glories of materialism—have at least recognized the truth that man does not live alone by bread and machinery.

It would be absurd, as well as insulting to our integrity as free-thinking human beings, to look for some master plan which would lead us to conversion. The journey of the whole people toward a new vision of God will not likely be much shorter or more direct than was the long and devious road which led them away from the old one.

History can strike quickly, but it moves slowly. Three hundred and twenty-six years intervened between the birth of Jesus and the acceptance of Christianity by the ancient world as its official religion. Now and for many years, perhaps for centuries, a common cry of well-meaning men is likely to be that of the man in the Scriptures: "Help Thou mine unbelief!"

While this road is being traversed—perhaps I should say if the insanities of the national states leave anyone alive to traverse it—there is no need for us to feel guilty about our state of mind. There is no need for us, as individuals, to feel shamed by our spiritual incapacity. If millions lack the comfort of believing in the symbols of Christianity which helped our forefathers in their attempt to lead spiritual lives, we can at least do our best to live earthly lives in accordance with the ethics of Jesus Christ, as we search for a new way to express the idea of God. ★



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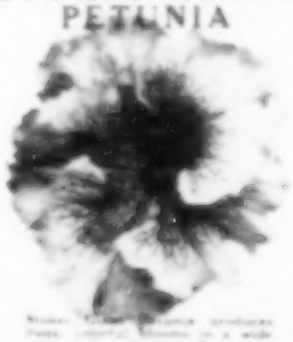

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BRITISH COLUMBIA

Two figures from Ottawa last month cast light on the pattern of life in B. C.

The Minister of Education, Hon. M. T. Straith, said he had been informed by Ottawa that the B. C. average school-leaving age was now the highest in Canada — 17.8 years. Students may go to work at 15.

The other figure was that so comforting 1 of 10 all Canadians over 40 working (via through National Employment Service) one-quarter were in B. C. This is far out of proportion to the province's share of the population. It reflects the westward rush of ageing Canadians looking for a milder climate.

This rush is putting a heavy load on B. C. social services. In the past two years costs have gone up 70% while the population has only risen per cent.

* * *

Thomas Henry Hunt, skipper of the fishing tug Sunny Mac, is carrying the banner for the Indians of B. C. against the right of the Dominion to collect income tax from them. Hunt, a Nootka Indian from Albert Bay, wants the $1,475 he alleges B. C. Packers Ltd. withheld from him and turned over to the income-tax department. His quarrel is not with the company but with the Government.

Indians on reserves are watching Hunt's case closely. It means much to them. They argue that since they have no vote they shouldn't have to pay income-tax.

* * *

How many alcoholics are there in Vancouver? The National Committee for Education on Alcohol is planning a 12-month survey to find out. It will dig up figures from the courts, welfare agencies, jails, hospitals and Alcoholics Anonymous.

A test survey by the Yale Institute of Alcoholic Studies indicated that 9,450 Vancouver people, out of approximately 300,000, drink to excess. Of these, 1,715 were women. It was estimated that 80% of them could be restored to a normal social life, with a considerable saving in hospital, welfare and jail costs.

Meanwhile, the campaign for the sale of hard liquor by the glass took new life following raids on three night clubs. There police seized 14 bottles of liquor allegedly taken there by the patrons and hidden under the tables.

The president of the B. C. Cabaret Owners' Association said the police were only doing their duty. The fault, he said, lay with the "unenforceable" and "antiquated" liquor laws.

* * *

Lillian J. Marcuzzi, an 18-year-old Roseland girl, wrote a school essay on "Citizenship Responsibility." Her mark was C minus.

She entered the essay in a province-wide competition sponsored by Kiwanis. It won first prize of $500.

THE PRAIRIES

A new dodge in stock promotion was uncovered when the operator of a "lonely hearts club" was hailed into court of Education and fined $50 under the Alberta Securities Act. He pleaded guilty to advising his clients to invest in oil stocks of questionable merit.

It was brought out in court that James Tanner, who ran the Western Social Club, used his knowledge of his lonely clients' bank accounts to plug its glowing language a company which was in fact insolvent. Tanner promised to pay back the $1,500 he'd obtained from his customers.

* * *

Alberta last year paid out bounties of $5 a head on 29,000 coyotes and wolves. There was no appreciable slackening of the coyote-wolf menace. Some hunters, particularly those who chased the critters by airplane, earned substantial sums, but meanwhile the pests multiplied, and moved closer to settlements. A rancher north of Edmonton sold off his flock of 500 sheep in disgust after losing 100 to wolves. A rancher near Cardston in the south reported a loss of $2,000 worth of sheep to coyotes.

The Government cancelled the ineffective $5 bounty and is appealing for new ideas on how to foil the menace. Latest proposal: use of poison bait, up to now illegal.

* * *

Winnipeg's 75th anniversary falls on June 5 and as this is written aldermen hadn't made up their minds whether to spend $5,000 on observances or shoot the week-long celebration. It might cost the city as much as $100,000.

Some suggestions for a celebration include: inviting Prince, the Lord Mayor of London, the Governor-General, holding a summer curling bonspiel, a fiddling contest and the 10th American name dance band.

The aldermen, who may have a potent argument, estimated $2½ million in debts.

ONTARIO

Three quarters of the traffic deaths in Toronto of the pedestrians themselves, according to Inspector Vernon of the police traffic department. On May 1, Toronto will [illegible] its first "jaywalking" bylaw, which will be enforced by fines, imprisonment or both. The city hopes to reduce traffic deaths — 66 in the past 12 months.

When such a bylaw was first proposed in Toronto a few years ago it was laughed out of council because of some of its more extreme provisions. One of them forbade running for a street car; another made jostling or walking on the wrong side of the sidewalk an offense.

Under the new bylaw the "errant passenger" can be arrested and charged if he crosses against a red light, crosses in the middle of a block or walks in the centre of the roadway.

* * *

J. Rankin, who operates a Hamilton china shop, styles himself "the mad merchant of Main Street." Recently he dreamed up a mad scheme: why not bring a bull into his china shop and see what happens.

Reporters, photographers and public were duly alerted. The bull was brought in. Nothing happened. Flashlight bulbs popped as the placid animal was turned loose among the aisles of cheaper china; the good stuff was put out of harm's way. Still nothing happened. Finally some of the spectators began to throw dishes at the imperturbable bull. In the confusion and the excitement, considerable crockery and two windows were broken.

Through it all the bull wore an air of bewildered resignation. When the show

What would a bull do in a china shop? The Mad Merchant tried it.

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... having wolf trouble, too ... Despite a bounty of $10 ... being seen in settled dis- ... they haven't been since the ... Iroquois.

... entry folk have a wry ex- ... for the invasion. The ... bounty is $25, they say, and ... longest wolf must know it is ... in Quebec, where there ... price on him.

* * *

... and fairway weather ... S. J. Stewart of Montreal ... his clubs and thinks back ... to the day when he was ... ground keeper, manager and ... the most northerly and most ... golf course in Canada. The ... a nine-hole layout at ... Baffin Island, just nine ... of the Arctic Circle.

Mr. Stewart, now a fur grader with the Hudson's Bay Co. in Montreal, was ... Pangnirtung in 1938. To ... longing for golf, he laid out a ... the tundra; a course large ... that two holes could be played ... driver and the others with No. ... irons.

While he wasn't trading with the Eskimos Mr. Stewart could step out- side his door (one "green" was right in front of his house) and have a game with members of the post, RCMP constables, nurses at the hospital, or such visiting notables as Rt. Rev. Dr. A. L. Fleming, then Bishop of the Arctic. The season was from June 1 till mid-September when it got too cold even for enthusiasts like Mr. Stewart.

Mr. Stewart was transferred to Montreal and did not see Pangnirtung again until 1945, when he was purser on the HBC supply ship. He walked over the course and recalled recently how he was saddened to find it disused, abandoned to the tundra. "I guess I was the last golfer in the Arctic."

THE MARITIMES

In New Brunswick, as elsewhere, many patients discharged from tuber- culosis hospitals are soon back in again. Reason: they have gone back to jobs which have been too strenuous for them.

In an effort to prevent this Dr. Ivan Crowell, N.B. director of handicrafts, has placed instructors in each TB hospital to teach patients such crafts as weaving, glovemaking or wood carv- ing. When they are released they are given a maintenance allowance to attend the handicraft school at Fred- ericton if they desire. Then they can produce goods in their own home with little physical exertion. The handicraft of the provincial government markets their goods for them.

Dr. Crowell got into handicrafts by chance. As a professor of pathology at McGill University during the depres- sion, he started handicrafts in his laboratory to help students make money. Now boys who had been slinging hash at 25 cents an hour were earning $1 an hour making woodenware and leather goods.

New Brunswick coaxed Dr. Crowell away from McGill three years ago to head its handicrafts division. Because of his efforts, hundreds of New Brunswickers are doing well at home industries. He even found a product for a widow with six small children: small pillows stuffed with pine needles and ornaments made of pine cones gathered by youngsters. ★

The year was 1885 ...

... above the crackling rifle fire of the Battle of Batoche in the Northwest Rebellion rose a make-shift red and white flag. It had been sewn together by Major-General (then Surgeon) G. Sterling Ryerson from factory cotton and pieces of red cloth "borrowed" from an ammunition cart. Under its protection wounded men were carried from the field. For the first time ... the Red Cross flag had been flown in Canada!

Eleven years later the first "colonial" branch of the Red Cross in the British Empire was formed in Canada. The General Ryerson who had patched together the flag at Batoche was *elected* chairman of the executive. Even in their humanitarian efforts, the men of Canada *demanded* democratic procedure.

Today all over the world, the Red Cross is built on the recognized principles of democracy. Not only does the Red Cross deserve your support—it is a dramatic reminder that men of all races and beliefs can work together for the welfare of others—under all conditions—in war, in peace, in flood or famine, or personal distress.

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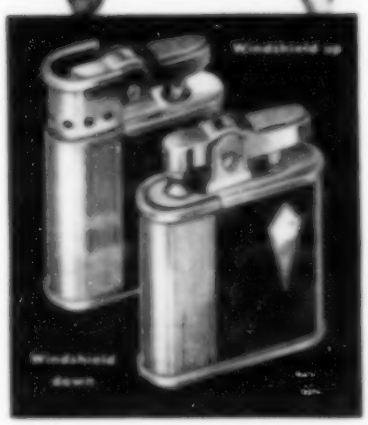

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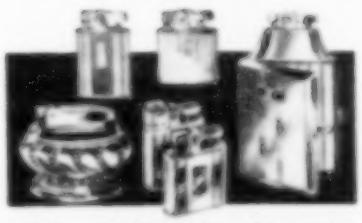

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A QUEBECER who never tires of his city's rugged charm stood braving the chill winter wind in front of the Chateau Frontenac, drinking in the scene below. He felt a distinct spark of kinship with the tourist who also stood at the parapet, a foot or two away, admiring the view. This stranger, he thought, had also been caught by the majestic beauty of the St. Lawrence, been fascinated by the chuffing of the ferryboats bucking their way back and forth across the ice-choked waters between Quebec and Lévis. Yes, sir, the Quebecer thought to himself, this Canada is as beautiful in winter as in summer . . . and he could almost feel that the scene had also struck the visitor with a strong emotional impact.

In fact, just then the tourist turned and looked at him and declared fervently, "Lot of ice down there!"

• • •

A first-year high-school co-ed in Red Deer, Alta., was writing away for a book on how to be a basketball player (absolutely free, enclose two box tops), and this necessitated filling out a coupon with her name and address. She breezed through this until after "town or city" she came to a blank marked "zone." They don't have postal zones in Red Deer so for a moment the young lady was understandably perplexed as to what information was required; then she brightened and wrote in "North Temperate."

• • •

Remarkably little snow fell in Quebec during the first half of the winter, and many railway section hands were temporarily laid off. The wife of one of them living near Knowlton ran into the section foreman one day and the French Canadian was concerned to hear her husband had taken a fill-in job. He kept repeating that he would need "Kennet" pretty soon and didn't want to lose him. Finally she moved on and the foreman waved goo[illegible] with his pick and shovel, calling [illegible] her ber. "Eh b'en—you tell Ke[illegible] don' go too far today because [illegible] it snow tomorrow I'm gone call [illegible] ought."

• • •

Fellow in Irma, Alta., [illegible] off to drive his wife and child[illegible] through snow-ridged roads to his [illegible]-in-law's place in the coun[illegible] where a chicken dinner had be[illegible] promised. Much to his annoyance a small, battered and slow-chugging [illegible] truck turned onto the road just ahead [illegible] him, and he had to slow almost to a crawl to keep behind it. He had to keep behind it because the snowbanks didn't permit room to pass unless the truck pulled over to the very edge of the track, and despite all his honking he couldn't make the other driver hear above the clatter of the truck's motor.

Visions of the chicken dinner growing cold before they ever got to it at this rate set the Irma man desperately to pondering a way out. Suddenly to his wife's amazement he braked his car from a crawl to a stop, jumped out, raced down the road after the truck, caught the tailboard and swung up. A moment later he had grabbed a shovel lying in the back of the truck and was whanging away with it on the metal roof of the truck cab until the astonished driver pulled up to see what was the matter.

• • •

Police constable in London, Ont., found a drunk fondly clutching a parking meter one night. "If you're going to park there much longer put in a nickel," he advised him. Happy to oblige, the citizen fished out a coin and, with some little concentration, managed to push it in the slot. The cop meanwhile busied himself with buttoning the fellow's overcoat snugly around him—and the parking meter post.

"Now that you've paid your nickel, stay there for an hour," urged the officer, and strolled off along his beat. The wayfarer was still at his musings when the cop passed that way again about an hour later, but feeling much better; when the constable unbuttoned his coat for him he made straight for home.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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